WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 20, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly y ody

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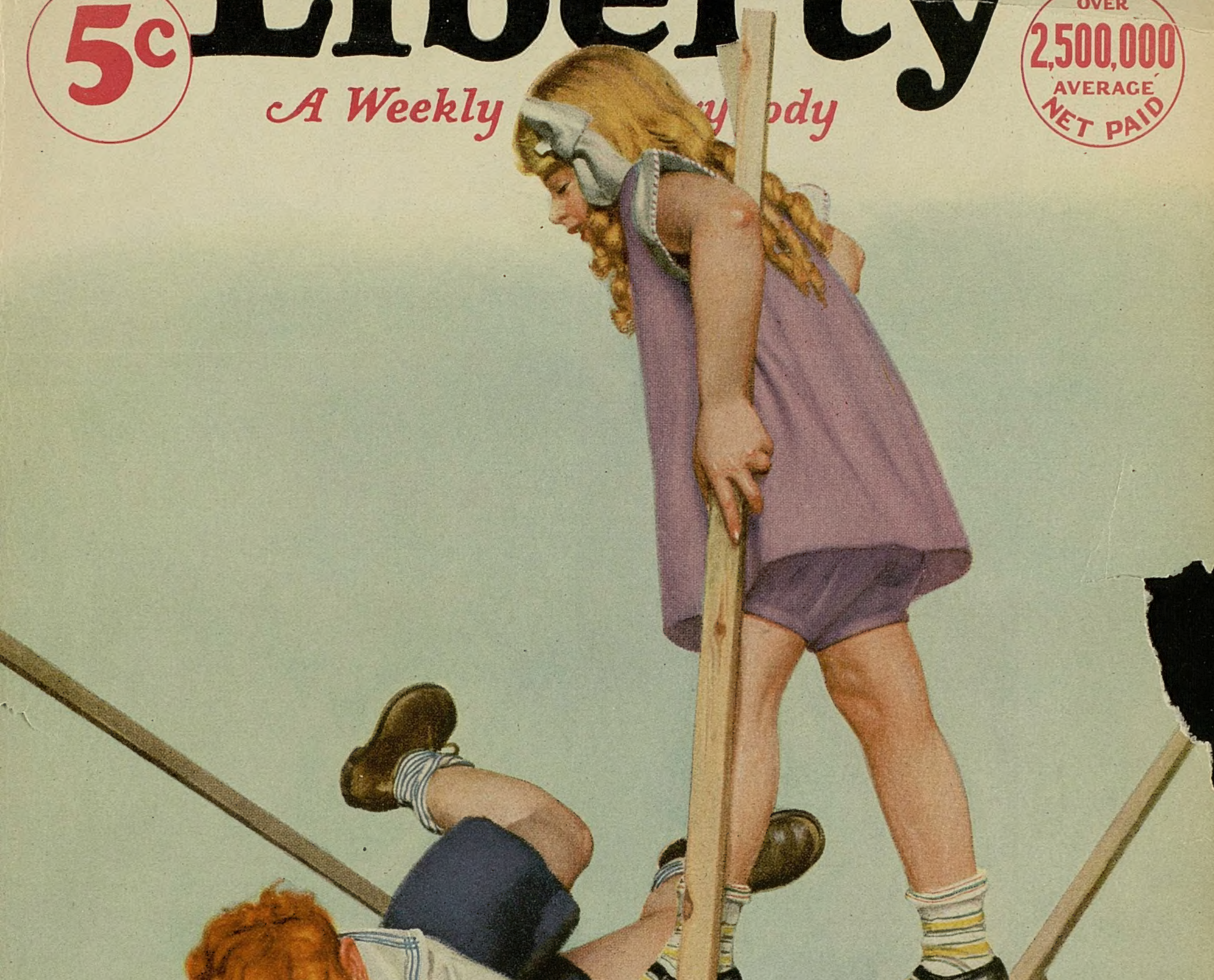

ADELA ROGERS
T. JOHNS ~ **AGATHA**
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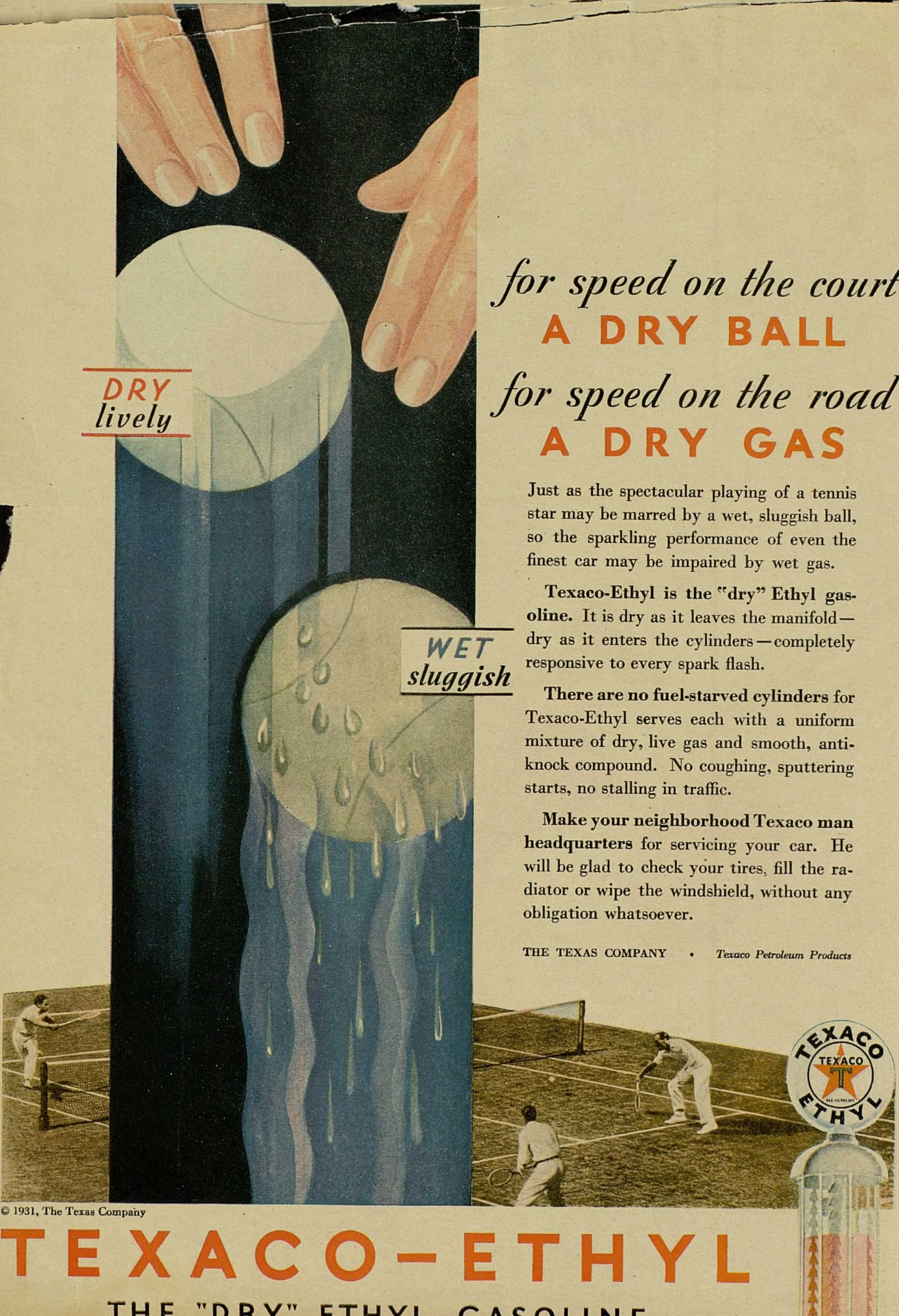

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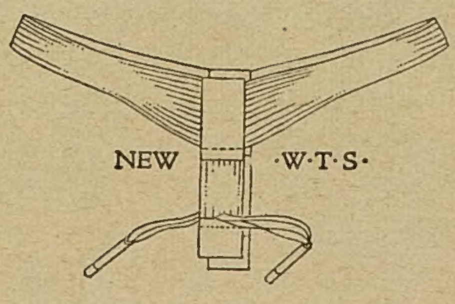

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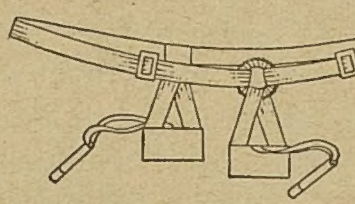
·W·T·S· "Woven-to-Shape" Holds its curve when s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d. 50¢ to $1



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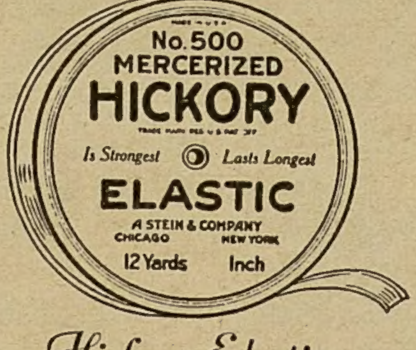

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"Hickory Month comes just once a year—undoubtedly you have taken advantage of it before—but I know that this time you are going to be more thoroughly pleased than ever. You'll find smart, complete and fresh stocks in readiness now. The Hickory Exhibits, now in progress, include so many new items—charmingly created for your comfort and satisfaction—but only a few can be illustrated here. Surely, you'll want to see them all! I suggest that you plan to visit your preferred Notions Department just as soon as you can."

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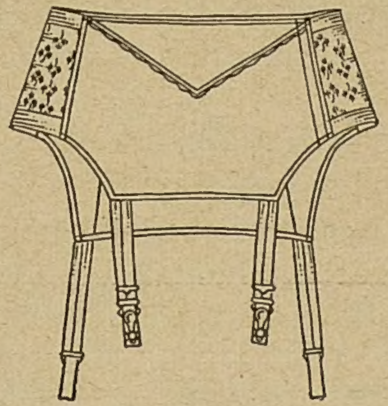

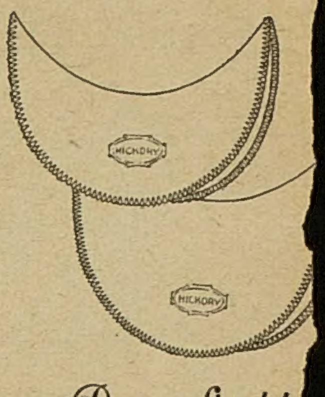

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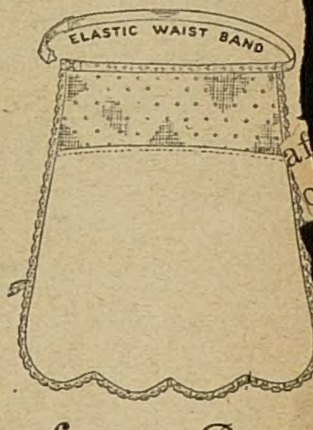

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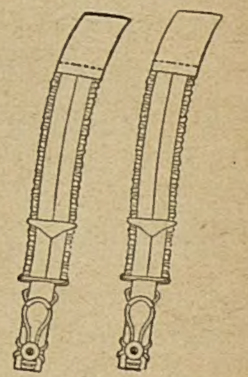

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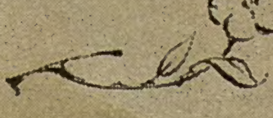
JUNE IS HICKORY MONTH



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Liberty

Vol. 8
No. 25

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> *'That this nation, under God, shall have a new th of freedom, and that government of the people, the people, for the people, shall not perish from earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

AN INSPIRATIONAL UPLIFT FORCE

That is what we want Liberty to be—an influ- ce that is wholesome, that makes you feel cleaner entally and physically, inside and outside.

There are some stories that take you into urky, miry places. You feel unclean and dirty ter having read them. In the privacy of your wn innermost soul you condemn yourself for asting your time on such trash.

We may have made mistakes in the past. We ay have published stories that lack this cleans- ng, fervid spirit. But special efforts are being ade to keep our " house " clean in future issues.

It is a huge family—these two and one half million buyers of Liberty. For you must remember that each magazine is usually read by from three to five people, which roughly estimated makes ten million or more readers every week.

What a mighty influence we have in our hands in this publication! We appreciate it, dear friends, to the uttermost degree. It is a serious responsibility that we have assumed.

But we intend to do our best to fulfill our duties at all times, keeping in view our fervid desire to make every reader of this publication a stronger and more efficient member of the human family.

This is an age that calls for speed. Every phase of life is being hurried. We live faster We would doubtless go to our graves more speedily if it were not for the improvement made in our habits of life generally.

More attention is being given to health building. The people everywhere are acquiring what we might call health-consciousness. That has brought to them a certain amount of interest in maintaining normal vitality and vigor.

To secure enjoyment and benefit from this magazine do not skim over it too hurriedly. Read it carefully. Read your own experiences into the lives of the characters that are portrayed. And when tragedy creeps into a story, comparisons with your own troubles are not desirable.

We are all seeking happiness. There are practically no exceptions. Some of us work intelligently for it. Others do not have sufficient mental balance to accept it even when it is offered to them.

And to such as they life often becomes a stormy sea with but little chance of ever finding the calmness and serenity that we all keenly crave.

There is so much in life that is serenely beautiful, that uplifts and inspires those who look for it. And it is the people who are looking for the bits of happiness here and there in the ordinary affairs of life that we would like to influence.

We want to enter the innermost recesses of their very souls and help to make them finer and more efficient.

If you are looking for that which is wholesome and ennobling, you will find it in every trend of life. If you are earnestly searching for that which is destructive and devitalizing, you will find it everywhere.

To a large extent it depends on one's viewpoint. The Good Book says, " Unto the pure all things are pure."

Though this thought may seem somewhat exaggerated, it contains a world of truth.

You get out of life to a great degree what you demand of it. If you wallow in a mire of mental debauchery the dirt will cling to you.

If you are reaching for the stars, if you are traveling always onward and upward to the clean air that brings inspiration and exaltation, your life should be replete with sublime victories!

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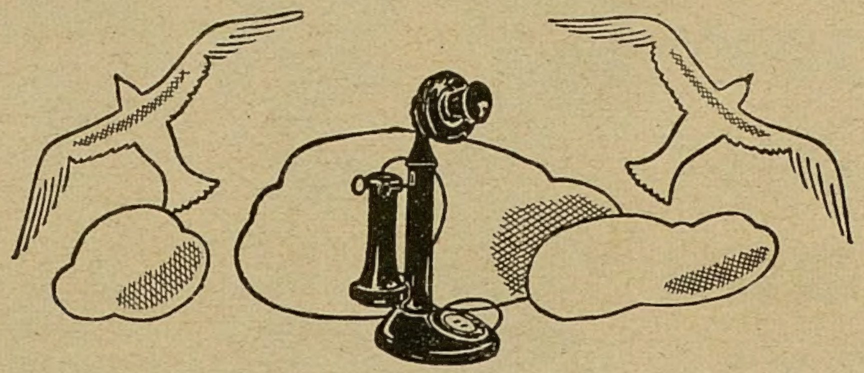
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

THE UNSEEN
COURIERS
OF THE SPOKEN WORD



THE FAMILIAR TELEPHONE that stands upon your desk at the office or in your home is only a very small part of the great communication system that enables you to talk across the miles with such surprising ease.

Behind it are complicated exchanges, a carefully trained organization of more than four hundred thousand men and women and eighty million miles of wire. These are the forces that make efficient telephone service possible. These are the unseen couriers of the spoken word.

Tirelessly, day or night, without rest or sleep, the Bell System awaits but the lifting of the receiver to carry your voice to any one of thirty-two million other telephone users in this country and abroad, and on ships at sea. It is done so quickly and with so little trouble that few people stop to consider what goes on between the giving of the number and the completion of the call.

Some time every day—perhaps many times a day—you use some part of a telephone system that has taken fifty years and more than four thousand million dollars to build.

The simple words "long distance," which you speak so casually into your telephone, place millions of dollars of equipment at your disposal. Yet the cost of a call from New York to Chicago is only three dollars and but a fraction of that for lesser distances.

Equipment of comparable cost is also needed to connect your home with the thousands or hundreds of thousands of other telephones in your town or city. Yet the charge for local service is only a few cents a day.

In relation to service rendered, the cost of the telephone is one of the smallest items in the monthly business and family budget. Few things purchased are of such real, constant and increasing value.

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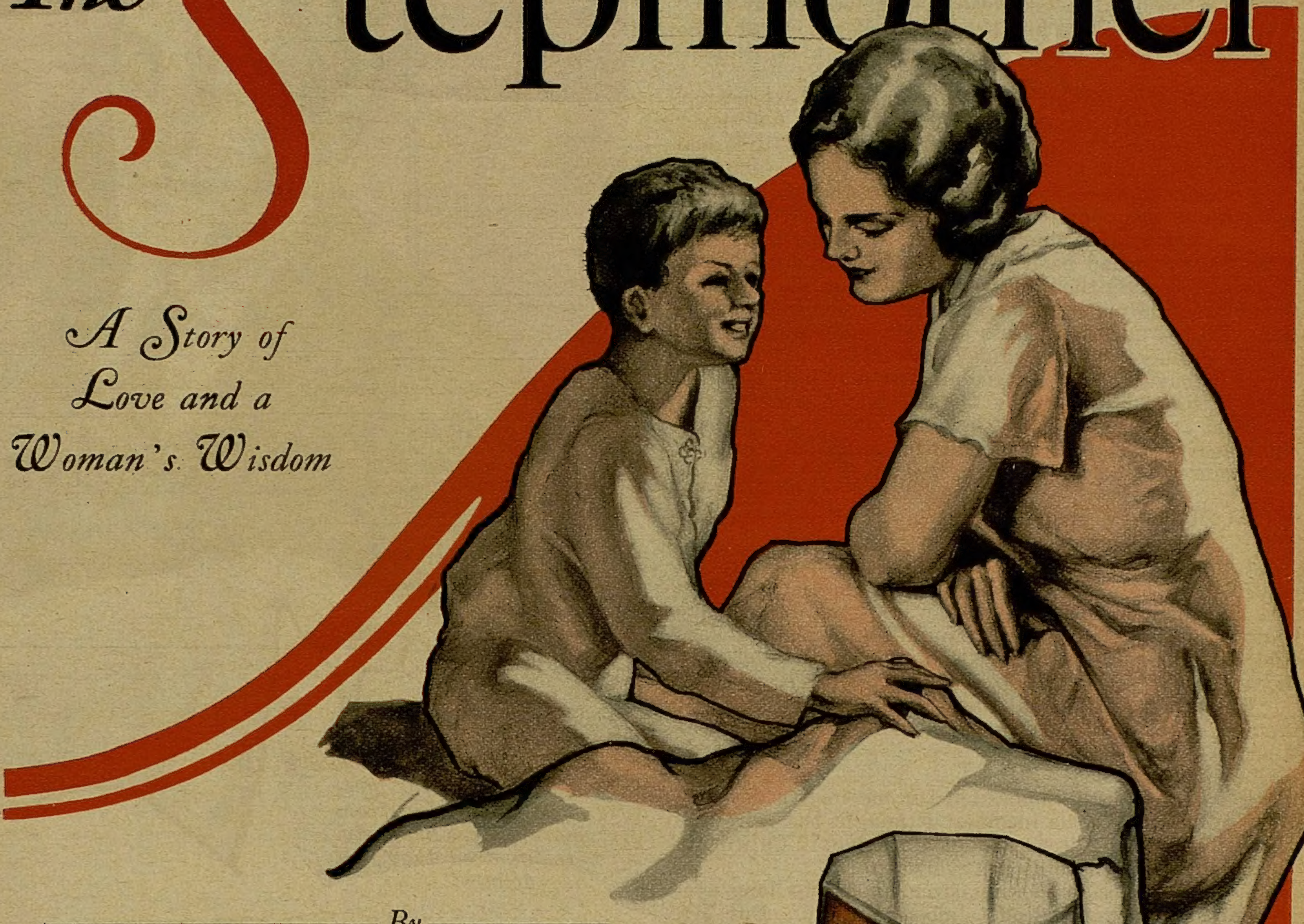
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Stepmother

A Story of Love and a Woman's Wisdom



By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

who was born, grew up, and still lives in the vicinity of the west coast motion-picture center. She began writing as a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, and since then has written fiction for magazines as well as life stories of Hollywood celebrities and a number of screen plays.

Pictures by OWEN PAUL SYLOS

(Reading time: 28 minutes 45 seconds.)

“It's like soldiers, Bobs,” said Anne. “I don't suppose they always liked it, either.”

ON a certain bright day in March Mrs. Wilburson Morrow sent for her lawyer.

She awaited his coming in the drawing-room of her new Park Avenue apartment.

Whatever one might think of the room, it was a perfect setting for Valerie Morrow. There were small gilt chairs and many mirrors and little figures of jade and coral and china. A doll almost as big as a child sat throned on a cushioned seat. Her hair was made of corn-colored silk and glistened in the shaded light. Under painted brows her flat blue eyes regarded the room with trivial admiration.

It was the first time the lawyer had been in that room. He disliked it immediately because of the mirrors. It was disconcerting to catch portions of himself in every direction.

“You're looking very lovely,” he said, as he took Valerie Morrow's slim hand.

There are many things a lawyer must know which are not contained between the covers of his law books. Ever since he had obtained a divorce for her in Paris five years before, Mr. Walling had known that all conversation with Mrs. Morrow—she had been Mrs. Anthony Sheridan then—was more profitable if begun with a compliment.

And, after all, she was lovely. He had once heard an elegant Continental remark that she was decorative. Perhaps it was a better word. Yet he never wondered that she had found it impossible to revive her brief popularity on the stage. There was no promise in her beauty. It palled.

“I want to go over an important matter with you,” she said.

He noticed a slightly pinched look about her fine nose and got ready for trouble. Surely she couldn't be wanting more money from her first husband, now that she had succeeded in marrying Wilburson Morrow, who had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE STEPMOTHER
Continued from page seven

plenty and was disposed to be generous with it, if this apartment and the negligee his wife was wearing were any indication.

" I have decided to take over the custody of my son," said Valerie. " I want him brought to New York at once. That is perfectly legal, according to our agreement, isn't it? "

Mr. Walling regarded her without change of expression. But in all his long years of legal practice he had never been more completely astonished. Many conjectures had passed through his mind when he received her summons. This was not one of them. Silent, his thoughts moved swiftly. It was nearly five years since Valerie had seen her son. This sudden change of front would mean trouble. Tony Sheridan had been difficult to handle at all times. Actors, the lawyer thought, were like women. They balked temperamentally at trifles and insisted upon impossibilities. On the question of his son, Sheridan was violent.

" As I understand it," said Valerie Morrow, " I am allowed to have Bobby for six months and his father is allowed to have him for six months out of every year."

" That is true," said the lawyer, " but you have not exercised your rights in this matter since your divorce was granted."

MRS. MORROW made a quick, graceful gesture. An enormous square-cut diamond glowed dully.

" I haven't been in a position to do so until now," she said. " You know that, Mr. Walling. My settlement from Mr. Sheridan was beggarly. It was a mistake to make that settlement at all. A mere hundred thousand dollars that doesn't bring me in more than five hundred dollars a month—and he's getting six thousand a week now."

" He wasn't getting that then," said Mr. Walling. " It seemed a very excellent arrangement for you at the time."

She ignored that.

" It's been almost impossible for me to live decently alone on my poor little income. I thought the fair—the unselfish—thing to do was to leave the boy in California with his father, where he has everything."

She had a trick of looking from under her long eyelashes that was appealing, almost pathetic. But Mr. Walling had grown inured to it.

" I am afraid his father will object," he said slowly.

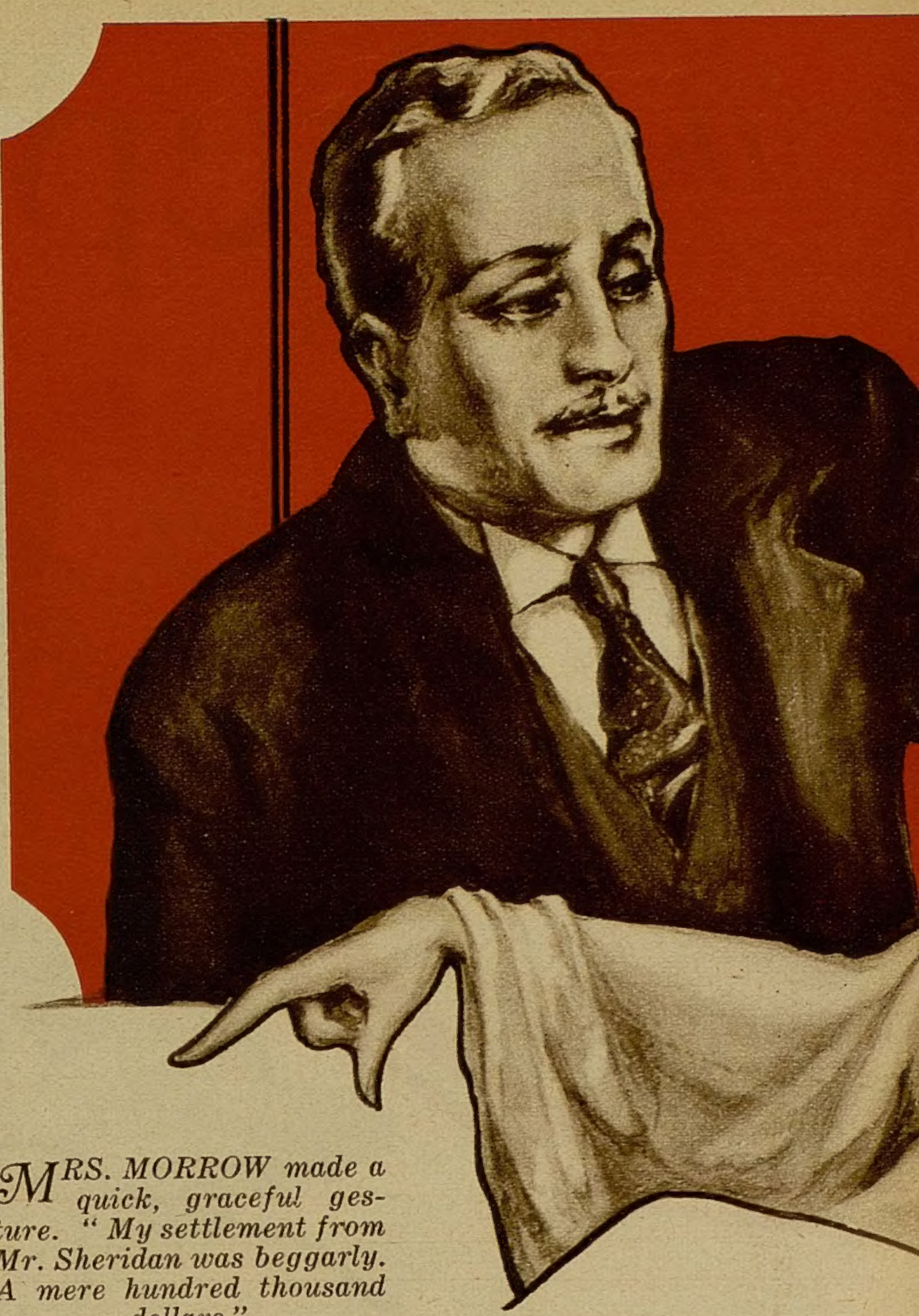
" How can he? " said Valerie. " The law is on my side."

" I am only afraid that you have prejudiced your claim by the fact that you've allowed five years to go by without having the boy with you. If Mr. Sheridan cares to take it into court and ask for a new adjustment, that might tell against you rather seriously."

" But I couldn't have him before," said Valerie hotly. He saw her temper rising. " How could I keep him in New York when I was so terribly poor? How could I care for him properly? I couldn't even afford a nurse to attend him. How could I, on my pittance, pretend to compete with the luxuries, the indulgences, his father showered upon him? "

" It might be a little difficult to convince the public that it is impossible to take decent care of a little boy on five hundred a month," said the lawyer dryly. " Many people do it on much less. Besides—I only remind you of these things to familiarize you with your position—you were able to go to Europe. It might seem strange to a judge that you didn't, at least once, go to California instead to see your son."

" I hate California," said the woman bitterly. The bitterness burned in her voice, burned across her forehead. She looked almost old. " Why should I go to California, to Hollywood, to let Tony Sheridan sneer at me and humiliate me? Why should I stay there, in some cheap hotel, ignored by those blatant, stupid movie people, while Tony Sheridan lords it about with his Rolls-Royce and his train of hangers-on? How he would have *loved* that. I couldn't do it."



MRS. MORROW made a quick, graceful gesture. " My settlement from Mr. Sheridan was beggarly. A mere hundred thousand dollars."

He had suspected this bitterness before. The divorce had been of her own choosing. She had left Anthony Sheridan. And she had left him, it might appear, just six months too soon. Six months later Sheridan had, by that strange chance which governs all Hollywood success and failure, made two great pictures. From being a second-rate star on the decline, he had become an international idol, with a stupendous salary. He had risen on a steady wave of popularity to heights of which no one had ever dreamed him capable.

As his box-office power increased, the woman who had been Mrs. Anthony Sheridan found herself merely a divorced wife, sharing neither triumphs nor riches. Her own plans hadn't come off.

Her return to the stage, by which she had planned to shift Sheridan's waning spotlight back to herself, had been an almost ludicrous failure. The theater wasn't what it had been. There was no room any more for the pretty ladies with their pretty clothes and their trivial talents. Valerie had none of the vitality, none of the strong glamour and virile ability that were needed to hew through the public's apathy.

THE lawyer remembered much about the last four years with distaste. The black shadows of the woman's resentment and cheated pride, of the man's hatred and revenge. Not pleasant things to handle. Even a lawyer felt soiled by them.

Now the boy—how old was he? Seven or eight?—was to be made a shuttlecock between these ugly tides, a club in the hands of their rancor.

He said, " Does Mr. Morrow know of your plans? "

" Naturally. Mr. Morrow is very fond of children. Now I can offer my son a home and everything he needs. Not quite, perhaps, all the vulgar display which prevails in the movie colony. But enough to make him happy and comfortable. He needs a mother. I *am* his mother, you know."

He wondered if she really wanted the child. A boy of eight in that room wasn't a possible picture. Somehow

it struck him that Valerie was too thin to be a comfortable mother. It had never occurred to him before that the fashion of thin figures must be very hard on the heads of the youngest generation. But perhaps they, too, had changed. Perhaps they no longer cared for cuddling.

Still, it might be that she really wanted him. Often people welcomed things when there was no trouble attached for which they wouldn't make any sacrifice.

"This is March," he said at last. "It seems to me, Mrs. Morrow, that this is a rather bad time to make a move. He must be in school. Wouldn't it be wiser to wait until summer? This six-months arrangement was intended to operate when he was little. It will be inconvenient now. Wouldn't it be better to ask him for the summer and then make some readjustment so you could have him one school year and Mr. Sheridan the next? If you would wait—"

The woman rose suddenly. Her control snapped. For the first time he thought her compelling, horribly natural, dragged against her will by her own emotions.

"I won't wait another minute," she said. "Leave my child in the house with that woman he's married? Allow him to remain at the mercy of a stepmother who probably tells him all sorts of beastly things about me? Pretending he's hers. I know. She's welcome to Tony. She probably thinks it's something marvelous to be Mrs. Anthony Sheridan. Why shouldn't she? A little nobody like that. But she'll get sick of her fine bargain. He'll treat her as he treated me, as he treats all women. All he cares for is his miserable vanity. All he wants is some stupid nonentity who won't take any of the spotlight away from him. She's welcome to Tony and all his silly grandeur. She can have her pictures taken with him and published everywhere, though heaven knows she's so plain I should think she'd run from a camera."

Her breath came in a series of gasps. Under the paint her white lips writhed like small snakes.

"But she can't have my son. I'm not going to be shoved into the background for her. I'm not going to be ignored and forgotten. 'Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Sheridan and their son.' How dare they? I'll show them. He's mine. I bore him."

She went to the window and stood staring out, trembling violently. Her words rang in the room. "I bore him. I bore him." Did that make motherhood? Just what rights did that give her?

Standing before him, she said thinly, contemptuously, "Do you think I don't know why he wants Bobby? Look at the fan magazines. Look at the Sunday papers. Publicity. He says he hates publicity. He's always said that. He loves it. Tony Sheridan and his son. All over the place. The devoted father. Nothing finer than a man and his boy. Teaching him to fish off the Sheridan yacht. Teaching him to swim in the Sheridan pool. Playing tennis with him on the Sheridan courts. Tony—who can't do any of those things. It makes me sick. He's built up that legend and now he's got this creature he married in on it. Well, I'll spoil that for him pretty quick."

The sound of her hands striking together was sharp, menacing.

"You write to Tony Sheridan and tell him I want my son."

II

THAT letter, carried beautifully and swiftly over desert and mountain by plane, duly arrived at the studio where Tony worked, and was opened by his secretary.

Miss Dunlap was a woman of uncertain years and still more uncertain temper. As a secretary, she had no equal in Hollywood. Even federal field agents believed her. In her memory dwelt all of Tony Sheridan's past and present, and most of his future was planned by her careful hands. No one, not even his director, not even the various and shifting executives of the vast studio, ever consulted the star until they had interviewed the secretary.

Hollywood is full of secretaries like that. They are the answer to the question of how Hollywood survives at all.

Miss Dunlap read the letter slowly and carefully.

> MY DEAR MR. SHERIDAN:
>
> Mrs. Wilburson Morrow has asked us to communicate with you concerning the custody of her son, Robert Sheridan. Mrs. Morrow is now settled in New York in circumstances which permit her to have the boy with her and she wishes him to be sent to her as soon as possible and to remain under her care and custody for the following six months, which is, as you know, strictly according to the agreement entered into between you at the time of your divorce. Will you kindly inform us when arrangements can be made for the young man's trip east?
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> H. J. WALLING.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE STEPMOTHER
Continued from page nine

Miss Dunlap whistled loudly. She would have preferred to swear, but she had almost broken herself of that habit. It had become so common.

"Here's a pretty how do you do," she said aloud. "There will be fireworks almost immediately. Tony would go through hell to spite Valerie. Not that I blame him. Just when I'd got that 1928 income tax all settled and thought I might get a little peace. Oh, well."

A tall, thin young man put his head in the doorway. His name was Peyton and he was head, at the moment, of the studio's publicity department.

"Sheridan coming down today?"

"You go to hell," said Miss Dunlap absently. Then, "Oh, hello. No, my lad, he's not. Nor tomorrow either, if I'm any judge. What do you want?"

"Ladies' Gazette wants some new pictures of him and the kid."

Miss Dunlap gave an unpleasant snort. "So will a lot of other people," she said cryptically. "I'll let you know."

When he had gone she called the Sheridan house and eventually got Tony, who had been playing tennis.

"Will you be there for an hour?" she said. "I've a letter you must see."

"From the income-tax people?"

"Much worse," said Miss Dunlap.

"Jumping Christopher! Who's it from?"

"I'll tell you when I get there," said Miss Dunlap and hung up.

"These newspaper men," she remarked to the empty office. "I think they're all mind readers anyhow, but it's no use making it easy for them. We'll be on the front page soon enough without my blabbing on this phone. Half the telephone operators in this studio are on some reporter's pay roll."

THE house was quiet and cool. There was almost a gentleness about it, as though it existed securely and exquisitely beneath some sheltering wing, safe from noise and confusion and petty strife. Miss Dunlap had a feeling that the flowers which bloomed everywhere would not fade even as quickly as they did in the gardens.

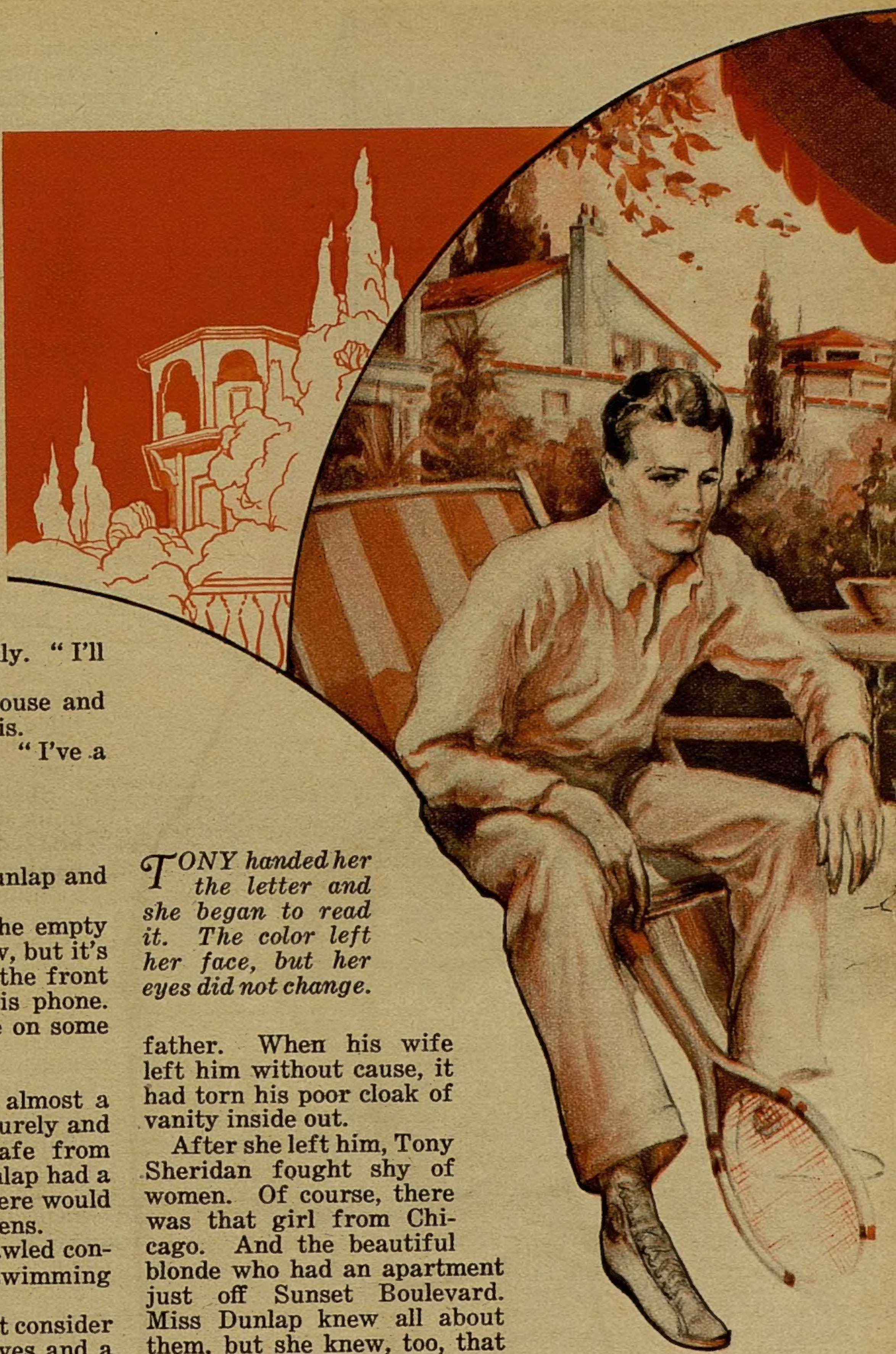
She handed the letter to Tony Sheridan, sprawled contentedly in a deck chair on the edge of his swimming pool.

While he read it she watched him. She did not consider him handsome. A lean, dark man, with hot eyes and a stubborn mouth. Nor did she, after ten years, harbor a single illusion where he was concerned.

It seemed to her—a lone woman who had never been afraid of anything in her life—that he was composed mostly of strange and complex fears unknown to men in safer callings. He feared his public. He feared the newspapers. He feared for each one of his pictures. He feared for his salary, as though it were some fantastic product of a wishing lamp which might vanish at any moment. Above all, he feared old age, as women fear it. The lines that time and worry had carved between his straight dark brows sometimes, she thought, hurt him like wounds, and she was perfectly sure that the few gray hairs about his temples which had to be touched out were a veritable crown of thorns. Yet to Miss Dunlap all these fears kept him pathetically young.

The wish that she might comfort him swept over her, as it had so often done before. She felt for him a sort of fierce, angry mother love and a passionate loyalty. He was such a fool. So sold to unreality.

A dark cloud settled on his face as he read. No one but Valerie could bring that look of hatred into his face. Miss Dunlap understood a great deal about the disappointments and jealousies which lay behind that hatred. Tony Sheridan had spent many years overcoming a deep self-distrust, had battled long with a poor opinion of himself engendered by a dominant and domineering father. When his wife left him without cause, it had torn his poor cloak of vanity inside out.



TONY handed her the letter and she began to read it. The color left her face, but her eyes did not change.

After she left him, Tony Sheridan fought shy of women. Of course, there was that girl from Chicago. And the beautiful blonde who had an apartment just off Sunset Boulevard. Miss Dunlap knew all about them, but she knew, too, that Tony Sheridan paid them well. That put things on a different basis, where they couldn't hurt him, couldn't make him think of himself as a man who was unable to hold women.

There had been no one who counted until Anne came along.

The harassed secretary heaved a sigh of relief, of real happiness, as she thought of Anne. Knowing Tony, she hadn't dreamed he would have sense enough to marry Anne. Men didn't, as a rule.

Now she had come to believe that all Tony's pretenses, his make-believe, his assumed desires for the best books and the best people, his poor little fictions concerning his birth and education, all the things that looked like mere snobbishness and hypocrisy, had grown into his soul without his knowledge and actually raised him to the place where he could love a woman like Anne.

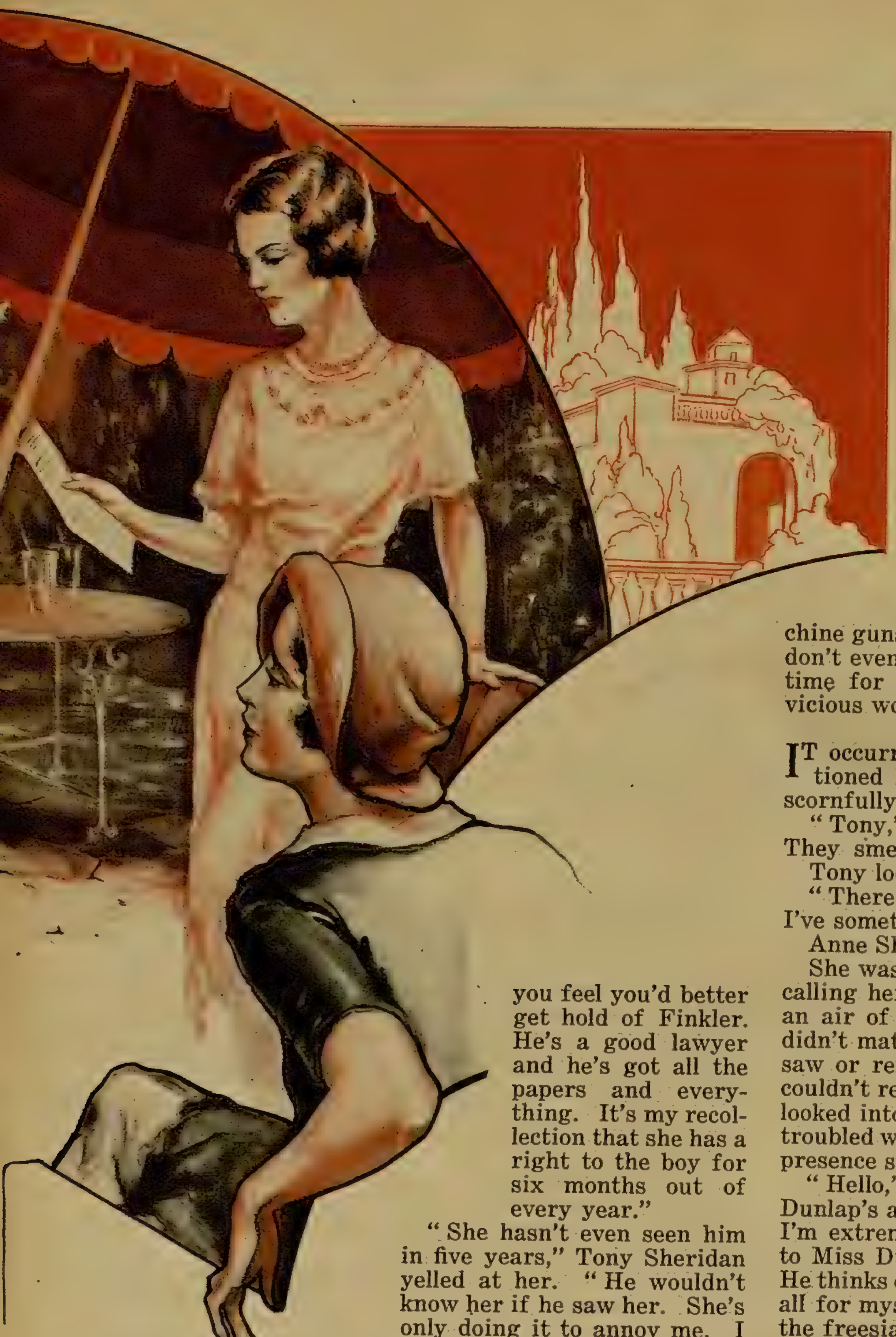
Tony Sheridan broke in upon her.

"She can't have him," he said. "Not for six months nor six minutes."

He said wicked words and Miss Dunlap listened unmoved. She agreed with most of them. She had never liked Valerie.

"She can't have him," he said again.

"Well," said Miss Dunlap bluntly, "if that's the way



you feel you'd better get hold of Finkler. He's a good lawyer and he's got all the papers and everything. It's my recollection that she has a right to the boy for six months out of every year."

"She hasn't even seen him in five years," Tony Sheridan yelled at her. "He wouldn't know her if he saw her. She's only doing it to annoy me. I won't let her get away with it. Not if it costs me every cent I have in the world."

"If she takes it into court we'll have a lot of damn' unpleasant publicity," said Miss Dunlap.

The fear came into Tony's eyes. His nerves shrank from the very thought of the thing. All his days as a star he had been tortured by that peculiar, fearful sensitiveness to criticism. It was tragic and silly. He knew that. But the careless comments, the witty ridicule, the vicious distortion of fact, even any honest but unfavorable discussion of his pictures, were like so many barbs that pierced his skin, tormenting him every time he moved.

Even when he knew why they were written—as in the case of that woman writer whose amorous expectations he had disappointed, or the critic who wanted to get on his pay roll and had been turned down, or the columnist who was paid to write dirt about picture people—even then they sickened him.

As much as he hated the cruel, careless things writers said to make a name for themselves, he loved the praise that built him up even to himself. He couldn't help reading every word printed about him, swinging like a pendulum between agony and bliss.

After fifteen years in pictures he was very wise on the subject of publicity. He knew just how great a scandal it would be if he and Valerie went into court to battle for their child. Things would come out that had been hidden behind that carefully planned Paris divorce.

No one who hasn't been the subject of the printed word can know the fear that turned him cold as he saw himself alternately praised and condemned, running the ridiculous gamut of pitiless parading of his private affairs.

But there was one thing stronger than his fear. Stronger, he believed then, than anything else in his soul.

"I won't let her get away with it," he said. "She's done enough to me. She knows I'm happy now. I never was with her. Oh, I was crazy about her. But she was rotten to me from the start. She was always belittling me. She left me when she thought I was through. Left me flat.

"Now she wants to destroy what I've built up without her. That's all. Well, I'm in a position to fight now. I've got a five-year contract they couldn't break with machine guns. I've got a million dollars in good bonds that don't even tremble in any market. I'll show her up this time for just what she is, a trouble-making, envious, vicious woman if ever one lived."

IT occurred to Miss Dunlap that he had not yet mentioned his son. If it had been her son, she thought scornfully, she would have mentioned him first of all.

"Tony," called a voice, "do come and see the freesias. They smell too grand."

Tony looked at Miss Dunlap. Her face softened.

"There's Anne," he said. He called, "Come here, dear. I've something to show you."

Anne Sheridan came around the corner of the big hedge. She was not beautiful, but Valerie had been wrong in calling her ugly. She was a small, supple woman, with an air of great quietness, of almost lazy serenity. It didn't matter in the least how she looked. No one ever saw or remembered anything but her eyes. And they couldn't remember the color of those. Only that, having looked into them, life suddenly became happier. All the troubled world about her became calm, hopeful, gay. Her presence stole upon you like distant music, like perfume.

"Hello," she said gayly, and put a quick hand on Miss Dunlap's arm. "This is nice. Did you want me, Tony? I'm extremely dirty. I've been digging." She turned to Miss Dunlap. "Tony has bought me a new garden. He thinks of the nicest presents. I wanted a little garden all for myself and Bobs. We've had some disasters, but the freesias are perfect."

Her smile was slow, warm, almost childlike. The smile of one who is sure of some sweet secret.

Tony handed her the letter and with one quick look at his hot face, she began to read it. The color left her face, but her eyes did not change.

"I think," she said, breathing quickly, "Bobs shouldn't be taken from school just now, should he? He's doing so well. Probably she hadn't thought of that. The climate in New York in spring—it's quite a change from California. Perhaps she doesn't quite understand about that."

"You don't think I'm going to let her have him, do you?" said Tony Sheridan loudly.

"Can you help it?" said Anne.

"You're damn' right I can," said Tony. "She's only doing it to be nasty."

"Oh, no," said Anne. "Perhaps she got lonesome for him."

Tony's laugh made her look at him, a puzzled frown ruffling her placid brow.

"You haven't the pleasure of Mrs. Morrow's acquaintance," said Tony. "She hates me. Now she's managed to hook herself a rich husband she can afford to annoy me. I'm going to call Finkler. We'll fight her. She's always had her own way. She thinks she can bamboozle anything in pants. She'll find out different. The courts

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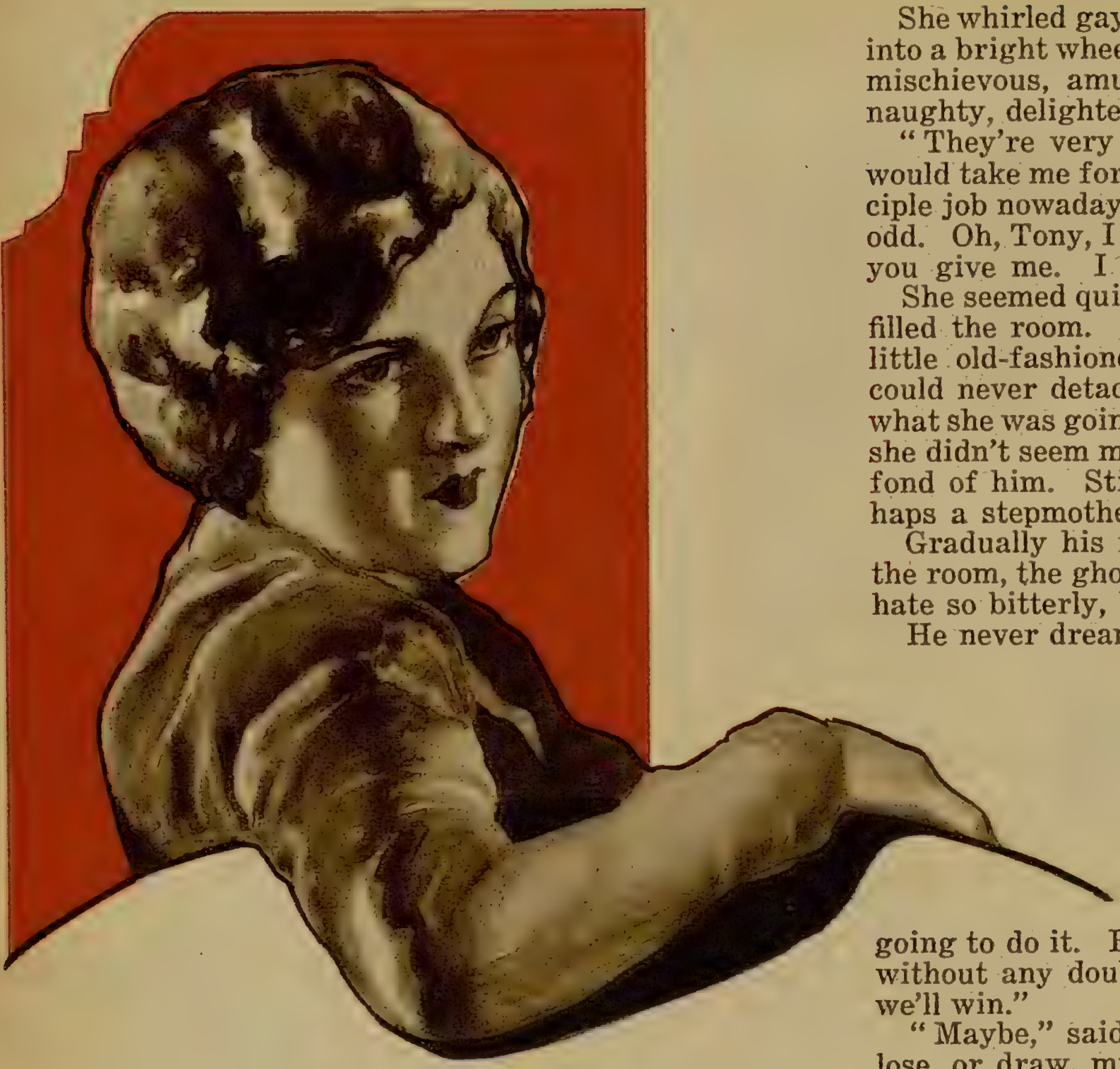


There was no promise in her beauty. It palled.

THE STEPMOTHER
Continued from page eleven

won't let her do that sort of thing. Neglecting him for years and then suddenly upsetting everything in his life like that."

"The courts?" said Anne Sheridan. "Surely—" She stopped. "I don't think Bobs would like to leave—you, dear. I must go and think it out. It doesn't seem quite clear to me. You—and she— I don't know."

She went with that effortless grace which ruled everything she did, toward the house and disappeared. Miss Dunlap noticed that she carried her head very high, as though she faced an enemy.

"Get Finkler on the phone," said Tony Sheridan. "Tell him I'll be at his office in half an hour. You'd better come too. You know her. We'll map the thing out. Get Peyton. I'll see him here late this afternoon. He'll have to help handle the papers. We'll break it from this end. Get the jump on her. I'm not going to overlook any bets. I'll show her this time who's boss."

III

THE front door had hardly closed, late that afternoon, upon Miss Dunlap and a very tense and tired press agent, when Anne Sheridan came trailing into the library where her husband paced restlessly up and down. There was a dim, an almost impudent smile upon her mouth, as though she mocked the demons of unrest, as though she found them unimportant.

When he started to speak, she put her hand over his mouth.

"You must have your dinner first, my little angel," she said serenely. Her eyes were quite untroubled. "You'll upset your digestion if you storm about like that before you eat. Do behave, dear love. I've everything you especially like, and though I am chary of admitting it for fear it will be published tomorrow in all the newspapers, you do like to eat. Also, I have put on my very best pyjamas. They're very elegant. Chanel. This looks like a skirt, but if you look closely you will see that it is really pants."

She whirled gayly and the daintily plaited chiffon flared into a bright wheel around her little body. Her smile was mischievous, amused. Just for an instant she looked naughty, delighted, too, with her own naughtiness.

"They're very wicked, *I* think," she said. "No one would take me for a wife. That seems to be a wife's principle job nowadays: not to look like a wife. It does seem odd. Oh, Tony, I do get such fun out of the lovely things you give me. I never had such lovely things before."

She seemed quite to have forgotten Bobs. Her chatter filled the room. There was always something quaint, a little old-fashioned, about her to Tony Sheridan. He could never detach his mind because he was never sure what she was going to say next. But he was surprised that she didn't seem more upset about the boy. She seemed so fond of him. Still, of course, he wasn't her own. Perhaps a stepmother couldn't feel things quite as deeply.

Gradually his face grew less haggard. The ghost in the room, the ghost of the woman he had loved enough to hate so bitterly, began to fade.

He never dreamed that Anne, too, had seen the ghost.

After dinner, in the library, she curled up in her own special chair and looked at him with that same dim, almost impudent smile.

But he had hardly begun when she interrupted him.

"But, Tony, of course you can't do it. Don't be so silly."

"I can't? You're crazy, Anne. I'm going to do it. Finkler says I can break that agreement without any doubt. We may have a hell of a fight, but we'll win."

"Maybe," said Anne, lighting a cigarette; "but win, lose, or draw, my little angel, you're not going to even start it."

A sudden cold fear struck him. Didn't she want the boy? He hadn't thought of that, hadn't thought of the boy at all.

HE said, "I'm sorry, dear. But I have to do it. I can't let her get away with a thing like that. I'll have her thrown out of court."

Anne looked at him as though for a moment she doubted his intelligence.

"But it hasn't anything to do with courts," she said, "nor with you, nor—her. It only has to do with Bobs, don't you see?"

"I'm thinking of Bobs," said Tony doggedly. "Do you think it would be a good thing for him to be with that woman? Do you think it would be good for him to be dragged back there now?"

"Nothing about it is good," said Anne, with her slow smile. "We have to make up our minds to that. But it's better. It *is* better."

He looked at her with a terrible coldness.

"Why? I don't understand you, Anne."

There was a lost look about him then, under his stubbornness. His weakness, his loneliness, his fear, crept into her heart, and everything in her melted into something warm and soft and comforting, as though he were a child she must keep safe.

She said, "Darling, it can't hurt Bobs, really, to go to her. He'll be a little unhappy. But—I can fix that. Anything in the world would be better than letting him grow up to think—horrible things about his mother."

"Why shouldn't he think horrible things about her?" said Tony. "It serves her right. She went off and left him. She's never given him a thought. What right has she to his love, or his respect, or anything else? He ought to hate her. I wish she cared enough so that it would hurt her. It's just what she's got coming to her."

For the first time Anne's face dropped the serene mask. A flame burned upon it.

"Do you know what I think, Tony?" said Anne. "I don't think any boy who has hated his mother can ever be quite happy in this world. It is a sore that never heals. It—poisons.

"Bobs mustn't be like that. Not—not Bobs." The voice broke like a violin string. "He mustn't know his mother went off and left him. He mustn't ever know his mother didn't love him. Life couldn't be sane and sweet and true to him if he knew that. I—I won't let him know it."

"If he never knows her at all it won't matter."

"You'd drag him through the courts, through the newspapers, branded like that, and think he'd never come to know of it? You'd try to make the world believe his mother is a—a selfish, terrible woman—"

"She is."

"We've got to protect him from knowing that!" Anne cried. "We've got to make him think she wants him and loves him and is *good.* It's his right. You destroyed it—you and she—but we've got to give it back to him if we can."

"Do you think if he went to her he wouldn't know what she is? How can you even think of his living in the same house with her and not being harmed by her?"

"He won't be harmed," said Anne, with a soft, divine confidence. "I know. He'll take his own protection with him. Maybe—maybe he'll even help her. Maybe— Nobody could help loving Bobs. Maybe she'll come to love him. She—she'd *have* to be good to Bobs."

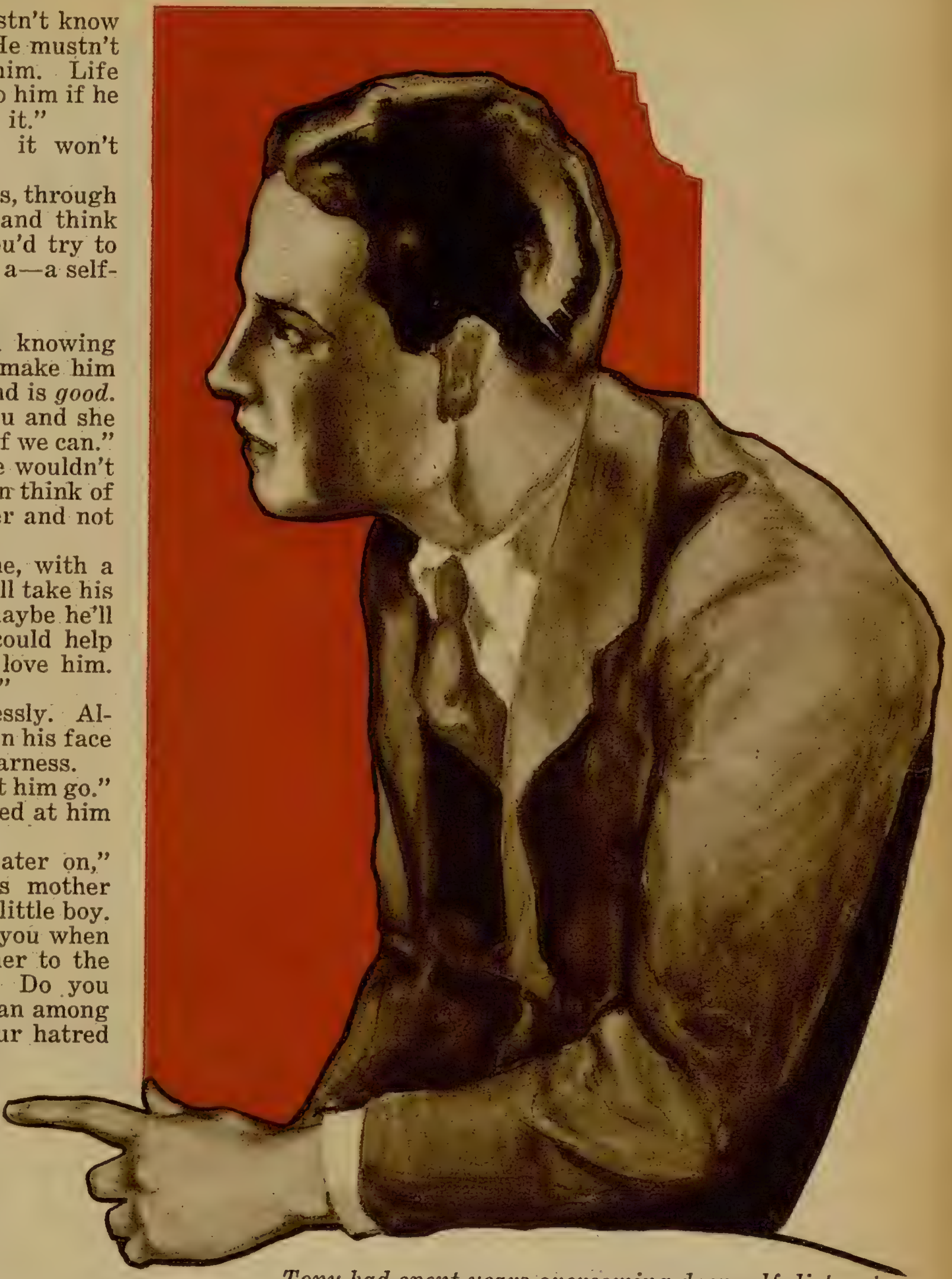
Tony Sheridan looked at her hopelessly. Almost with hate. Every stubborn line in his face was etched with new and startling clearness.

"I won't do it," he said. "I won't let him go."

Anne flung back her head and looked at him squarely.

"Do you think he'll admire you later on," she said clearly, "for dragging his mother through the mud? He's a chivalrous little boy. Do you think his chivalry will honor you when he knows you exposed his own mother to the scorn and calumny of the world? Do you think he'll forgive you when he's a man among men and realizes that because of your hatred you threw a woman to the newspapers to make a Roman holiday? Because, you see, even if he hated his mother, he would know—Bobs would—that you have to protect women.

"It's a terrible burden you want to lay upon your son, Tony. Children bear too many burdens for their mothers and fathers. The burden of love that must make excuses, must cover and hide the hideous things from their own souls. I know. I've borne that burden for years. You shan't put it on Bobs, Tony. I won't let you."



Tony had spent years overcoming deep self-distrust.

IV

ANNE SHERIDAN stooped to smooth the small clean pyjamas that lay so neatly in the little suitcase. The two trunks stood locked and ready. With steady hands she fitted one more book into the small, important briefcase, with its shining new initials, "R. S."

A voice from the sleeping porch spoke:

"Mummy."

Anne stood quite still, a hand at her breast.

"Mummy," said the sleepy voice.

Anne went out on to the sleeping porch.

"Come down here," said the sleepy voice.

She knelt, as she had knelt so many nights. The strong, skinny little arms went around her neck.

"What are you doing awake, young fellow my lad?" she said gayly.

"I heard you," said Bobs. "Mummy, do I have to go away from you—really?"

"Only for a little while, my precious," said Anne. "And we can think of each other every day, Bobs. You can think of me and I will always think of you. You know how it is about love. What's three—three thousand miles to love, Bobs?"

"Yeah," said Bobs, wriggling under the covers until he lay in a small circle about her, "but I'd druther stay with you."

"It's like soldiers, Bobs," said Anne, in a quick, warm voice. "Like the soldiers we've read about. I don't suppose they always like it, either. But—Valerie needs you, dear. And you'll take very good care of her—won't you?—just like you always have of me. She needs you a lot, I guess."

"All right," said Bobs, "I will. But I won't call her mummy."

"You call her—Valerie," said Anne. "I bet she'll like that. She's—young and beautiful, you know."

"Can she tell about Lindbergh?" said Bobs.

"I expect maybe she'd like you to tell her," said Anne.

"Mummy," the small voice was very sleepy again, "mummy, I love you heaps. I can always come home to you, can't I?"

"Always," said the golden voice, "always—my baby."

In the hall she leaned for a moment against the door. Tomorrow night he would be gone. The little room would be empty. And she knew that there would never be any babies of her own. She had known that for a long time.

"My Bobs," she said softly.

Tomorrow he would be gone.

A queer little smile touched the heartbreak of her eyes.

There would always be Tony. No one, she thought, needed a mother quite so badly as Tony.

THE END

an AMERICAN WOMAN and a RUSSIAN BATH

By EVE GARRETTE GRADY

(Reading time: 22 minutes 20 seconds.)

PERHAPS I really shouldn't mention it, modern psychiatric interpretations of dreams being what they are, but as one ever prone to speak when silence were the better part, I must confess that one of the most frightful nightmares of my life has always been the dream that I was taking a bath in some public place—usually at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway—in which I died a thousand deaths of outraged modesty, but was enslaved by some occult force more powerful than the will to escape and hide my nakedness.

Still, at worst, it was only a dream. Never in my wildest flights of imagination did I expect to have it come true. But it did. In Soviet Russia. In a Russian bath. Here's the story:

Now, since time immemorial, it has been the custom for wives of American engineers to accompany their husbands to the strange corners of the earth to which their work of building has called them. So when hundreds and hundreds of American mining, mechanical, electrical, and construction engineers began signing gilt-edged contracts with the Soviet government, packed their trunks, and set out for Siberia, the Urals, the steppes of the Cossacks, or the bleak forests that border the Baltic, there to build tractor plants and automobile factories, open mines, harness rivers, and erect towns for a vast country that has suddenly determined to industrialize itself, not many months went by before hundreds and hundreds of American women put their furniture in storage, gave up the leases on their apartments, placed their children in boarding schools and colleges, and followed their husbands across the sea. Of that number, I was one.

Close on the heels of this migration to Soviet Russia, and the establishment of American colonies everywhere that the process of industrial transformation is taking place, came domestic problems which clamored for solution—problems with an important bearing on the happiness and well-being of the women in these little communities.

With some, the question was food; with others, servants; and others, companionship. In the American colony with which my lot was cast, however, the problem was the daily ablutions. This, then, is the story of the bath. If it sounds too fantastic to believe, please remember that in the world's only communistic "paradise" truth is always stranger than fiction.

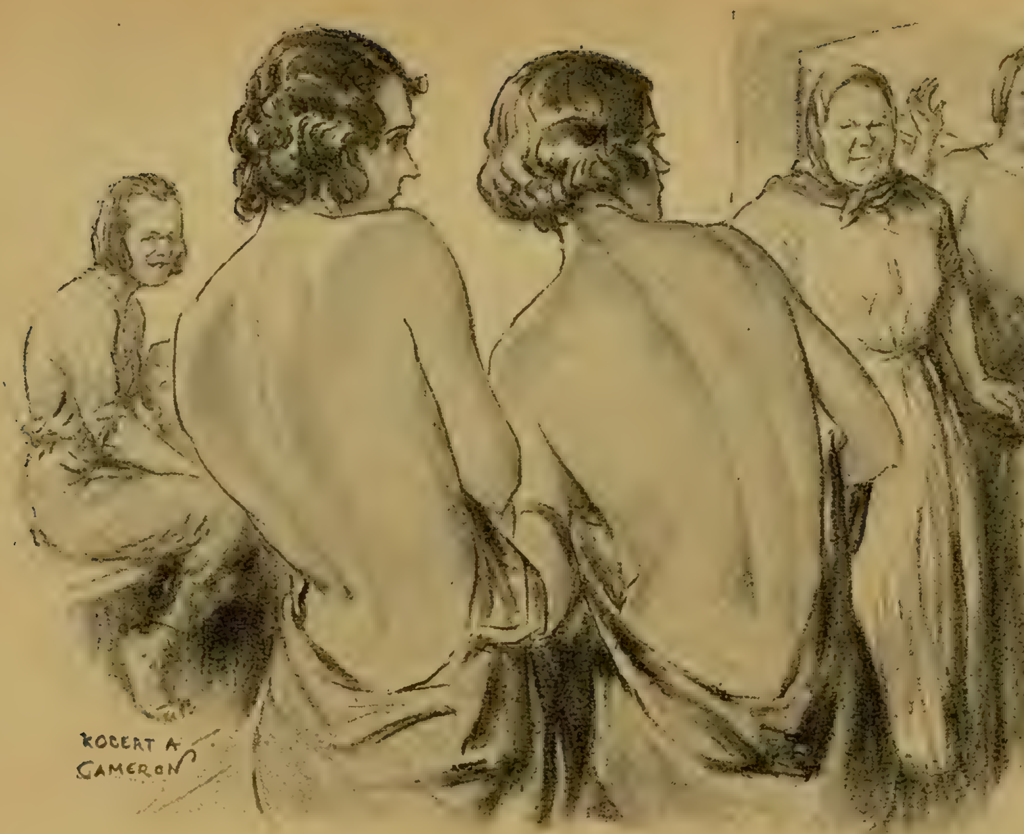
Now, the Soviet bath situation is as follows, depending upon whether or not one lives in a hotel or in an apartment house, either in the city or the country. If one lives in a hotel and has a room with bath, or occupies an apartment house which contains a satisfactory bathroom for each tenant, in which there is hot and cold water, one has no problem, so to speak, although everyone is ever at the mercy of Russian plumbing, which is the worst in the civilized world.

However, if one's hotel room has no bath, which is seldom the arrangement when an American engineer is accompanied by his wife, if one's apartment is not piped for hot water, or if one occupies one of the bath-kitchen apartments, as was my fate, it is entirely another matter. And how I long to tell you about the bath-kitchens!

AS everyone who has studied the Russian situation knows, one of the chief problems of the Soviet government, a holdover from czarist days, is the matter of overcrowded housing conditions in the principal cities.

Apartment houses, therefore, are being constructed everywhere as speedily as possible; for, although the proletarian is triumphantly in residence in the former mansions of the rich and great, still there is pressing need for housing space. However, some master mind, in drawing up plans for new, modern buildings, conceived the brilliant idea of conserving space and effecting sweeping economies at the same time by combining the functions of kitchen and bathroom. Therefore, believe it or not, mammoth apartment houses have shot up in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, carrying out this monstrous scheme.

It wouldn't so much matter if these apartments were occupied by the loyal citizens of the Soviet—being a



The attendants are much interested in the foreign women.

Picture by Robert A. Cameron

Acme-P. & A. photo

Mrs. Eve Garrette Grady, the author of this article, whose picture appears above, is the wife of William H. Grady, an American engineer who was employed in Russia. She is a writer known in the literary world as Eve Garrette, and an article on Russia written by her in a facetious vein was the reason given by the Soviet authorities for forcing her and her husband to leave the country.

gregarious folk, they, after all, really prefer the public baths—but, alas, it is to the bath-kitchen apartments that trainload after trainload of incoming Americans are escorted!

Among the few pleasures long-resident Americans in Russia really *enjoy* are the agonies of their newly arrived compatriots. The newcomer invariably follows either of the following courses of reaction: He either regards it as very, very funny, or, thinking of the terms of his contract, in which the phrase " satisfactory furnished apartment " has prominent position, becomes very, very angry. In either event, it is a good show.

ONLY too well do I recall that my own reaction to my bath-kitchen was one of uncontrollable mirth. When I first saw my tiny, rectangular ten-by-ten-and-a-half-foot kitchen, with a shiny, white-enameled, claw-foot bathtub sitting pertly beside the table on which stood my two Russian primus stoves—concerning which, more anon—I laughed until I cried, while the Russian officials who were ceremoniously showing us through our new home frowned blackly beneath their brows and muttered rumbling Russian curses into their beards.

Now, closely related to the bath-kitchen problem is the Soviet economic policy of providing as few materials for domestic consumption as is humanly possible. (The details which follow are essential to an understanding of the causes which led to my invasion of the Russian public bath. They are also an interesting commentary on present phases of Soviet life.)

Therefore, shortly after taking possession of my bath-kitchen apartment, I discover that, first, I cannot buy anywhere materials with which to make curtains for my kitchen windows, for the simple reason that during certain seasons of the year yard goods of any kind are absolutely not to be had in any of the stores; second, that I cannot buy a large water bucket for similar reasons; and, third, that there are no ice boxes to be had.

Two more points not to be overlooked in the presentation of the bath-kitchen situation must also be mentioned here. First, that the kitchen is also the home of the Russian servant. (It is impossible for any American to exist in Soviet Russia without a servant for reasons which I have dwelt upon at length elsewhere.)

Because of the acute housing shortage, and because of her lack of importance as a worker in the Soviet eyes, the government stands firm on the position that the only space it can conscientiously assign to her as her home is the kitchen of the family for whom she works. And in the city where I lived it even was adamant in apportioning to Americans but one room per person. Which meant that two rooms and a bath-kitchen were considered ample for an American engineer, his wife, and a servant!

As it happened, I was the only woman in that particular American colony, which numbered some eighty persons, whose servant did not sleep in the bath-kitchen. The reason for such unprecedented good fortune was that she is perhaps the only servant in that part of Russia who has a home to go to each night.

Perhaps you are curious to know exactly where a Russian servant would sleep in a two-room-and-ten-by-ten-and-one-half-bath-kitchen ménage. Do let me tell you! On a large board fitted over the bathtub!

The second point which is a vital factor is that in all of the new apartment houses of the type with which we are concerned there is but one water spigot to each apartment—a cold one—and that over the kitchen sink. The bathtub has none whatever.

THE ultimate aim is, of course, to install an instantaneous hot-water heater over each bathtub; but since it is Soviet building practice to finish an apartment building in as superficial a manner as possible, move the tenants in, and perhaps a year or so later install the hot water, ultimate aims have little bearing on the present facts of the case, which are that Americans moving into new bath-kitchen apartment houses have but one water faucet—a cold one—for an indefinite period of time, anywhere from six months to a year.

Therefore, in order to bathe, water must be heated. And in order to heat water, one must have water buckets. And if no store in Moscow or points south has water buckets to sell, one looks about for some other receptacle.

Now, in the summer of 1930 there was a plethora of nice, big, shiny, galvanized garbage cans. Every American family was instantly provided with one. Therefore, in lieu of water buckets, a garbage can may be pressed into service. As for buying a second garbage can—fool-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

ish thought! Is not one garbage can to each American family the quota for that family? And are not quota laws as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians?

At this juncture I must explain the Russian stove in the bath-kitchen, the aforementioned primus. It is a single-plate, kerosene-burning contraption that burns with the concentrated roar of a blowtorch—although two primuses operating in unison in a ten-by-ten kitchen resemble nothing more closely than a machine gun in action—and which becomes out of order for a couple of days each week regularly.

Two primuses are provided for each American family —quite sufficient, of course; for is not gas to be installed *seichass* (immediately), just as soon as the pipes are laid from the newly completed gas-producing plant a couple of miles away? Now, it is an art to deal with the temperamentalities of the primus stove, but it is an art that the Russian servant thoroughly understands. (One of the reasons why she is indispensable.) However, when breakfast, lunch, and dinner, to say nothing of the necessary baking of bread, must be accomplished on two burners, little margin of time is left for heating one garbage can full of water.

However, let us say that an hour has been selected that in no way conflicts with preparations for breakfast, lunch, dinner, or the servant's bedtime, and let us say that one garbage can full of water has been heated and poured into the bathtub.

The servant has respectfully withdrawn from her bed-living room to take a walk or stand outside the door, and, having disrobed in your boudoir, you appear, prepared for your first Russian bath.

But, alas, unless it is by dead of night, there will be no bath for you. For, because of the shortage of yard goods beforementioned, you have been unable to purchase materials with which to screen your bath-kitchen windows —the Soviet furnishes draperies for living room and bedroom only —and since, due to the hollow-square type of architecture affected in modern Soviet-built apartments, the interior of almost every kitchen is easily visible to anyone who cares to step to the courtyard or to the neighboring kitchen balcony, and since the American species of human being absorbs the hourly interest of every Russian neighbor and balconies and courtyards are usually crowded with interested observers of the doings in foreigners' kitchens, you are faced with the prospect of performing your ablutions under the watchful eyes of an attentive audience of both sexes, or deciding that you do not choose to bathe. Of course you do not choose. And that, my friends, is the first step.

The crosses indicate all foreigners' balconies in a Soviet apartment house.

Cross shows Mrs. Grady's bath-kitchen balcony, and the arrow the balcony of a Russian neighbor. Below is a Russian moving van.

BUT you give much thought to the bath situation, and soon you clap your hands gleefully. Another solution. You will have a sponge bath in your room every morning, *à la* garbage can. So for a few mornings your servant staggers to your bedside with a large garbage can full of nice hot water, and you sponge briskly, congratulating yourself on having arrived so speedily at the solution of what might indeed have been a vexing problem.

But peace of mind is not for long. You have forgotten that water buckets are not to be bought, and that you have pressed your garbage can into water-bucket service. And you have also overlooked the fact that neither are ice boxes to be had, and that when the thermometer begins flirting around ninety-eight in the shade—Russian summers are intensely hot—something must be done about the left-over meat, or the chicken one has bought against that every fifth day on which all government stores are closed and one can buy nothing. So what to do?

The servant solves the preservation-of-food problem by half filling the now useless bathtub with cold water (ice, too, if she can buy it) and sinking the garbage can into it, weighed down with many pottery vessels containing cream, butter, and the aforementioned chicken or leftovers. All of which meets with your approval, after you have adjusted yourself to the idea of profaning your bathtub, but what about a receptacle for your morning sponge bath?

Fortunately, at the psychological moment the government comes to the rescue by permitting the domestic consumption of galvanized washtubs and long, tubular water buckets, the latter with a diameter of eight inches and a capacity of, say, three gallons. So your servant bustles briskly to the store, stands in line for from three to six hours, and buys and triumphantly bears through the streets of the town one galvanized tub and one tubular bucket.

SO next morning you revel in a tub bath. But before emitting a sigh of relief, permit me to inform you that the dimensions of the tub are one yard long by a foot and a half wide, thirty-eight by nineteen inches by exact measurement. So, unless you are a perfect thirty-six, you are disqualified for entry on purely material grounds.

But speedily the miniature tub bath becomes tiresome. In the first place, a bath always seems to assume the proportions of a major event in the household. All activities must cease for a couple of hours. As the days become hotter and hotter, the mind begins to be tormented by thoughts of clear, cool, refreshing waters—lots and lots of water. Baby tubs and baby buckets become demon instruments of torture.

So the woman whose soul is yearning for a cooling tub organizes a swimming party at a secluded spot twenty minutes out of town by bus. However, not having read Will Rogers, she has no way of knowing that in *any* secluded spot in Russia, on any summer day, may also be found Russian gentlemen and Russian ladies splashing about in rivers and pools as naked as the day they were born, and as unconcerned. So, on arriving at her destination, she will gasp, turn on her heel, and flounce furiously back to town.

The next day, however, the mercury has risen a degree or two, and again her mind is obsessed with thoughts of clear, refreshing waters. So reference is made to the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans, with special emphasis on the Greek and Roman baths. Mention is made of the interesting customs of the age of Pericles and of the days of the Cæsars. Why—our American friend has just happened to recollect—someone has said that the Russian public baths are patterned after those of Rome! She positively must investigate them for herself. They

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

30,000,000 men have waited for this news!

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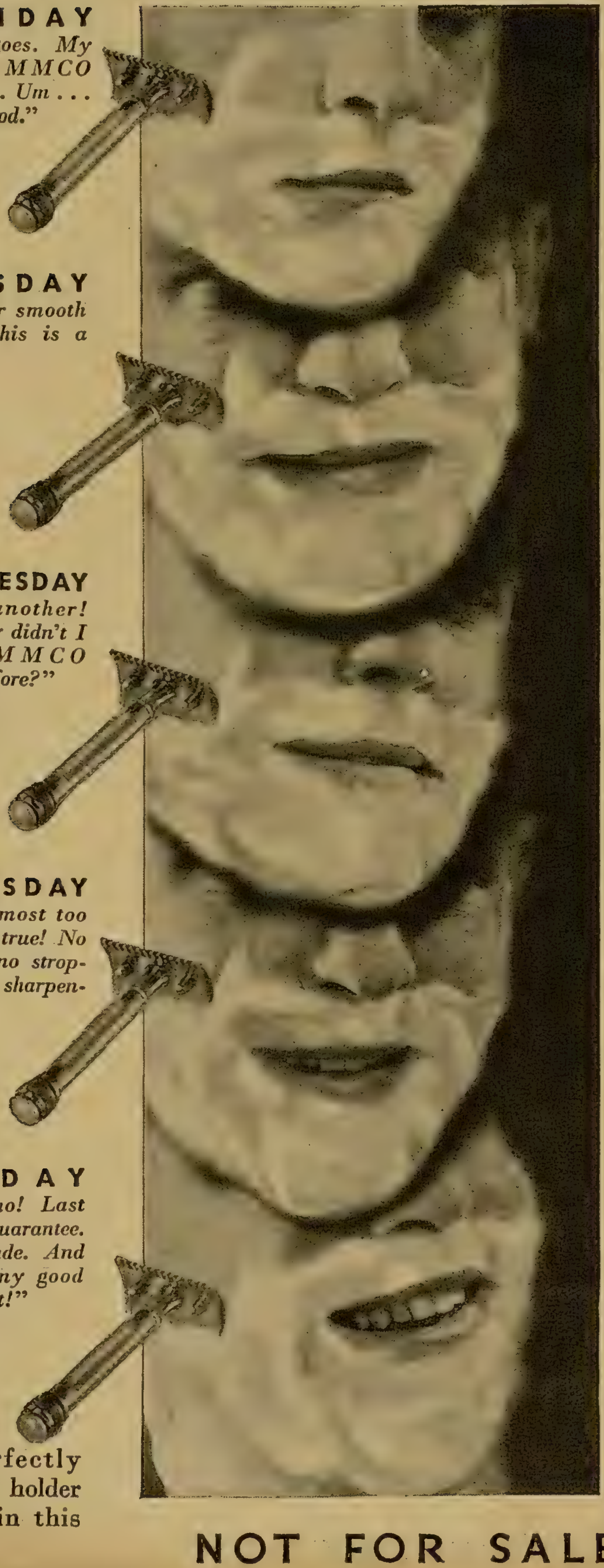

MONDAY
"Here goes. My first AMMCO shave . . . Um . . . pretty good."

TUESDAY
"Another smooth shave. This is a treat!"

WEDNESDAY
"Still another! Boy, why didn't I get AMMCO blades before?"

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"It's almost too good to be true! No honing—no stropping—no sharpening!"

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"What ho! Last day of guarantee. Some blade. And still many good shaves left!"

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Ammco blades are bonded by a $28,000,000 surety company to give 5 perfect shaves or your money back!

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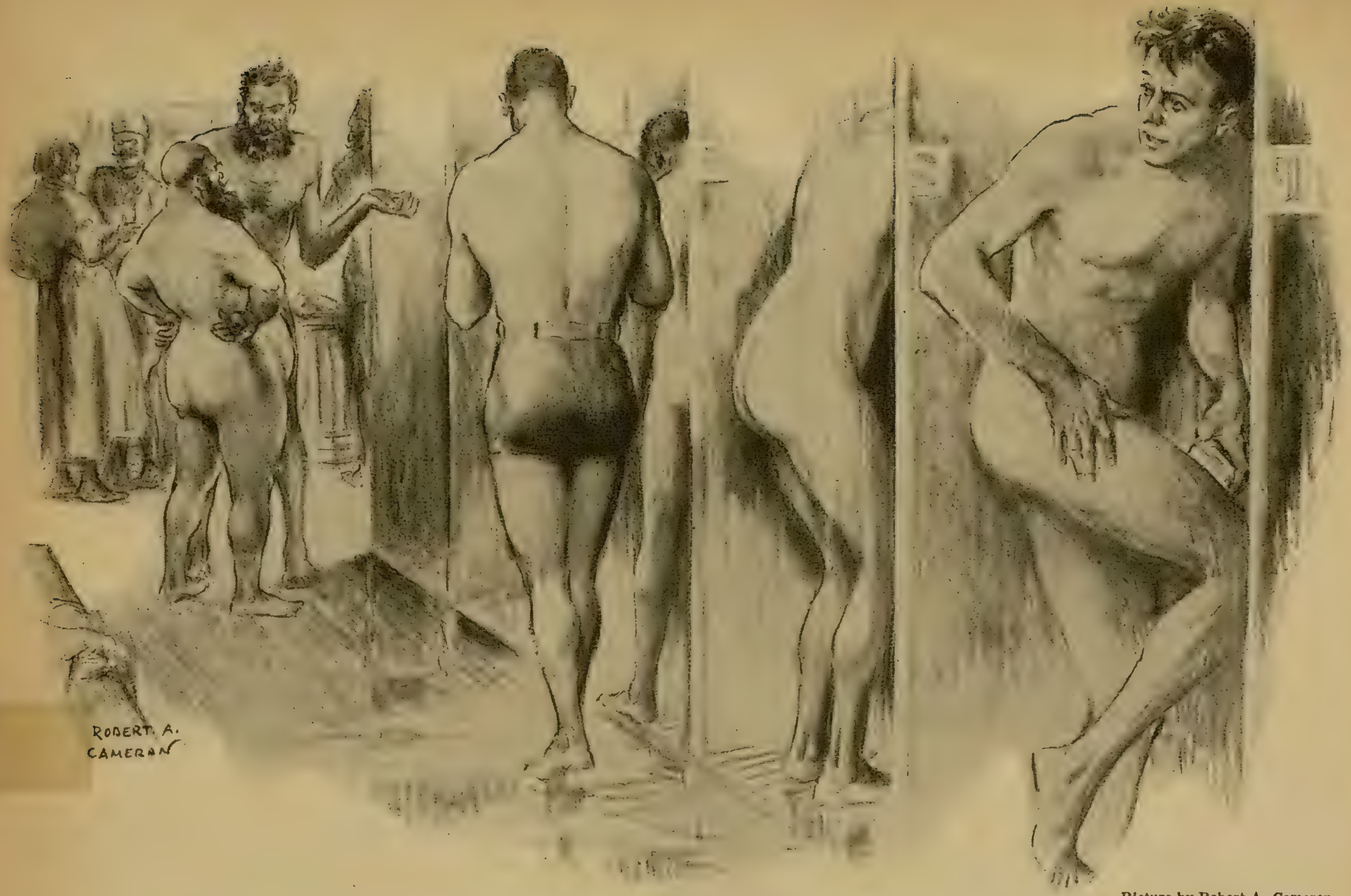

Picture by Robert A. Cameron

The Russian public bath today is an ultrademocratic institution.

[AN AMERICAN WOMAN AND A RUSSIAN BATH
Continued from page sixteen]

must be most interesting. One can wear a bathing suit, of course.

And so dawns the day when the American woman, fortified by the presence of an equally daring friend, invades a Russian public bath for the first time, solely on the grounds of curiosity and archæological interest! The bath selected for the American invasion is presumably brand-new, and with a large tiled swimming pool. "It sounds typically Roman," say the ladies merrily, rolling up their bathing suits and towels.

And so they journey by trolley for some forty minutes—all Russian baths with swimming pools attached seem to lie on the outskirts of all towns—until they arrive at a stately gray stone building. Somehow or other the Americans get within, in halting Russian purchase their tickets—fifteen cents to a "worker," fifty cents to a parasite—at a window that is serving both men and women, and somehow they inquire their way to the women's quarters. Public baths are open to men and women simultaneously, but the swimming pool is assigned to members of each sex exclusively on certain designated days—say, Mondays and Fridays for women, and the other days of the week for the men.

PASSING through a large reading room and a narrow entrance hall, they finally find themselves inside a large, rectangular room fitted with long rows of high-backed cushioned seats which face the front of the room, schoolroom fashion, and which also face the open check-room counter, behind which stand three attendants backed by some lockers and rows of hooks. They give their tickets to one of the attendants, then turn to seek some unoccupied stall where they may don bathing suits most inconspicuously.

For the sight of Russian women of all ages, sizes, and shapes flitting up and down the aisles in the nude is disconcerting. The Russian public bath today is an ultrademocratic institution.

So the American pair, abashed at the sight of a seventy-year-old peasant woman with varicose veins, or a flabby, corpulent mother accompanied by several female offspring, who have no fear of parading their nakedness before thirty or forty of their kind, retire modestly to a corner, and disrobing with lightning movement begin donning their bathing suits.

BUT, alas for their intentions, they are far from unobserved. The three attendants at the checking counter had been very much interested in the movements of the foreign women; therefore, to a woman, they have been bending an eagle eye upon the disrobing proceedings. And when they see that further costumes are to be added, they rise as one to action.

Now, it seems that it is a Soviet law that no bathing suits are to be worn in Russian swimming pools. One must be very, very clean before one steps into a white-tiled Russian pool—so clean, in fact, that one must first pass an examinatory inspection—and how, pray, is one to inspect, if the subject wears a bathing suit?

I must say that day on which we braved the doors of the Russian bath my friend and I were determined to return bathed or not at all. However, we pleaded pathetically for the retention of our suits, or at least a towel. Even carrying a towel is forbidden!

So without more ado, resigned to the inevitable, we scurried down the long, carpeted aisle to the room adjoining the dressing room. Opening a door, we found ourselves in a spacious, well lighted, and very warm room which much resembles a Turkish bath. In it long, rectangular marble benches are symmetrically arranged, and on them are seated a number of women busily engaged in the process of bathing.

In the center of the room is a row of hot and cold water faucets, whither the bather or the attendant goes with basin and sponge (of cotton waste) to get water. One sits majestically on the marble slab and the attendant stands by, throwing basinful after basinful of delightfully warm water over one. Along the side walls is a row of showers (with no curtains), but the day I visited the baths they were out of order.

After bathing, Turkish fashion—with the attendant hovering about solicitously—the next step is to go out through a rear door, down a hall, descend a flight of steps to the floor below—all this without benefit of robe or towel—and there is the tiled pool.

It is of regulation size, and the water is absolutely clean. Overhead is a large balcony, which speedily fills with naked feminine spectators, the women who have been taking baths in the room just vacated and who are curious to see how the *Amerikankas* swim.

We had the pool to ourselves until we were suddenly joined by two of the three attendants out in the dressing room who had baffled our attempts to wear swimming suits.

So we unobtrusively withdrew, scurried back again up the steps, down the corridor, through the bathroom, and out again into the dressing room, where we were permitted to have our towels.

I had about come to the conclusion that the custom was to run up and down corridors until thoroughly dried.

We hastily dressed and departed for the trolley. It was our first—and last—appearance!

PUBLIC shower baths, or douches as they are called, are to be found in the large parks which are among the most attractive features of modern Russian cities. The douches, because they are new, are as yet not too popular with the Russians, because they have difficulty in understanding the intricacies of regulating the water. Then, too, the women become frightened at what they regard as the force of the needle spray. I recommend unreservedly, in the way of diversion, the sight of a big, brawny Russian female in hysterics of fear over contact with a feeble stream of tepid water from a Soviet shower bath.

There was a brand-new, very clean, and therefore quite pleasant douche in a park three minutes from our bath-kitchen apartment, and after the American colony discovered it, for the remainder of the summer until it was closed at the end of the season, it was the customary practice to patronize it at an hour that was ascertained to be out of favor with the native population. However, even here a unique Soviet law is in effect.

One day, like a bolt from the blue, the wife of an American engineer was forcibly ejected from her shower by the male manager of the douche and two female attendants, because she was using soap. It seemed that a notice—in Russian—had been posted on the wall, announcing that the use of soap was forbidden, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Not being able to read Russian, the woman was unconscious of the fact that she was violating a new and very strange law.

The Soviet authorities were much distressed by the affair, and, as usual, were prompt to punish the offending

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The 2 INGRAM barbers
[JERRY JAR OR TERRY TUBE]
give you a shave as Cool as a General's Salute!

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's
SHAVING
CREAM
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SHAVING CREAM
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COOL and snappy! That's the Army manner—and that's the Ingram shave! For the two Ingram barbers (Terry Tube or Jerry Jar) give you a shave that is absolutely unequalled.

Even the sun-baked chin of a mule-skinner feels as smooth as a debutante's cheek. The toughest beard that ever sprouted lies down and rolls over when the greatest shaving cream ever made attacks it. Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

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Ingram's is cool because it has got things in it that make it cool . . . three special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin *while you shave.* You don't need a lotion after you use Ingram's . . . simply because it's more than a shaving cream. It's a shaving cream and a lotion and a face tonic combined!

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Hard to believe? Not after you've tried it! That's why we're offering you 10 cool shaves FREE. We're betting those 10 shaves that you'll like Ingram's, and we know we're backing a winner. Just send the cool coupon below.

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Sweet music comes naturally to your lips when you feel the swift "sweet" touch of the Ever-Ready Blade. Super-keen, extra-durable, uniform—it is kind both to your whiskers and your disposition.

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Ever-Ready Blades shave perfectly in old-type GEM razors

[AN AMERICAN WOMAN AND A RUSSIAN BATH
Continued from page nineteen]

bath attendants, as the following correspondence testifies:

We received yesterday your letter of the 12th of August, and entirely join in your indignation in connection with the incident you describe.

On the same day our complaint was sent to the People's Commissariats for Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, and to the Commissariat of Local Economic Council, requiring the punishment of the guilty.

We expect the above-mentioned establishments to inform us of all that will be done to avoid such unpleasant incidents for the future and will not fail to write you fully on this subject.

We express you and Mrs. B—— our feeling of deep regret of all that has happened.

AND the verdict, later:

Returning to your declaration from the 12th of August, we herewith inform you that according to the Communal Economic Management's answer, we have already received, two servant maids were severely reprimanded for having misbehaved unpolitely, and the controller [the bath manager] is degraded to janitor's position. We hope such arrangement will lead to your satisfaction.

In the meantime, the Americans had been investigating. Why was soap barred from Soviet showers? The reason advanced for so intriguing a ruling was that "the use of soap will block the pipes of Russian drains." However, because of the fact that it is a commodity of which there is a continual shortage (Russian soap is being sold abroad) one might almost hazard the guess that the government is mercifully trying to assist the public to bear it with greater fortitude by instituting a law forbidding the use of soap.

THEREFORE, rather than brave the displeasure of a party member, who may have one removed from one's position—and being deprived of a means of livelihood also automatically means deprivation of one's food book and one's clothing book, and the right to have a room in which to live—all of the inhabitants of those particular apartments are obliged to repair to "soapless" ablutions in the Russian public bathhouses.

Which, of course, tempts me to the doubtful witticism that once the Soviet war on religion is won, the next victims will be the bathers, because "cleanliness is next to godliness."

THE END

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

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1—What is a weir?
2—What is horology?
3—What is cacophony?
4—What is an antipyretic?
5—What part of the ear is the tympanum?
6—What is a nuncupative will?
7—What is a neophyte?
8—What does noisome mean?
9—Who was Nancy Hanks?
10—What was the hegira?
11—Is Newfoundland a part of the Dominion of Canada?
12—Who wrote The Man Without a Country?
13—What is a detergent?
14—In which state is the Rocky Mountain National Park?
15—Where does the League of Nations meet?
16—Which is the longest river in South America?
17—Of what is an olive branch the emblem?
18—Pickett's Charge was incident to what great battle?
19—What is nonage?
20—Is a naturalized citizen eligible to the Presidency of the United States?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-five)

A Great Love

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 min. 40 sec.*)

By
ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

who is fifty, was born in France, lives in Paris, and is one of the best known French writers. He is the author of a number of plays, novels, and short stories. The story presented here is a translation from the French.

"IT'S you? You!"

"Yes, yes, it's me! Weren't you expecting me?"

"Yes. But it's too good to be true. I was afraid. I never dare to anticipate happiness. . . . But you are here! You never looked so beautiful! . . . I love you!"

"Please don't shout so!"

"I would like to shout it to the whole world! Besides, there is nobody to hear me. I gave all my servants the day off. I can shout as loud as I like that I adore you. Your ears alone of all Paris shall hear me, dearest one!"

"Come, now, show a little sense."

"I do a great deal of talking, but I do that to hide—even from myself—how deeply I am stirred. I talk like a boastful twenty-year-old. I am over thirty-five, and I know your coming here is a piece of good fortune. See what I wrote in my diary: 'Thursday, April 8th. A great love is about to begin—if she wishes.'"

"'If she wishes.' But I thought you invited me?"

"Yes, madame. But I warn you I did the marketing myself. I set the table. It is a real lovers' luncheon. Only *hors-d'œuvres* and desserts. Odds and ends and sweets. Little things that don't interfere with kisses."

"Oh!"

"And we'll have some champagne. Shall I pour you some?"

"Somebody is ringing your bell."

"Don't worry. It is the ice-cream man."

"We're going to have ice cream?"

"Vanilla, raspberry, fruits, with Chantilly cream."

He goes to the door. His return is delayed. With an awkward gesture and a hesitant voice, he says, "Dearest—it wasn't the ice-cream man— It is—it is my son."

So he has a son. That's clear. When flirting with a woman one does not mention such a subject—at least, at first. To tell of having been married, divorced, and being the father of an eight-year-old boy is to age one's self quite uselessly; nothing intriguing.

"And why has your son come here?"

"He—he came for lunch. It is his day."

"*His* day?"

"I have a right to him one day each month. One Thursday of every month his mother sends him to me. I had entirely forgotten that this was his Thursday! Usually the cook reminds me."

YES. Then what do you suppose he could do with the child? You don't know, eh? Neither did they.

He says, "Then—I shall add another place." But he says it weakly. And, when she utters a rather ruffled, reproachful "Oh!" he does not insist. What would become of their lovers' feast with the little one between them? Could you imagine it? Later on, what would they do with him—later on? Fine day for love, truly!

She picks up her hat and coat. On the table the diary remains open. "Thursday, April 8th. A great love is about to begin—if she wishes."

She takes a pencil and begins erasing the sentence. He stops her. "It is not over, is it?" He will see her tomorrow to arrange another date; he worships her.

"Yes, yes," she replies, "to be sure. All that goes without saying." But he feels very distinctly that the thread has been broken. When a woman comes for the purpose of giving herself, she does not forgive the man for allowing her to go.

"Good-by. See you soon. . . . That's right."

She goes. . . .

"Well, why don't you come in? Don't dally; come on in."

A little eight-year-old enters—a frail body, pale cheeks, and big eyes—and goes up to kiss his father. But he, his forehead pressed against the windowpane, is watching somebody in the street. Somebody who is disappearing fast and does not turn to look back.

Then, after nervously walking up and down the room, he says, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, daddy."

The child looks at the table—such a small table—set in the studio. On the other Thursdays they had eaten in the dining room, off the large table. This table, with flowers scattered on a pink cloth, these entrée dishes on which are funny-colored *hors-d'œuvres*, these small plates upon which desserts are piled high, these pretty fruits, this iced wine sparkling in its glass . . .

"Why don't you eat if you're hungry?"

THE little chap cannot. He feels something in his throat, something choking him. He stammers, "Oh, daddy! Is all this for me? You bought all this for me?"

"Well—of course! Naturally."

"Oh, daddy! Oh, daddy!" Suddenly he bursts into tears.

What's the matter with the child? Let us see. Why is he crying? Children have feelings, of course. But they do not know how to express them. This child keeps on saying, between sobs, "Oh, daddy! Oh, daddy!" Then suddenly: "So you love me, daddy?"

Now the father understands.

He had been a father who was not much of a father. A father who had said, "So we are in for *this?*" when he learned that he was going to become a father. A father who did not like to hear babies cry, who did not like the smell of milk. In the wintertime he remained at home as little as possible; in the summer he sent the mother and child to the seashore for three months—without him. After the divorce the child's Thursdays seemed bothersome. On those days it did not matter what they ate. He asked the same questions and barely listened to the replies.

Today the little fellow had seen the table loaded down with things that seemed made for childish appetites. So he imagined—

And he had cried for joy.

The father raises the little face, still wet with tears, and gently says, "So you love me, little man?"

"Oh, yes, yes, daddy!"

As much as all that? Ah, he had not known! He does not fully realize it yet. But he guesses. A child's heart that has been altogether too heavy. A little fellow who thought himself neglected. For the very first time he sees those two big eyes raised to his in an anxiety that is already turning to confidence. He strokes his head awkwardly. Up to now he has only known how to pet women. Isn't that so? Now he must learn to pet a child. With a queer kind of voice, he says, "My little man, my little man."

He turns his head away. He does not want the little fellow to see what suddenly has dimmed his eyes. His glance rests upon the open diary. The woman who went away did not erase the entire sentence; now it reads: "Thursday, April 8th. A great love is about to begin—"

THE END

IN *The* OFFING

A Peek at What's Coming in Pictures—and Reviews of Some that Are Here

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

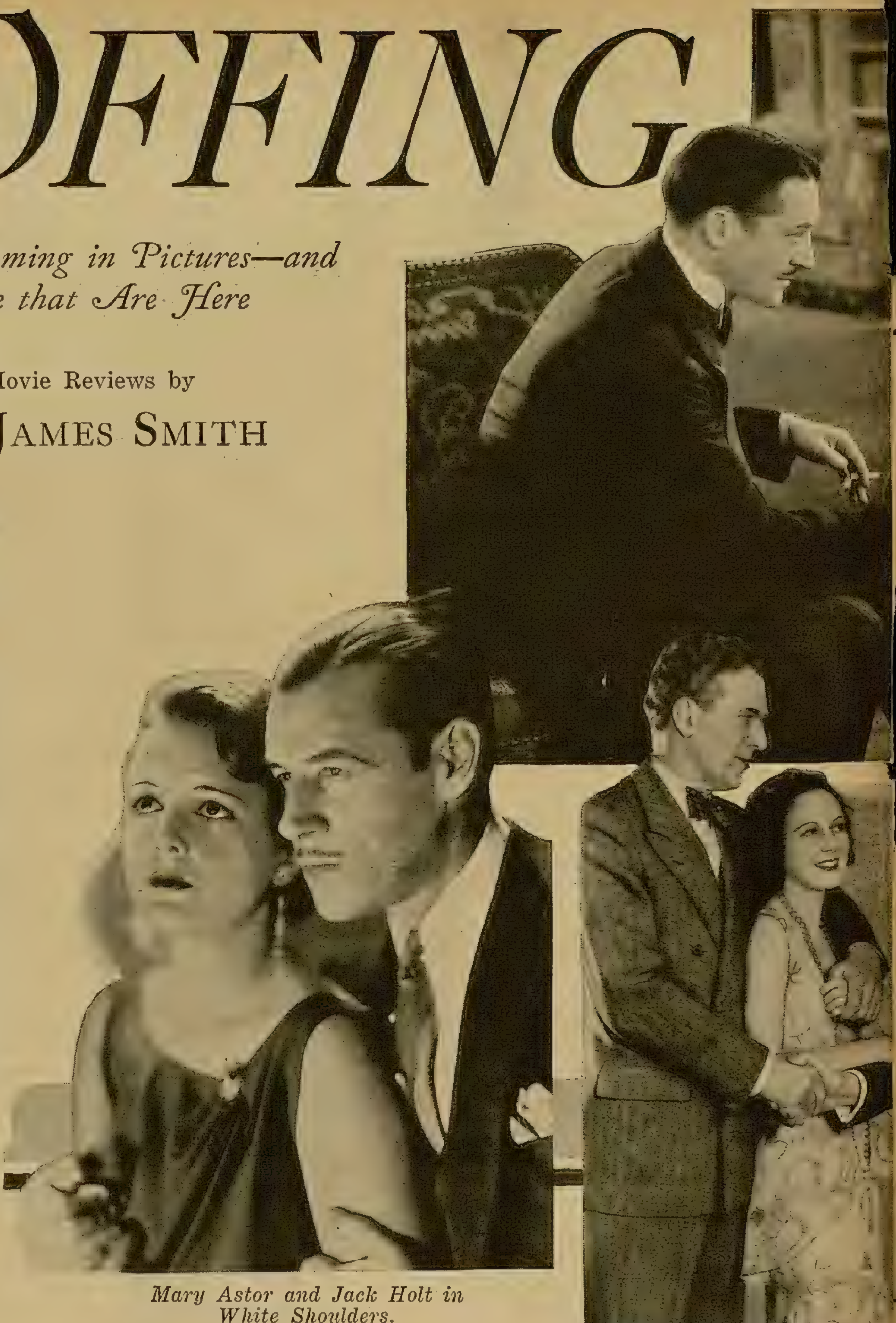
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE movie magnates are making their production announcements for the coming season. These run the usual gamut of epic drama to supercomedy, but there are a few announcements that will interest you.

Personally I look forward to the two coming Greta Garbo films, no matter what they are; the two pictures to be made by the glittering German legacy, Marlene Dietrich; the filming of A Farewell to Arms, even with Gary Cooper in the leading rôle; The Smiling Lieutenant, by the happy Ernst Lubitsch-Maurice Chevalier combination; Jackie Coogan's appearance in Huckleberry Finn; Ruth Chatterton in Tomorrow and Tomorrow; George Arliss in Alexander Hamilton; Dick Barthelmess in Spent Heroes, based on Liberty's Nikki stories; Janet Gaynor in Merely Mary Ann; Constance Bennett in The Common Law; Nancy Carroll in Street Scene; Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis' Arrowsmith and maybe Theodore Dreiser's An American Tragedy, despite the author's advance howls of anguish.

The announcements, by the way, indicate a waning of the gangster story, the approach of a lot of gigolo yarns, and the increased production of stories for juvenile consumption.



Mary Astor and Jack Holt in White Shoulders.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ UP POPS THE DEVIL

CAST

Anne Merrick	Carole Lombard
Steve Merrick	Norman Foster
Gilbert Morrell	Theodor von Eltz
Biney Hatfield	Skeets Gallagher
The Stranger	Stuart Erwin
George Kent	Edward J. Nugent
Mrs. Kent	Eulalie Jensen
Polly Griscom	Lilyan Tashman
Luella May Carroll	Joyce Compton

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland.
Produced by Paramount.

"What happens to marriage when a wife 'keeps' her husband," "love among the moderns," and "what happens behind locked apartment doors when youth laughs at life," is the way the press agents describe this simple little yarn of a young writer who rebels at being supported by his wife while he writes a novel. Her intentions are the best, but the marriage comes close to being wrecked. A heavy-drinking crowd of friends helps along the matrimonial debacle.

Carole Lombard, the twenty-three-year-old Fort Wayne blonde who was a Sennett girl before she aspired to dramatic rôles, shows steady improvement as the young wife, and Norman Foster is effective as the husband. Skeets Gallagher is the best of the cast as a thirsty friend of the family.

Don't be misled by the jazzy publicity. This is a pleasant little yarn. These young folks may be moderns, but their problems are the same ones that have worried couples for a good many years.

★ YOUNG SINNERS

CAST

Tom McGuire	Thomas Meighan
Gene Gibson	Hardie Albright
Constance Sinclair	Dorothy Jordan
Mrs. Sinclair	Cecilia Loftus
John Gibson	James Kirkwood
Trent	Edmund Breese
Baron von Konitz	Lucien Prival
Bud	Eddie Nugent

Directed by John Blystone.
Produced by Fox.

Thomas Meighan returns to the

Theodor von Eltz, Norman Foster, and Carole Lombard in Up Pops the Devil.

At the left, Thomas Meighan, Dorothy Jordan, and Hardie Albright in Young Sinners. Above are shown Leo Carrillo and Lola Lane in a scene from Hell Bound.

films (after a long vacation at Great Neck, Long Island, and in Florida) to play the heavy-brogued Adirondack woodsman who specializes in regenerating the sons of millionaires. Make their bodies well, says he, and their minds will take care of themselves. Thus he gets the spoiled Gene Gibson for a course of treatment and he makes a fine lad of him—but not until the remade Gene has an evening's tough temptation with a wild young flapper. A warm episode that!

There are prolonged scenes of petting and drinking among the children of wealth. Enough to make you sad about all the pink-and-white babies now in their cribs, waiting to face the perils of our modern civilization.

In fact, the whole film impressed me as a depressing commentary upon life today.

★ HELL BOUND

CAST

Nick Cotrelli	Leo Carrillo
Platinum Reed	Lola Lane
Dr. Robert Sanford	Lloyd Hughes
Dorgan	Ralph Ince
Gilbert	Richard Tucker
Rosie	Gertrude Astor
Gaspipe	Harry Strang

Directed by Walter Lang.
Produced by Tiffany.

Here Edward Dean Sullivan, who wrote that frank study of a great city's moral collapse, Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime, is guilty of oversentimentalizing a gangster.

Nick Cotrelli, beer baron and racketeer, befriends a down-and-out cabaret girl, nurses her back to health, sends her countless American Beauties, provides her with beautiful negligées, rebuilds a night club in which to star her—all because he loves her.

He is ruthless with a revolver, but all shy tenderness and high morals before the little gal. In the end, he walks out to face the machine guns of rival gangsters rather than endanger her life.

Leo Carrillo plays Nick Cotrelli with an ingratiating if exaggerated Italian dialect and considerable adroitness. He makes you almost like him, a fact that causes Hell Bound to be far more menacing morally than such a cold and uncompromising study of gangdom as The Public Enemy.

Lola Lane is attractive as the singer who gets such lofty-minded aid from the racketeer chief.

★ WHITE SHOULDERS

CAST

Norma Selbee	Mary Astor
Gordon Kent	Jack Holt
Lawrence Marchmont	Ricardo Cortez
William Sothern	Sidney Toler
Marie Fontaine	Kitty Kelly

Directed by Melville Brown.
Produced by Radio.

Rex Beach wrote this tale of a millionaire's revenge. When his young wife runs away with a scoundrel, he condemns them to perpetual existence together.

Massing his army of detectives, he forces them into a hell of recrimination.

Jack Holt is the he man who comes up from South America with twenty million and a longing to mingle with wine, white shoulders, and song.

Mary Astor is the girl he buys in marriage and who never seems to know her own mind.

Ricardo Cortez is the viper in evening clothes.

Personally I cared little for the acting (although I usually like Miss Astor) and less for Mr. Beach's far-from-believable story.

Do you know that—

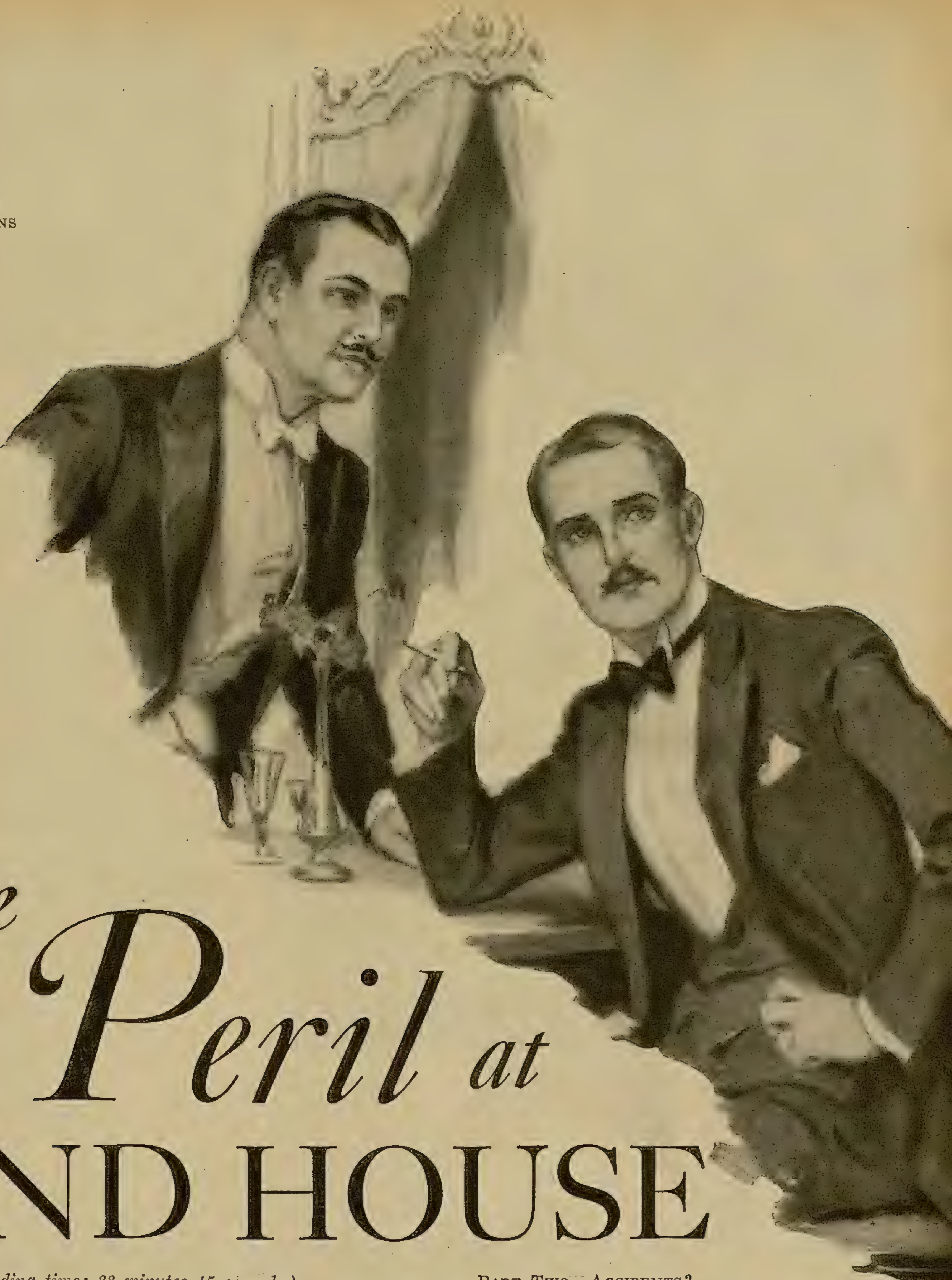
Cecil De Mille is going away for a long vacation and he may never make pictures again? . . . Tallulah Bankhead's next will be China, with Fredric March playing opposite? . . . Gloria Swanson is to do the David Belasco play, Tonight or Never? . . . Sessue Hayakawa is returning to the screen in a Paramount film opposite Anna May Wong? . . . Jetta Goudal is returning to the screen? . . . First National has signed Lil Dagover, German star?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire.

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS



The Peril at END HOUSE

(Reading time: 33 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of strange happenings in the life of Magdala Buckley—called Nick by her friends—owner of the dilapidated dwelling, End House, in St. Loo, England.

To this resort came the great detective, Poirot, and his friend Hastings.

Poirot was disturbed to learn that several so-called "accidents" had imperiled Nick's life. He discovered a hole in her hat brim made by a Mauser pistol. She offered to show him her Mauser—but found it gone!

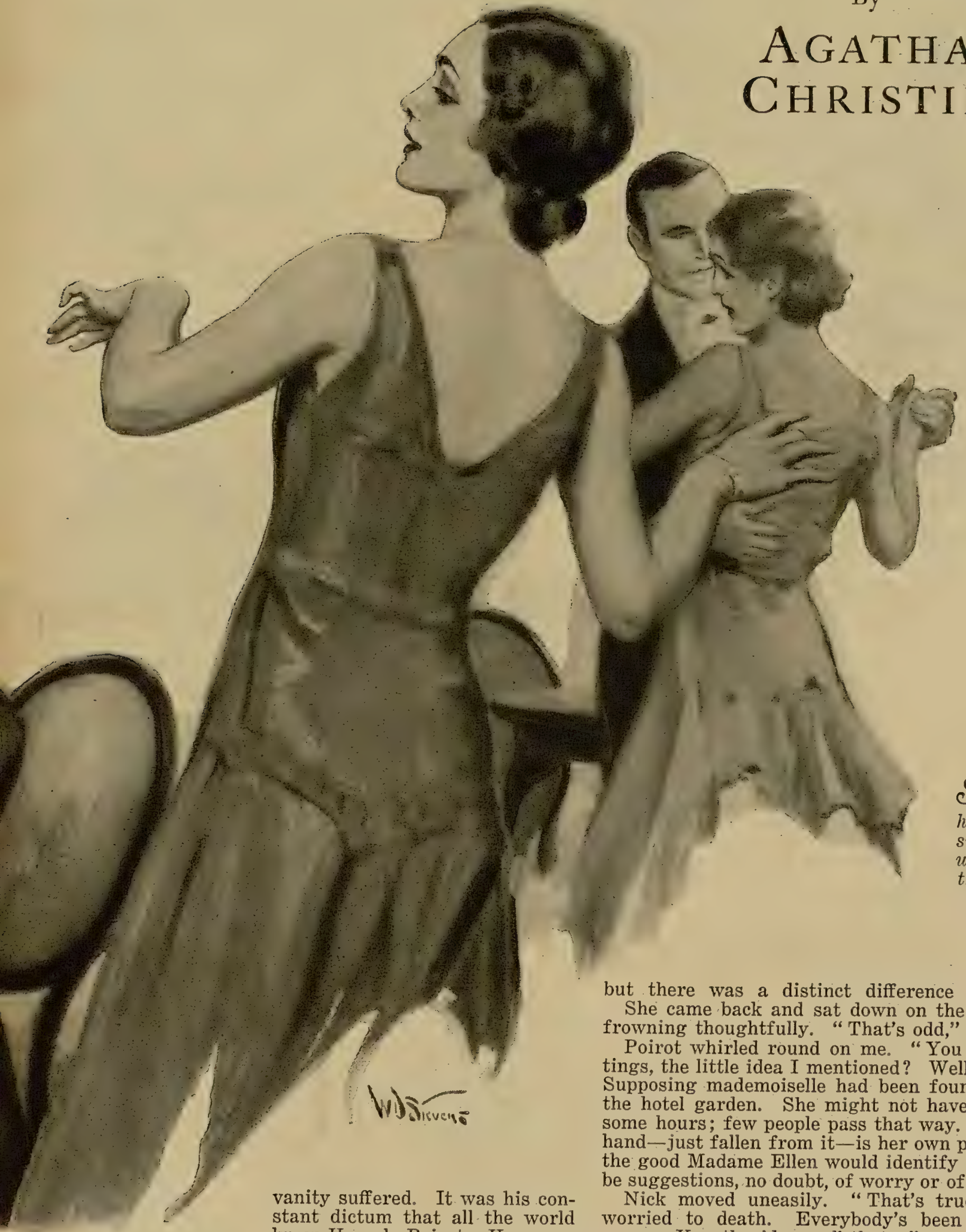
PART TWO—ACCIDENTS?

IT was from that moment that the conversation took on a different tone. Up to now, Poirot and the girl had been at cross-purposes. They were separated by a gulf of years. His fame and reputation meant nothing to her. She was of the generation that knows only the great names of the immediate moment. She was, therefore, unimpressed by his warnings. He was to her only a rather comic elderly foreigner with an amusingly melodramatic mind. And this attitude baffled Poirot. To begin with, his

A Story of Death that Struck from the Dark

By

AGATHA CHRISTIE



SHE detached herself from her partner and swooped down on us. "Dancing on the edge of death," she said lightly.

vanity suffered. It was his constant dictum that all the world knew Hercule Poirot. Here was someone who did not. Very good for him, I could not but feel, but not precisely helpful to the object in view.

With the discovery that the pistol was missing, however, the affair took on a new phase. Nick ceased to treat it as a mildly amusing joke.

She still treated the matter lightly, because it was her habit and her creed to treat all occurrences lightly, but there was a distinct difference in her manner.

She came back and sat down on the arm of a chair, frowning thoughtfully. "That's odd," she said.

Poirot whirled round on me. "You remember, Hastings, the little idea I mentioned? Well, it was correct! Supposing mademoiselle had been found shot, lying in the hotel garden. She might not have been found for some hours; few people pass that way. And beside her hand—just fallen from it—is her own pistol. Doubtless the good Madame Ellen would identify it. There would be suggestions, no doubt, of worry or of sleeplessness—"

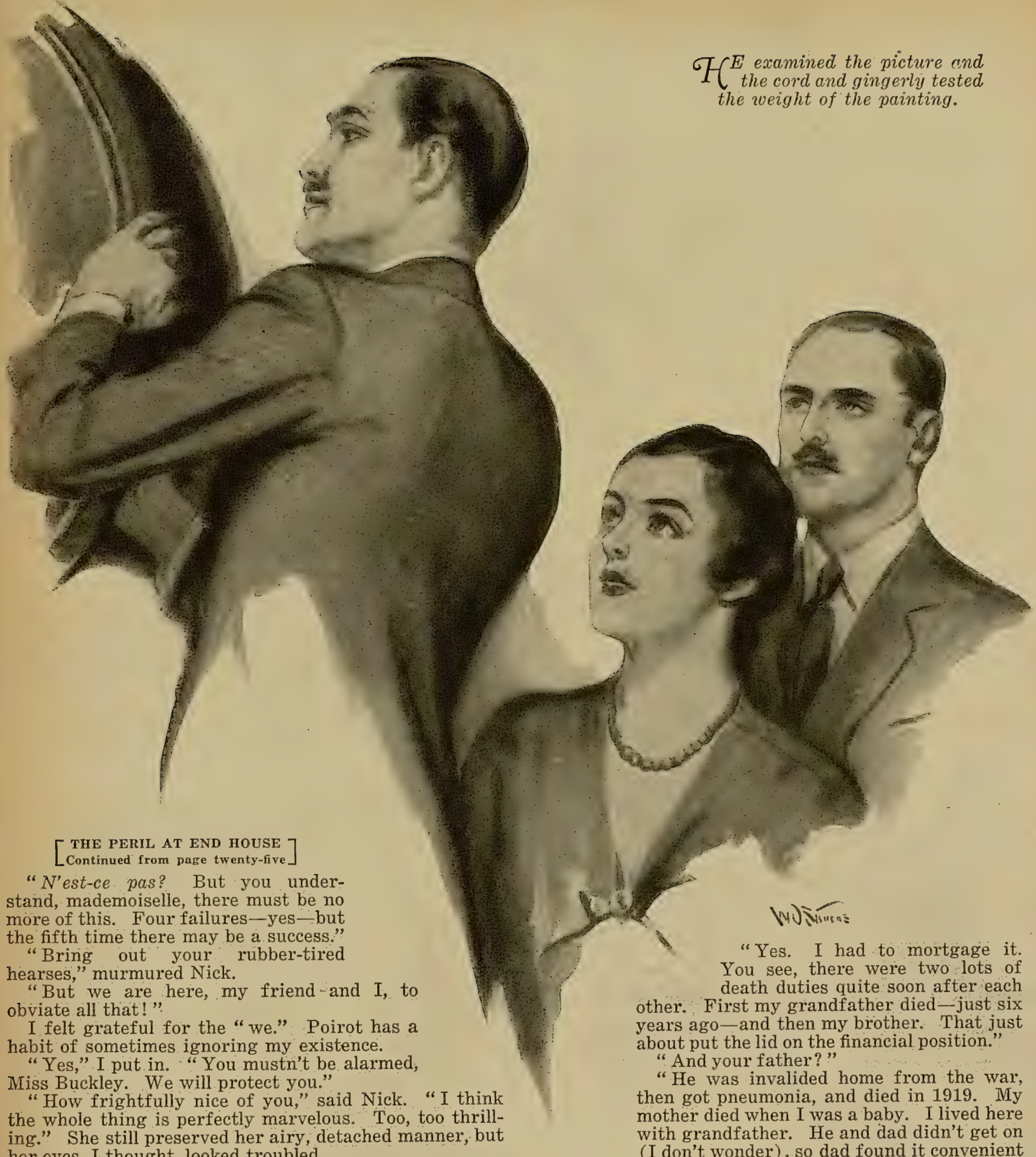
Nick moved uneasily. "That's true. I have been worried to death. Everybody's been telling me I'm nervy. Yes, they'd say all that—"

"—and bring in a verdict of suicide. Mademoiselle's fingerprints conveniently on the pistol and nobody else's. But yes, it would be very simple and convincing."

"How terribly amusing!" said Nick, but not, I was glad to note, as though she were terribly amused.

Poirot accepted her words in the conventional sense in which they were uttered.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



HE examined the picture and the cord and gingerly tested the weight of the painting.

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page twenty-five

"*N'est-ce pas?* But you understand, mademoiselle, there must be no more of this. Four failures—yes—but the fifth time there may be a success."

"Bring out your rubber-tired hearses," murmured Nick.

"But we are here, my friend and I, to obviate all that!"

I felt grateful for the "we." Poirot has a habit of sometimes ignoring my existence.

"Yes," I put in. "You mustn't be alarmed, Miss Buckley. We will protect you."

"How frightfully nice of you," said Nick. "I think the whole thing is perfectly marvelous. Too, too thrilling." She still preserved her airy, detached manner, but her eyes, I thought, looked troubled.

"And the first thing to do," said Poirot, "is to have the consultation."

He sat down and beamed upon her in a friendly manner.

"TO begin with, mademoiselle, a conventional question, but—have you any enemies?"

Nick shook her head rather regretfully.

"I'm afraid not," she said apologetically.

"*Bon.* We will dismiss that possibility then. And now we ask the question of the cinema, of the detective novel. Who profits by your death, mademoiselle?"

"I can't imagine," said Nick. "That's why it all seems such nonsense. There's this beastly old barn, of course, but it's mortgaged up to the hilt, the roof leaks, and there can't be a coal mine or anything exciting like that hidden in the cliff."

"It is mortgaged, *hein?*"

"Yes. I had to mortgage it. You see, there were two lots of death duties quite soon after each other. First my grandfather died—just six years ago—and then my brother. That just about put the lid on the financial position."

"And your father?"

"He was invalided home from the war, then got pneumonia, and died in 1919. My mother died when I was a baby. I lived here with grandfather. He and dad didn't get on (I don't wonder), so dad found it convenient to park me and go roaming the world on his own account. Gerald—that was my brother—didn't get on with grandfather either. I dare say I shouldn't have got on with him if I'd been a boy. Being a girl saved me. Grandfather used to say I was a chip of the old block and had inherited his spirit." She laughed. "He was an awful old rip, I believe. But frightfully lucky. There was a saying round here that everything he touched turned to gold. He was a gambler, though, and gambled it away again. When he died he left hardly anything besides the house and land. I was sixteen when he died and Gerald was twenty-two. Gerald was killed in a motor accident just three years ago and the place came to me."

"And after you, mademoiselle? Who is your nearest relation?"

"My cousin, Charles—Charles Vyse. He's a lawyer down here. Quite good and worthy but very dull. He gives me good advice and tries to restrain my extravagant tastes."

"He manages your affairs for you, eh?"

"Well, yes, if you like to put it that way. I haven't many affairs to manage. He arranged the mortgage for me and made me let the lodge."

"Ah! The lodge. I was going to ask you about that. It is let?"

"Yes, to some Australians. Croft their name is. Very hearty, you know, and all that sort of thing. Simply oppressively kind. Always bringing up sticks of celery and early peas and things like that. They're shocked at the way I let the garden go. They're rather a nuisance really—at least he is. Too terribly friendly for words. She's a cripple, poor thing, and lies on a sofa all day. Anyway, they pay the rent, and that's the great thing."

"How long have they been here?"

"Oh, about six months."

"I see. Now, beyond this cousin of yours—on your father's side or your mother's, by the way?"

"Mother's. My mother was Amy Vyse."

"BIEN! Now, beyond this cousin, as I was saying, have you any other relatives?"

"Some very distant cousins in Yorkshire—Buckleys."

"No one else?"

"No."

"That is lonely."

Nick stared at him. "Lonely? What a funny idea. I'm not down here much, you know. I'm usually in London. Relations are too devastating. They fuss and interfere. It's much more fun to be on one's own."

"I will not waste the sympathy. You are a modern, I see, mademoiselle. Now, your household."

"How grand that sounds! Ellen's the household, and her husband, who's a sort of gardener—not a very good one. I pay them frightfully little because I let them have the child here. Ellen does for me when I'm down here, and if I have a party we get in who and what we can to help. I'm giving a party on Monday. It's Regatta Week, you know."

"Monday—and today is Saturday. Yes. Yes. And now, mademoiselle, your friends—the ones with whom you were lunching today, for instance?"

"Well, Freddie Rice—the fair girl—is practically my greatest friend. She's had a rotten life. Married to a beast, a man who drank and drugged and was altogether a queer of the worst description. She had to leave him a year or two ago. Since then she's drifted round. I wish to goodness she'd get a divorce and marry Jim Lazarus."

"Lazarus? The art dealer in Bond Street?"

"Yes. Jim's the only son. Rolling in money, of course. Did you see that car of his? He's devoted to Freddie. They go about everywhere together. They are staying at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Let's see what the doctor says!

Doctors expect certain things of a laxative—insist on something more than effectiveness.

Is it safe? . . . Will it not form a habit? . . . These and other important questions must be answered to the satisfaction of the medical profession.

What doctors look for

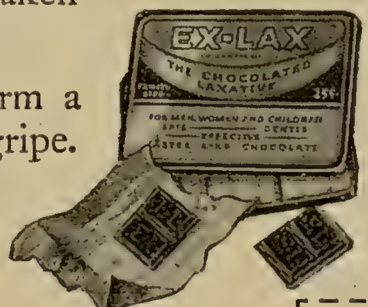
Doctors say a laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach—disturbing the digestive processes.

A laxative should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

A laxative should be mild and gentle in action. It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines—which would weaken the natural functions.

It should not form a habit. It should not gripe. It should not shock the nervous system.



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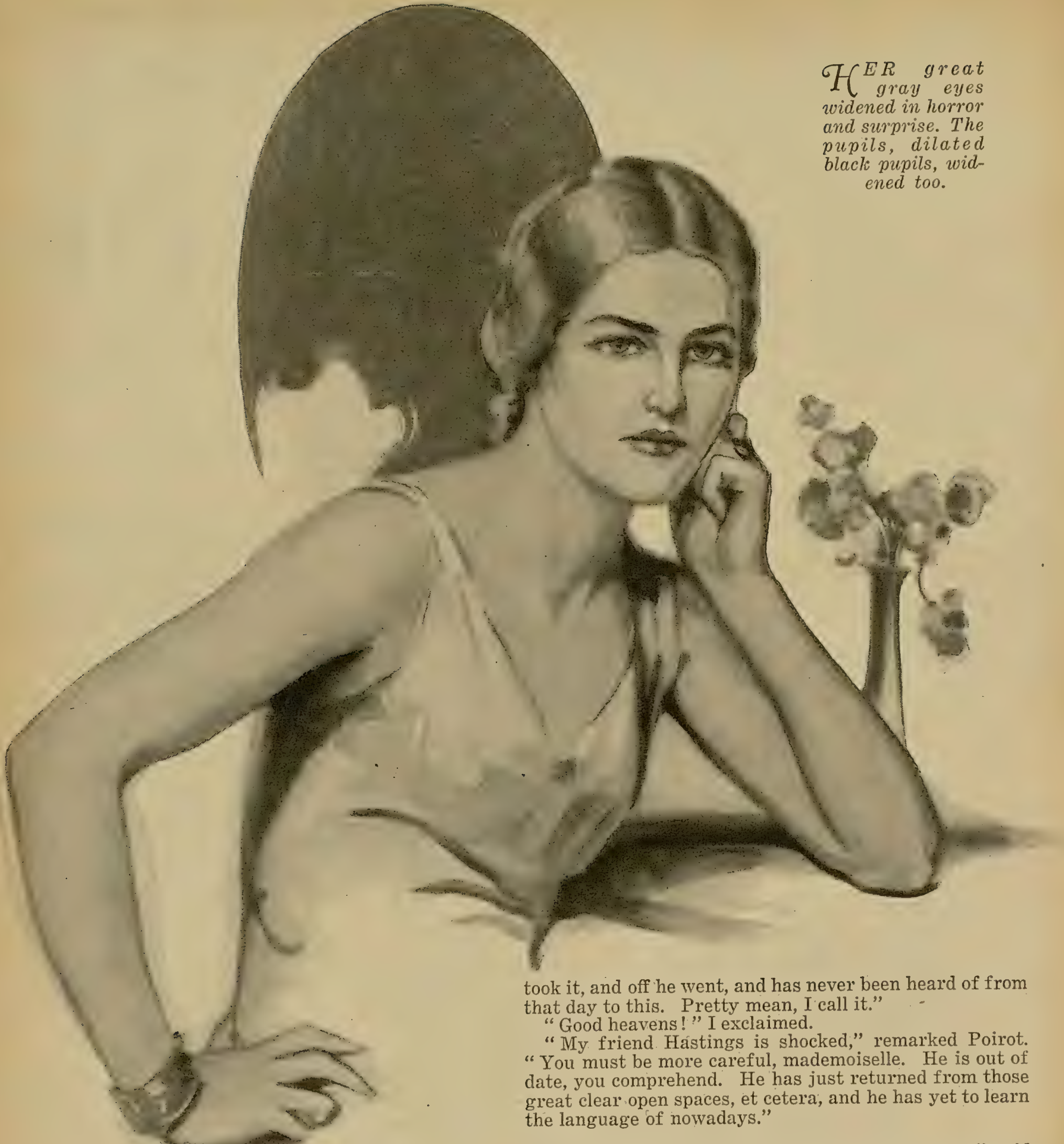

HER great gray eyes widened in horror and surprise. The pupils, dilated black pupils, widened too.

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page twenty-seven

Majestic over the week-end and are coming to me on Monday."

"And Mrs. Rice's husband?"

"The mess? Oh, he's dropped out of everything. Nobody knows where he is. It makes it horrribly awkward for Freddie. You can't divorce a man when you don't know where he is."

"*Evidemment!*"

"Poor Freddie," said Nick pensively. "She's had rotten luck. The thing was all fixed once. She got hold of him and put it to him, and he said he was perfectly willing, but he simply hadn't got the cash to take a woman to a hotel. So the end of it all was she forked out, and he took it, and off he went, and has never been heard of from that day to this. Pretty mean, I call it."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed.

"My friend Hastings is shocked," remarked Poirot. "You must be more careful, mademoiselle. He is out of date, you comprehend. He has just returned from those great clear open spaces, et cetera, and he has yet to learn the language of nowadays."

"WELL, there's nothing to get shocked about," said Nick, opening her eyes very wide. "I mean, everybody knows—don't they?—that there are such people. But I call it a low-down trick, all the same. Poor old Freddie was so damned hard up at the time that she didn't know where to turn."

"Yes, yes, not a very pretty affair. And your other friend, mademoiselle—the good Commander Challenger?"

"George? I've known George all my life—well, for the last five years, anyway. He's a good scout, George."

"He wishes you to marry him, eh?"

"He does mention it now and again. In the small hours of the morning or after the second glass of port."

"But you remain hard-hearted."

"What would be the use of George and me marrying each other? We've neither of us got a bean. And one would get terribly bored with George—that 'playing for one's side,' 'good old school' manner. After all, he's forty if he's a day."

The remark made me wince slightly.

"In fact, he has one foot in the grave," said Poirot. "Oh, do not mind me, mademoiselle. I am a grandpapa—a nobody. And now tell me more about these accidents. The picture, for instance?"

"It's been hung up again—on a new cord. You can come and see it if you like."

She led the way out of the room and we followed her. The picture in question was an oil painting in a heavy frame. It hung directly over the bed head.

With a murmured "You permit, mademoiselle?" Poirot removed his shoes and mounted upon the bed. He examined the picture and the cord and gingerly tested the weight of the painting. With an eloquent grimace he descended.

"To have that descend on one's head—no, it would not be pretty. The cord by which it was hung, mademoiselle, was it, like this one, a wire cable?"

"Yes, but not so thick. I got a thicker one this time."

"That is comprehensible. And you examined the break? The edges were frayed?"

"I think so, but I didn't notice particularly. Why should I?"

"Exactly. As you say, why should you? All the same, I should much like to look at that piece of wire. Is it about the house anywhere?"

"It was still on the picture. I expect the man who put the new wire on just threw the old one away."

"A pity. I should like to have seen it."

"You don't think it was just an accident, after all? Surely it couldn't have been anything else."

"It may have been an accident. It is impossible to say. But the damage to the brakes of your car—that was not an accident. And the stone that rolled down the cliff. I should like to see the spot where that accident occurred."

NICK took us out in the garden and led us to the cliff edge. The sea glittered blue below us. A rough path led down the face of the rock. Nick described just where the accident occurred, and Poirot nodded thoughtfully. Then he asked:

"How many ways are there into your garden, mademoiselle?"

"There's the front way, past the lodge. And a tradesmen's entrance, a door in the wall halfway up that lane. Then there's a gate just along here on the cliff edge. It leads out on to a zigzag path that leads up from that beach to the Majestic Hotel. And then, of course, you can go straight through a gap in the hedge into the Majestic garden. That's the way I went this morning. To go through the Majestic garden is a short cut to the town, anyway."

"And your gardener—where does he usually work?"

"Well, he usually potters round the kitchen garden, or else he sits in the potting shed and pretends to be sharpening the shears."

"Round the other side of the house, that is to say?"

"Yes."

"So that if anyone were to come in here and dislodge a boulder he would be very unlikely to be noticed."

Nick gave a sudden little shiver.

"Do you—do you really think that is what happened?" she asked. "I can't believe it, somehow. It seems so perfectly futile."

Poirot drew the bullet from his pocket again and looked at it.

"That was not futile, mademoiselle," he said gently.

"It must have been some madman."

"Possibly. It is an interesting subject of after-dinner conversation—are all criminals really madmen? There may be a malformation in their little gray cells—yes, it is very likely. That, it is the affair of the doctor. For me, I have different work to perform. I have the innocent to think of, not the guilty; the victim, not the criminal. It is you I am considering now, mademoiselle, not your unknown assailant. You are young and beautiful, and the sun shines and the world is pleasant, and there is life and love ahead of you. It is all that of which I think, mademoiselle. Tell me, these friends of yours,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Man-

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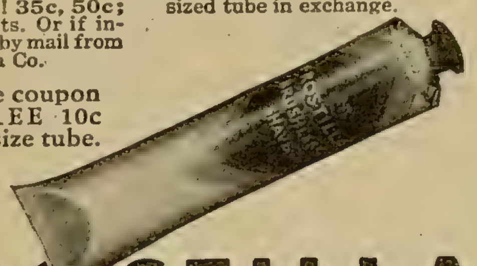

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THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page twenty-nine

Mrs. Rice and Mr. Lazarus, they have been down here how long?"

"Freddie came down on Wednesday to this part of the world. She stopped with some people near Tavistock for a couple of nights. She came on here yesterday. Jim has been touring round about, I believe."

"And Commander Challenger?"

"He's at Devonport. He comes over in his car whenever he can, week-ends mostly."

Poirot nodded. We were walking back to the house. There was a silence, and then he said suddenly:

"Have you a friend whom you can trust, mademoiselle?"

"There's Freddie."

"Other than Mrs. Rice."

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I have. Why?"

"Because I want you to have a friend to stay with you—immediately."

"Oh!"

Nick seemed rather taken aback. She was silent a moment or two, thinking. Then she said doubtfully:

"There's Maggie. I could get hold of her, I expect."

"WHO is Maggie?"

"One of my Yorkshire cousins. There's a large family of them. He's a clergyman, you know. Maggie's about my age and I usually have her to stay sometime or other in the summer. She's no fun, though; one of those painfully pure girls, with the kind of hair that has just become fashionable by accident. I was hoping to get out of having her this year."

"Not at all. Your cousin, mademoiselle, will do admirably. Just the type of person I had in mind."

"All right," said Nick with a sigh, "I'll wire her. I certainly don't know who else I could get hold of just now. Everyone's fixed up. But if it isn't the choir-boys' outing or the mothers' beanfeast, she'll come, all right. Though what you expect her to *do*—"

"Could you arrange for her to sleep in your room?"

"I suppose so."

"She would not think that an odd request?"

"Oh, no, Maggie never thinks. She just *does*—earnestly, you know. Christian works, with faith and perseverance. All right, I'll wire her to come on Monday."

"Why not tomorrow?"

"With Sunday trains? She'll think I'm dying if I suggest that. No, I'll say Monday. Are you going to tell her about the awful fate hanging over me?"

"*Nous verrons.* You still make a jest of it? You have courage, I am glad to see."

"It makes a diversion, anyway," said Nick.

Something in her tone struck me and I glanced at her curiously. I had a feeling that there was something she had left untold. We had re-entered the drawing-room. Poirot was fingering the newspaper on the sofa.

"You read this, mademoiselle?" he asked suddenly.

"The St. Loo Herald? Not seriously. I opened it to see the tides. It gives them every week."

"I see. By the way, mademoiselle, have you ever made a will?"

"Yes, I did. About six months ago. Just before my op."

"*Qu'est-ce que vous dites?* Your *op?*"

"Operation. For appendicitis. Someone said I ought to make a will, so I did. It made me feel quite important."

"And the terms of that will?"

"I left End House to Charles. I hadn't much else to leave, but what there was I left to Freddie. I should think probably the—what do they call them?—liabilities would have exceeded the assets, really."

Poirot nodded absently. "I will take my leave now. *Au revoir, mademoiselle.* Be careful."

"What of?" asked Nick.

"You are intelligent. Yes, that is the weak point—in which direction are you to be careful. Who can say? But have confidence, mademoiselle. In a few days I shall have discovered the truth."

"Until then, beware of poison, bombs, revolver shots, motor accidents, and arrows dipped in the secret poison of the South American Indians," finished Nick glibly.

"Do not mock yourself, mademoiselle," said Poirot gravely.

He paused as he reached the door.

"By the way," he said, "what price did Monsieur Lazarus offer you for the portrait of your grandfather?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Ah!" said Poirot.

He looked earnestly back at the dark, saturnine face above the mantelpiece.

"But, as I told you, I don't want to sell the old boy."

"No," said Poirot thoughtfully. "No. I understand."

II

"POIROT," I said, as soon as we were out upon the road, "there is one thing I think you ought to know."

"And what is that, *mon ami?*"

I told him of Mrs. Rice's version of the trouble with the motor.

"*Tiens! C'est intéressant, ça.* There is, of course, a type, vain, hysterical, that seeks to make itself interesting by having marvelous escapes from death and which will recount to you surprising histories that never happened! Yes, it is well known, that type there. Such people will even do themselves grave bodily injury to sustain the fiction."

"You don't think that—"

"—that Mademoiselle Nick is of that type? No, indeed. You observed, Hastings, that we had great difficulty in convincing her of her danger. And right to the end she kept up the farce of a half mocking disbelief. She is of her generation, that little one. All the same, it is interesting—what Madame Rice said. Why should she say it? Why say it even if it were true? It was unnecessary—almost *gauche.*"

"Yes," I said, "that's true. She dragged it into the conversation neck and crop for no earthly reason that I could see."

"That is curious. Yes, that is curious. The little facts that are curious, I like to see them appear. They are significant. They point the way."

"The way—where?"

"You put your finger on the weak spot, my excellent Hastings. Where? Where, indeed! Alas, we shall not know till we get there."

"TELL me, Poirot," I said, "why did you insist on her getting this cousin to stay?"

Poirot stopped and waved an excited forefinger at me.

"Consider!" he cried. "Consider for one little moment, Hastings. How are we handicapped! How are our hands tied! To hunt down a murderer after a crime has been committed, *c'est tout simple!* Or, at least, it is simple to one of my ability. The murderer has, so to speak, signed his name by committing the crime. But here there is no crime, and, what is more, we do not want a crime. To detect a crime before it has been committed, that is indeed of a rare difficulty.

"What is our first aim? The safety of mademoiselle. And that is not easy. No, it is not easy, Hastings. We cannot watch over her day and night; we cannot even send a policeman in big boots to watch over her. We cannot pass the night in a young lady's sleeping chamber. The affair bristles with difficulties.

"But we can do one thing. We can make it more difficult for our assassin. We can put mademoiselle upon her guard and we can introduce a perfectly impartial witness. It will take a very clever man to get round those two circumstances."

He paused and then said in an entirely different tone of voice: "But what I am afraid of, Hastings—"

"Yes?"

"What I am afraid of is that he *is* a very clever man. And I am not easy in my mind. No, I am not easy at all."

"Poirot," I said, "you're making me feel quite nervous."

"So am I nervous. Listen, my friend. That paper, the St. Loo Weekly Herald, it was open and folded back at—where do you think?—a little paragraph which said, 'Among the guests staying at the Majestic Hotel are Monsieur Hercule Poirot and Captain Hastings.' Supposing—just supposing—that someone had read that paragraph. They know my name—everyone knows my name—"

"Miss Buckley didn't," I said with a grin.

"She is a scatterbrain—she does not count. A serious man—a criminal—would know my name. And he would be afraid! He would wonder! He would ask himself questions. Three times he has attempted the life of mademoiselle, and now Hercule Poirot arrives in the neighborhood. 'Is that coincidence?' he would ask himself. And he would fear that it might *not* be coincidence. What would he do then?"

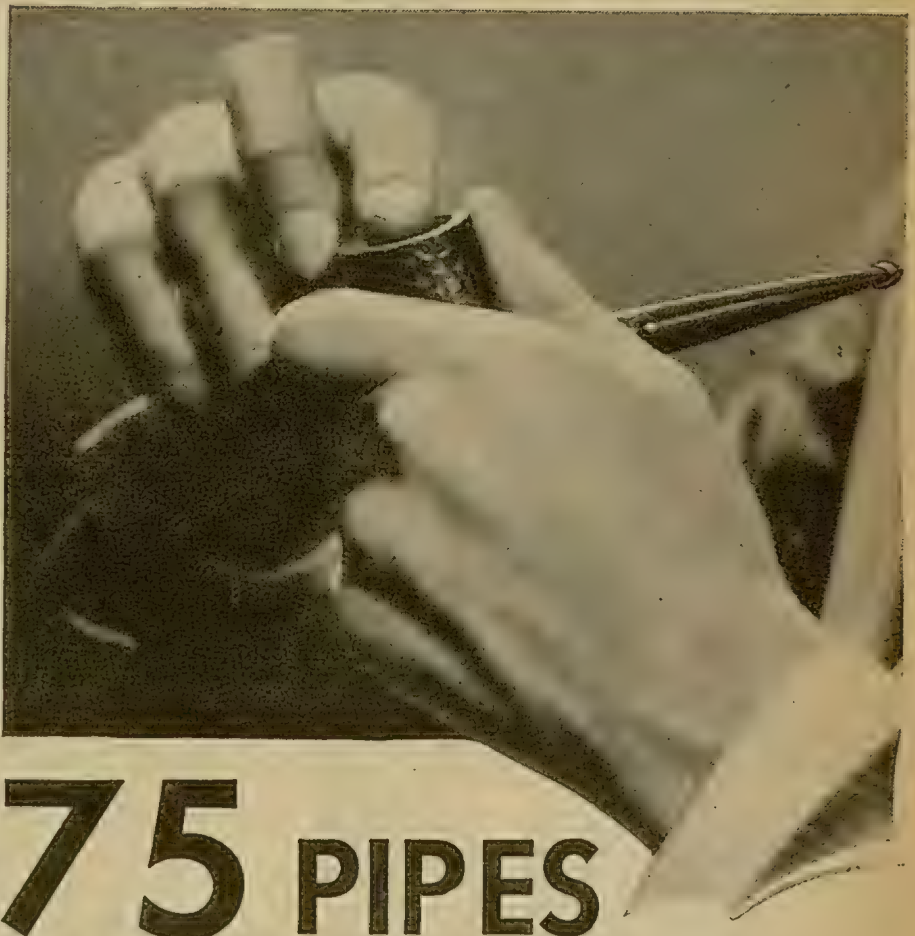
"Lie low and hide his tracks," I suggested.

"Yes, yes, or else, if he had real audacity, he would strike quickly, without loss of time. Before I had time to make the inquiries, pouf! mademoiselle is dead. That is what a man of audacity would do."

"But why do you think that somebody read that para-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THINK OF OWNING



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. . . and knowing how to keep them all *"sweet and good-natured"*

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to shop
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MEET a friend, grab a bite, a dozen stores to shop! There's ever so much to do at lunch-time and all too often your digestion may suffer.

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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page thirty-one

graph other than Miss Buckley?”

“It was not Miss Buckley who read that paragraph. When I mentioned my name it meant nothing to her. It was not even familiar. Her face did not change. Besides, she told us she opened the paper to look at the tides, nothing else. Well, there was no tide table on that page.”

“You think someone in the house—”

“Someone in the house or who had access to it. And that last is easy—the window stands open. Without doubt Miss Buckley's friends pass in and out.”

“Have you any idea? Any suspicion?”

Poirot flung out his hands. “Nothing. Whatever the motive, it is, as I predicted, not an obvious one. That is the would-be murderer's security; that is why he could act so daringly this morning. On the face of it, no one seems to have any reason for desiring the little Nick's death. The property? End House? That passes to the cousin. But does he particularly want a heavily mortgaged and very dilapidated old house? It is not even a family place so far as he is concerned. He is not a Buckley, remember. We must see this Monsieur Charles Vyse, certainly, but the idea seems fantastic.

“Then there is madame—the bosom friend—with her strange eyes and her air of a lost Madonna—”

“You felt that too?” I asked, startled.

“What is her concern in the business? She tells you that her friend is a liar. *C'est gentille, ça!* Why does she tell you? Is she afraid of something that Nick may say? Is that something connected with the car? Or did she use that as an instance, and was her real fear of something else? Did anyone tamper with the car, and if so, who? And does she know about it?

“THEN the handsome blond Monsieur Lazarus. Where does he fit in? With his marvelous automobile and his money. Can he possibly be concerned in any way? Commander Challenger—”

“He's all right,” I put in quickly. “I'm sure of that. A real pukka sahib.”

“Doubtless he has been to what you consider the right school. Happily, being a foreigner, I am free from these prejudices, and can make investigations unhampered by them. But I will admit that I find it hard to connect Commander Challenger with the case. In fact, I do not see that he can be so connected.”

“Of course he can't,” I said warmly.

Poirot looked at me meditatively.

“You have an extraordinary effect on me, Hastings. You have so strongly the flair in the wrong direction that I am almost tempted to go by it! You are that wholly admirable type of man—honest, credulous, honorable—who is invariably taken in by any scoundrel. You are the type of man who invests in doubtful oil fields, and nonexistent gold mines. From hundreds like you the swindler makes his daily bread. Ah, well, I shall study this Commander Challenger. You have awakened my doubts.”

“My dear Poirot,” I cried angrily, “you are perfectly absurd! A man who has knocked about the world like I have—”

“—never learns,” said Poirot sadly. “It is amazing, but there it is.”

“Do you suppose I'd have made a success of my ranch out in the Argentine if I was the kind of credulous fool you make out?”

“Do not enrage yourself, *mon ami.* You have made a great success of it, you and your wife.”

“Bella,” I said, “always goes by my judgment.”

“SHE is as wise as she is charming,” said Poirot. “Let us not quarrel, my friend. See, there ahead of us it says Mott's Garage. That, I think, is the garage mentioned by Mademoiselle Buckley. A few inquiries will soon give us the truth of that little matter.”

We duly entered the place and Poirot introduced himself by explaining that he had been recommended there by Miss Buckley. He made some inquiries about hiring a car for some afternoon drives, and from there slid easily into the topic of the damage sustained by Miss Buckley's car not long ago.

Immediately the garage proprietor waxed voluble. Most extraordinary thing he'd ever seen. The car had been tampered with. And the damage had been something quite easily done, occupying very little time.

“So that is that,” said Poirot, as we strolled away. “The little Nick was right, and the rich Monsieur Lazarus was wrong. Hastings, my friend, all this is very interesting.”

“What do we do now?”

“We visit the post office and send off a telegram if it is not too late.”

“A telegram?” I said hopefully.

“Yes,” said Poirot thoughtfully, “a telegram.”

The post office was still open. Poirot wrote out his telegram and dispatched it. He vouchsafed me no information as to its contents.

“It is annoying that tomorrow is Sunday,” he remarked, as we strolled back to the hotel. “We cannot now call upon Monsieur Vyse till Monday morning.”

“You could get hold of him at his private address.”

"Naturally. But that is just what I am anxious not to do. I would prefer, in the first place, to consult him professionally and to form my judgment of him from that aspect."

"Yes," I said thoughtfully. "I suppose that would be best."

"The answer to one simple little question, for instance, might make a great difference. If Monsieur Charles Vyse was in his office at twelve thirty this morning, then it was not he who fired that shot in the garden of the Majestic Hotel."

"Ought we not to examine the alibis of the three at the hotel?"

"That is much more difficult. It would be easy enough for one of them to leave the others for a few minutes. A hasty egress from one of the innumerable windows—lounge, smoking room, drawing-room, writing room—quickly under cover to the spot where the girl must pass, the shot fired, and a rapid retreat. But as yet, *mon ami*, we are not even sure that we have arrived at all the *dramatis personæ*. There is the respectable Ellen and her so far unseen husband. Both inmates of the house, and possibly, for all we know, with a grudge against our little mademoiselle. There are even the unknown Australians at the lodge. And there may be others, friends and intimates of Mademoiselle Buckley, whom she has no reason for suspecting and consequently has not mentioned. I cannot help feeling, Hastings, that there is something behind this, something that has not yet come to light. I have a little idea that Mademoiselle Buckley knows more than she told us."

"You think she is keeping something back?"

"Yes."

"Possibly with an idea of shielding whoever it is?"

Poirot shook his head with the utmost energy.

"No, no. As far as that goes, she gave me the impression of being utterly frank. I am convinced that as regards these attempts on her life, she was telling all she knew. But there is something else, something she believes has nothing to do with that at all. And I should like to know what that something is. For I—I say it in all modesty—am a great deal more intelligent than *une petite comme ça*. I, Hercule Poirot, might see a connection where she sees none. It might give me the clue I am seeking. For I announce to you, Hastings, quite frankly and humbly, that I am, as you express it, all on the sea. Until I can get some glimmering of the reason behind all this, I am in the dark. There must be something, some factor in the case that I do not grasp. What is it? *Je me demande ça sans cesse. Qu'est-ce que c'est?*"

"You will find out," I said soothingly.

"So long," he said somberly, "as I do not find out too late."

III

THERE was dancing that evening at the hotel. Nick Buckley dined there with her friends and waved a gay greeting to us.

She was dressed in floating scarlet chiffon that dragged on the floor. Out of it rose her white neck and shoulders and her small impudent dark head.

"An engaging young devil," I remarked.

"A contrast to her friend, eh?"

Frederica Rice was in white. She danced with a languorous, weary grace that was as far removed from Nick's animation as anything could be.

"She is very beautiful," said Poirot suddenly.

"Who? Our Nick?"

"No, the other. Is she evil? Is she good? Is she merely unhappy? One cannot tell. She is a mystery. She is, perhaps, nothing at all. But I tell you, my friend, she is an *allumeuse*."

"What do you mean?" I asked curiously.

He shook his head, smiling.

"You will feel it sooner or later. Remember my words."

Presently, to my surprise, he rose. Nick was dancing with George Challenger. Frederica and Lazarus had just stopped and had sat down at their table. Then Lazarus got up and went away. Mrs. Rice was alone.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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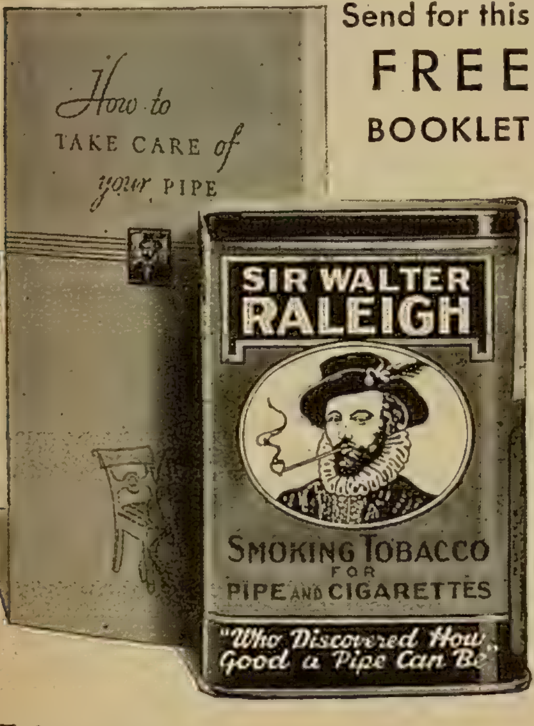
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"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢ — AND IT'S MILDER

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page thirty-three

Poirot went straight to her table. I followed him.

His methods were direct and to the point.

"You permit?" He laid a hand on the back of a chair, then slid into it. "I am anxious to have a word with you while your friend is dancing."

"Yes?" her voice sounded cool, uninterested.

"Madame, I do not know whether your friend has told you. If not, I will. Today her life has been attempted."

Her great gray eyes widened in horror and surprise. The pupils, dilated black pupils, widened too.

"What do you mean?"

"Mademoiselle Buckley was shot at in the garden of this hotel."

She smiled suddenly, a gentle, pitying, incredulous smile.

"Did Nick tell you so?"

"No, madame, I happened to see it with my own eyes. Here is the bullet."

He held it out to her and she drew back a little.

"But then—but then—"

"It is no fantasy of mademoiselle's imagination, you understand. I vouch for that. And there is more. Several very curious accidents have happened in the last few days. You will have heard—no, perhaps you will not. You arrived only yesterday, did you not?"

"Yes, yesterday."

"Before that you were staying with friends, I understand. At Tavistock."

"Yes."

"I wonder, madame, what were the names of the friends with whom you were staying."

She raised her eyebrows. "Is there any reason why I should tell you that?" she asked coldly.

POIROT was immediately all innocent surprise.

"A thousand pardons, madame. I was most maladroit. But I myself, having friends at Tavistock, fancied that you might have met them there. Buchanan, that is the name of my friends."

Mrs. Rice shook her head.

"I don't remember them. I don't think I can have met them." Her tone now was quite cordial. "Don't let us talk about boring people. Go on about Nick. Who shot at her? Why?"

"I do not know who—as yet," said Poirot. "But I shall find out. Oh, yes, I shall find out. I am, you know, a detective. Hercule Poirot is my name."

"A very famous name."

COMING—

THE REAL McCOY

The confessions of the man who founded Rum Row

by

Frederic F. Van de Water

"Madame is too kind."

She said slowly:

"What do you want me to do?"

I think she surprised us both there. We had not expected just that.

"I will ask you, madame, to watch over your friend."

"I will."

"That is all."

He got up, made a quick bow, and we returned to our own table.

"Poirot," I said, "aren't you showing your hand very plainly?"

"*Mon ami,* what else can I do? It lacks subtlety perhaps, but it makes for safety. I can take no chances. At any rate, one thing emerges plain to see."

"What is that?"

"MRS. RICE was not at Tavistock. Where was she? Ah, but I will find out. Impossible to keep information from Hercule Poirot. See, the handsome Lazarus has returned. She is telling him. He looks over at us. He is clever. Note the shape of his head. Ah! I wish I knew—"

"What?" I asked, as he came to a stop.

"What I shall know on Monday," he returned ambiguously.

I looked at him but said nothing. He sighed.

"You have no longer the curiosity, my friend. In the old days—"

"There are some pleasures," I said coldly, "that it is good for you to do without."

"You mean?"

"The pleasure of refusing to answer questions."

"*Ah, c'est malin.*"

"Quite so."

"Ah, well, well," murmured Poirot. "The strong, silent man, beloved of novelists in the Edwardian age."

His eyes twinkled with their old glint.

Nick passed our table shortly afterward. She detached herself from her partner and swooped down on us like a gayly colored bird.

"Dancing on the edge of death," she said lightly.

"It is a new sensation, mademoiselle?"

"Yes. Rather fun." She was off again with a wave of her hand.

"I wish she hadn't said that," I said slowly. "'Dancing on the edge of death.' I don't like it."

"I know. It is too near the truth. She has courage, that little one. Yes, she has courage. But, unfortunately, it is not courage that is needed at this moment. Caution, not courage—*voilà ce qu'il nous faut!*"

. . . . . .

The following day was Sunday. We were sitting on the terrace in front of the hotel and it was about half past eleven when Poirot suddenly rose to his feet.

"Come, my friend. We will try a little experiment. I have ascertained that Monsieur Lazarus and madame have gone out in the car and mademoiselle with them. The coast is clear."

"Clear for what?"

"You shall see."

He walked down the steps and across a short stretch of grass to where a gate gave on to the zigzag path leading down to the sea. A couple of bathers were coming up it. They passed us laughing and talking.

When they had gone, Poirot walked to the point where an inconspicuous small gate, rather rusty on its hinges, bore the words in half obliterated letters, "End House. Private." There was no one in sight. We passed quietly through.

In another minute we came out on the stretch of lawn in front of the house. There was no one about. Poirot strolled to the edge of the cliff and looked over. Then he walked toward the house itself. The French windows on to the veranda were open and we passed straight into the drawing-room.

Poirot wasted no time there. He opened the door and went out into the hall. From there he mounted the stairs, I at his heels. He went straight to Nick's bedroom, sat down on the edge of the bed, and nodded to me with a twinkle.

"YOU see, my friend, how easy it is. No one has seen us come. No one will see us go. We could do any little affair we had to do in perfect safety. We could, for instance, fray through a picture wire so that it would be bound to snap before many hours had passed. And supposing that, by chance, anyone did happen to be in front of the house and see us coming. Then we would have a perfectly natural excuse, providing that we were known as friends of the house."

"You mean that we can rule out a stranger?"

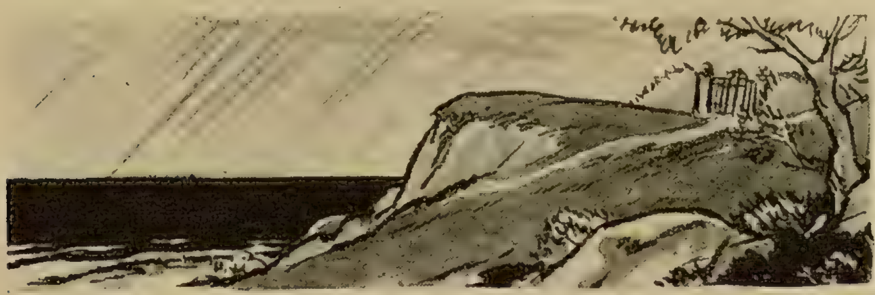
"That is what I mean, Hastings. It is no stray lunatic who is at the bottom of this. We must look nearer home than that."

He turned to leave the room and I followed him. We neither of us spoke. We were both, I think, troubled in mind.

And then, at the bend of the staircase, we both stopped abruptly.

A man was coming up.

In next week's installment of the story you'll watch the beginning of a new and amazing mystery.



ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—A dam in a river.
2—The science of measuring time.
3—Harsh or discordant sound.
4—A remedy to remove fever.
5—The eardrum, or middle ear.
6—One that is made orally in the presence of witnesses.
7—A novice; a beginner.
8—Offensive to the smell or other senses.
9—Abraham Lincoln's mother.
10—The flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 622.
11—No.
12—Edward Everett Hale.
13—A substance which cleanses or disinfects.
14—Colorado.
15—In Geneva, Switzerland.
16—The Amazon.
17—Peace.
18—The Battle of Gettysburg.
19—Legal immaturity; minority.
20—No.

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You make up once a day instead of every hour with the same Angelus shade for both lips and cheeks, and achieve the new natural effect that is so smart.

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A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long*. Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

UNLIKE AMERICAN ROUGE

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same. You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above).

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.* No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

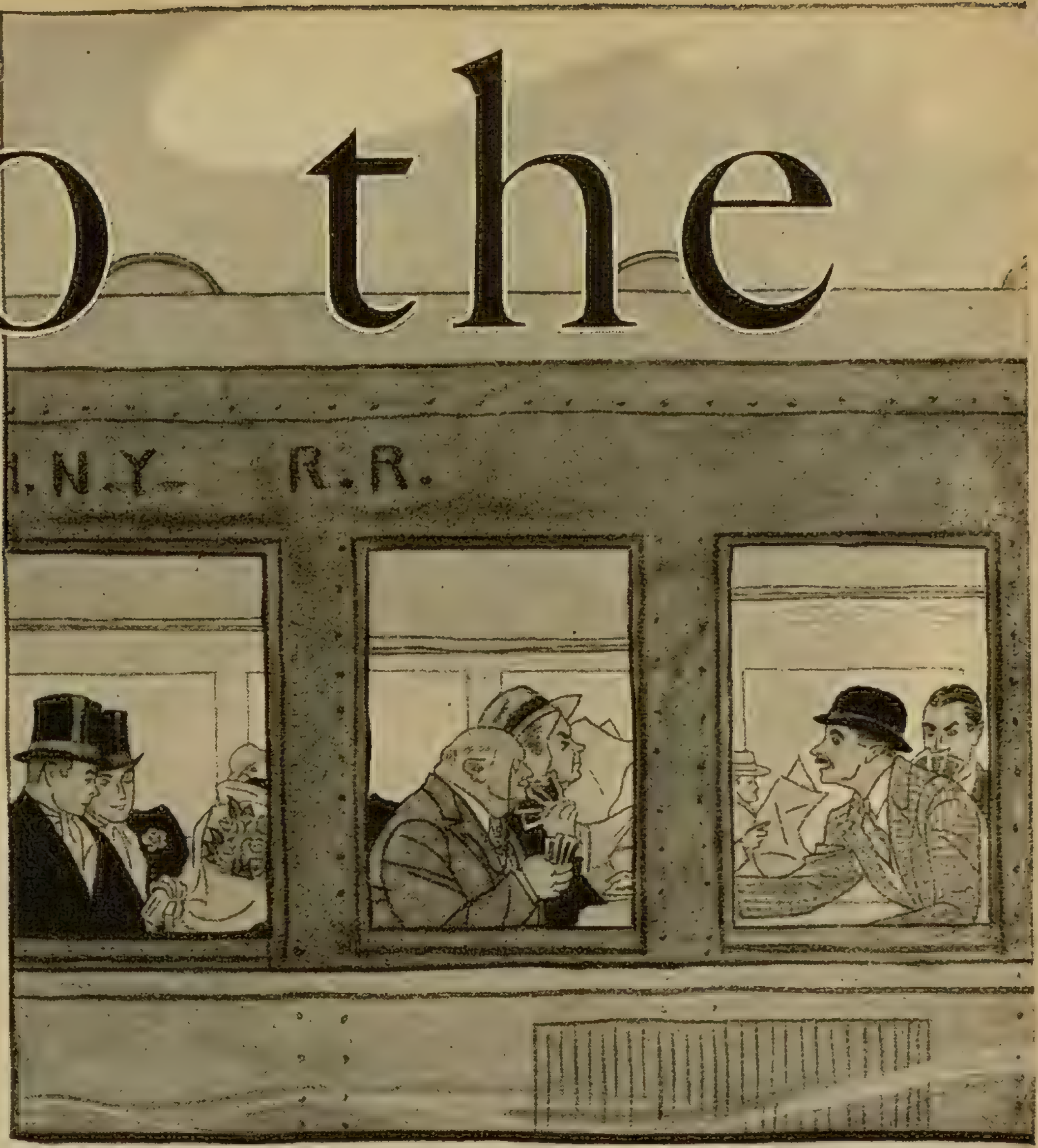
COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Regular lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box form. A shade for every type and complexion. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus
Rouge Incarnat
Louis Philippe, Inc.

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with one of his famous clients, Hope Hampton, of movie fame.

To the



By Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 7 seconds.)

DOWN the stairs into a basement speakeasy bounced a child's rubber ball. Right down after it bounced two little girls, aged about ten. They were only after their ball, they chirped innocently, but they took in every detail of the place with bright excited eyes before the barman chased them out.

Very knowing they were, too.

"That's whisky," one of them exclaimed, pointing at a bottle.

"And there's the gin," said the other child triumphantly.

They identified Jack Dempsey's photograph among the wall decorations. As they were being gently but hastily ejected by the barman they discovered a woman customer seated at one of the back-room tables.

"We know why you don't want us here," they told the barman. "You and that lady want to flirt!"

The person who witnessed this episode and related it to me went on to say that the two precocious little maidens who thus "crashed" their way into the forbidden basement are now great heroines among the neighborhood kids. *They* have actually been in a speakeasy, have actually penetrated that glamorous frontier of crime and seen the forbidden sights with their own eyes.

Here is a definite result of the nationwide publicity surrounding drink and crime and vice. Children are curious. Children love adventure. And out of our splendidly press-agented scenes of lawlessness the very young have now imagined for themselves a brand-new "Coast of Romance." Lest you think I exaggerate, let me support this statement with evidence recently laid before the National Congress of Parents and Teachers at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Declared Commissioner William John Cooper of the Federal Board for Vocational Education: "Children who do not know what a bank is, or what an election ballot is, are nowadays extremely well informed as to the institution of bootlegging."

Here's a case, I think, where viewing with alarm is justified. But are we justified in merely *viewing?*

DIAMONDS will cease to betoken luxury some one of these days. They will, that is, if the demand for them ever fails to go up obediently when the big diamond merchants apply their seesaw system to supply and price.

At present a furious row between the diamond merchants and the diamond cutters threatens to upset the seesaw. The cutters declare they can flood the market with $75,000,000 worth of stones now on hand in Belgium, and say they will do so unless the merchant syndicates give in on certain price agreements.

With this situation in mind, I asked a famous New York jeweler what diamonds would be worth if the output were not controlled and limited.

"They'd be worth no more than iron," he told me.

But are they fashionable? Yes, ma'am, they are. A conservative estimate of the genuine sparklers worn at a certain night club one evening not long ago put the value at well over a million dollars.

So let the cutters and wholesale merchants fight it out —I don't believe their differences will ever benefit us girls very much. As long as we like diamonds, and want diamonds, I guess they'll manage to make us pay high for 'em.

REVENGE—deadliest of human passions—makes the art of letter writing an atrocious weapon for its wickedness when it stabs with the "poison pen." That vengeful women are the more frequent perpetrators of "poison pen" outrages is a fact which police records oblige us, unhappily, to accept.

During the past year there has been an epidemic of "poison pen" assaults upon business and professional women in this country. Most of the attacks occur in small towns or rural communities where defense against scandal is pretty hopeless. But lately even Harvard College has been squirming under the jabs of a vicious "poison pen" fiend.

Twelve professors are the victims of vile, hurtful letters, one letter bearing a woman's name as signature. The name signed must be false, of course, for villainy of this particular kind always aims at safe concealment.

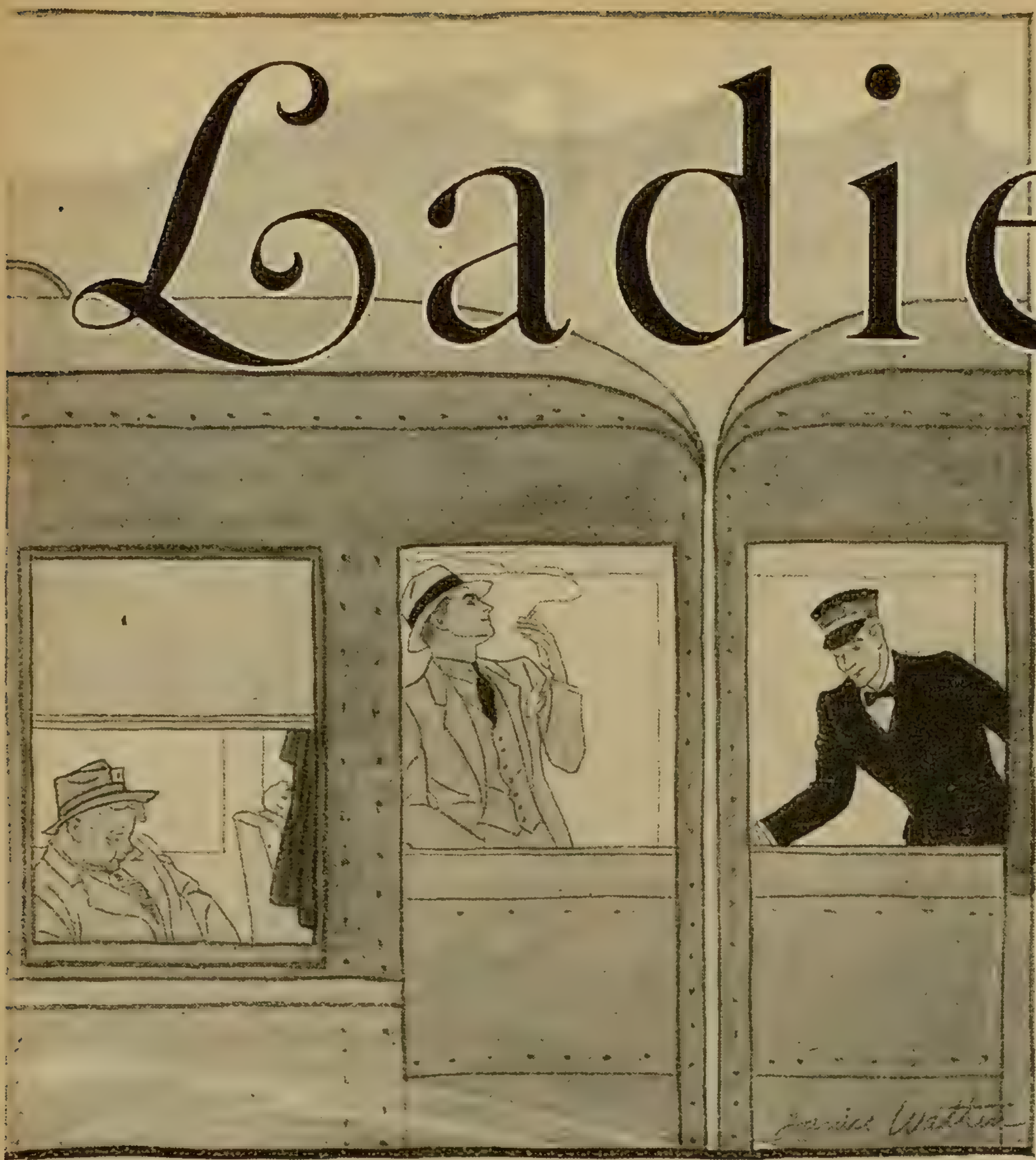
That, to my mind, is what makes "poison pen" assault such a dreadful form of crime—so cruel, so cowardly, so utterly detestable. I hate to think that women can be guilty of it.

CRAZINESS, of a sort, is getting to be fashionable. Almost as an endearment you hear people say to each other, "Oh, you're crazy!" I, for one, am quite glad that this is happening. Crazy people—by which we really mean carefree and imaginative people—are so much more fun than altogether sensible people.

And our so-called irresponsible folk are nearly always the ones who steadfastly refuse to recognize misfortune. They just won't see it—and there's a virtue in that oftentimes.

The "craziest" family I know is also about the happiest. They solve their financial problems in a way that might make your hair stand on end. One of the top

Ladies!



Picture by
JANICE WATHEN

drawers in mama's bureau is known as "The Bank." Into this drawer, without accounting, go all family earnings. Out of it, again without accounting, comes the cash for all needs. Sooner or later a day arrives when someone exclaims, "Heavens, the bank is broke!"

No hysterics follow. No one faints. It's just a funny situation. But—and here's where the system works—everyone in that "crazy" family—father, mother, two sons, daughter—gets busy with a supreme effort to fill the bank up quickly. And by some miracle they always do.

The feeling of solidarity in that household is so great that it makes up for any lack of responsibility. No one takes more than his or her proper share when the bank is full. Everyone puts in as much as possible when the bank is empty.

The mother has a temperament which is a true gift from the gods. No matter what happens, "I'm lucky," she says.

Don't you agree that a few crazy people of that kind are good for the rest of us?

RIDICULOUS brushlike braid edgings were worn on women's skirts once upon a time to protect the hem. Now we are returning to something reminiscent of those brush borderings. Not for any practical reason, but just as a style fancy. The latest Paris whim places tightly plaited lace edging under the hem of the skirt.

These lace ruffles look very amusing, especially in contrasting color. Many skirts have two-inch or three-inch lace ruffles sewn under the hem in this way. Other dresses have slips finished with a lace frill. Very charming, I thought, was a pale beige georgette with a narrow under-the-hem frill of dark coffee-colored lace, and a big fichu cape collar edged with the same lace trimming. Better still I like an evening model of pale rose taffeta with quite a deep flounce of fine black lace peeping out from beneath the hem. A narrow black velvet ribbon was tied around the waist.

JAPAN provides us with new proof that women the world over are "sisters under their skins." The oh-so-timid little ladies of Japan have just laid down the law for the home behavior of Japanese husbands. Through their own newspaper, Fujokai, feminine Japan has presented its married men with the following list of domestic don'ts:

"Don't be a killjoy. Crack a joke at home now and then.

"Don't forget to tell your wife she looks pretty.

"Don't forget her birthday.

"Don't let her go too long without a vacation."

Then came various don'ts against grumbling, etc., and finally a plaintive don't which I'm sure will strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of many a nervous matron, Japanese or not.

"Don't rattle your chopsticks," this last rule demands.

TEA mousse is a favorite summer dessert in France. It's worth while trying some hot day. Here's how you make it:

Bring 2 cups of milk to boiling point and pour it over 2½ teaspoons of orange pekoe and green teas blended half and half. Let stand 10 minutes, then strain through cheesecloth and heat again. Have ready 2 lightly beaten egg yolks mixed with a pinch of salt and 3½ level tablespoons of powdered sugar. Pour the hot milk into the beaten egg yolks and cook in a double boiler, stirring well, until the custard will coat a spoon. Now add 2 scant tablespoons of granulated gelatin previously soaked in ¼ cup cold water. Stir well, add 4 drops of red coloring, and put in refrigerator until mixture begins to set. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff and blend with ½ pint of cream well whipped. Add 1 teaspoon orange-flower water and stir quickly into the custard. Keep stirring with a fork until the mousse begins to set. See that it is well blended before pouring into wet chilled mold. Set on ice.

The mousse should come out a pretty tea-rose color, and will look particularly nice when served if you lay a few green rose leaves around the base. Don't omit the orange-flower flavoring. That *makes* it.

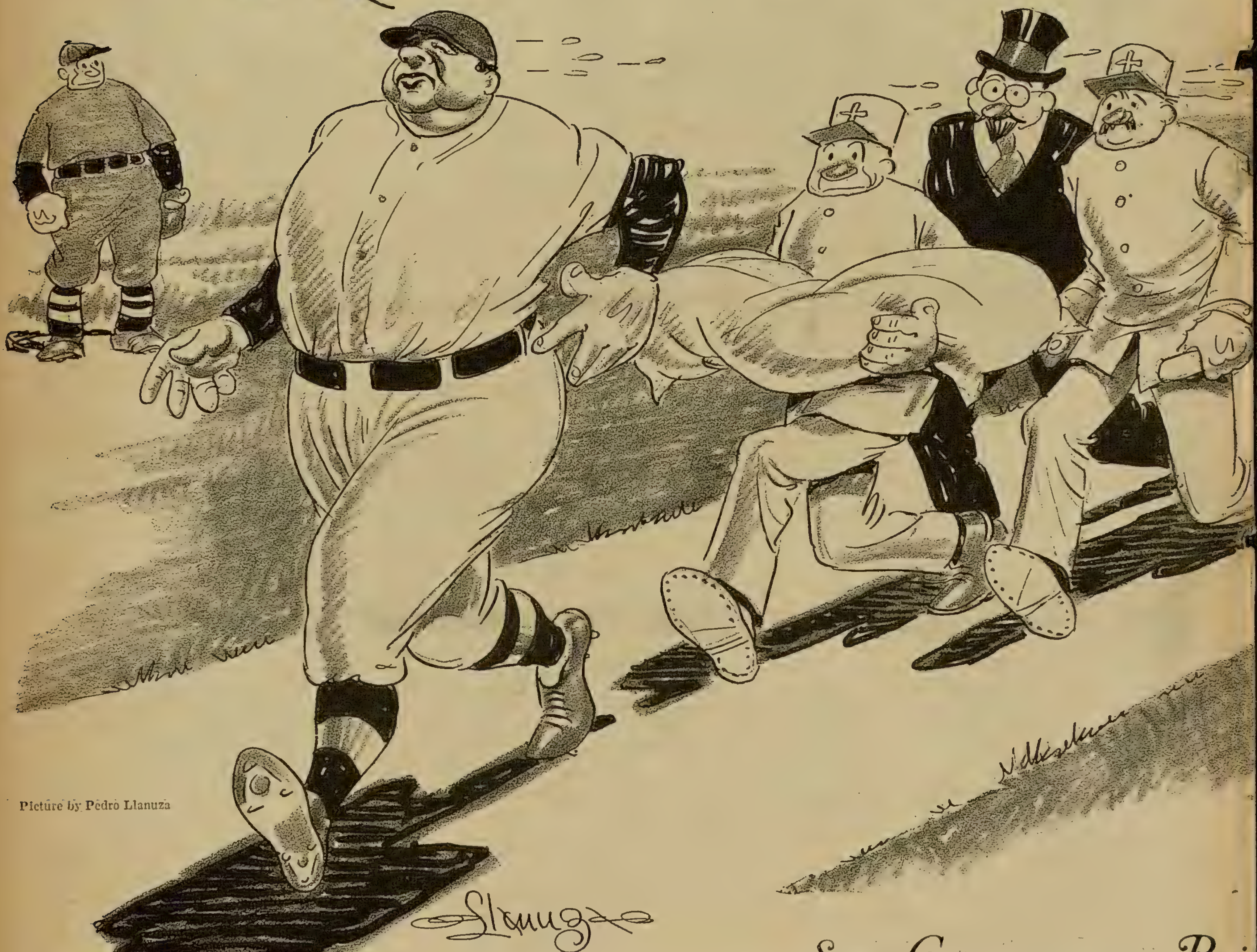
GHOSTS crept into our talk when some friends who were visiting me launched a discussion about supernatural things. We began with telepathy and soon came to spooks.

One story that was told should bring joy to the skeptical.

The house of a certain wealthy man was apparently haunted—and how! Books jumped out of the bookcases; doors opened of their own accord; ghostly footsteps pattered from room to room; invisible occupants gave vent to deep heartbroken sighs! Chains unseen would clink! Terrifying!

The man who had that house did not like the ghosts. But he had done a lot of rebuilding, a lot of renovating to make the house comfortable. It *was* a comfortable house, and the ghosts, though noisy, seemed to be harmless, so the man stayed on. Years passed. Then one day the contractor who had built the house became dangerously ill. So ill that a priest was called, and the dying man unburdened his soul. There was an old grudge, he said, between himself and the man living in the haunted house. During the rebuilding work, he, the contractor, had spitefully fixed up some hidden gadgets to frighten the wits out of folks. Mercury had been poured into the cracks in the beams to make them groan when the temperature changed. Bellows and chains set into the chimneys sighed and rattled. Concealed springs opened doors, played tricks with floors and walls. But, alas for the spiteful builder, his scheme had gone awry. He did not know that his enemy had no nerves.

The Ruth is MIGH



Picture by Pedro Llanuza

Some Comments on a Pai

(*Reading time: 14 minutes 10 seconds.*)

IT might not have been true, but the press agent said that the legs of Mistinguette were insured for $150,000. With all respect to the æsthetic and financial value of the properties of the famous French actress, they are hardly the most valuable limbs in the world.

Possibly the æsthetic angle should be dismissed for the sake of the argument. But if sheer financial return is to be considered, then Babe Ruth must be accepted as the possessor of underpinning far more valuable. The Yankee Stadium has been termed " The House that Ruth Built."

He has earned for the baseball club to which he belongs well over a couple of million dollars. Even in a season of depression 80,000 people came to see a Sunday game between the Yankees and the Athletics. It is fair to assume that something like thirty per cent of the crowd was tolled in by the Babe himself.

Experts may argue as long as they please whether or not Ruth is the greatest player of all time. It is easy to point out that Tris Speaker covered more ground; that Ty Cobb had a greater base-running facility; and that Willie Keeler was a more scientific batter. These things do not matter. Ruth has furnished a greater amount of color than any other single individual in the annals of the national game. His box-office appeal lies in the fact that he is an attraction whether he performs well or ill. His home runs vastly excite the populace. But next to seeing Ruth smash a ball into the bleachers or over the fence, the most stirring spectacle is the sight of this huge and energetic individual taking three prodigious cuts into the air and finding nothing. Like Napoleon of old, Ruth wins the center of the stage even with a Waterloo.

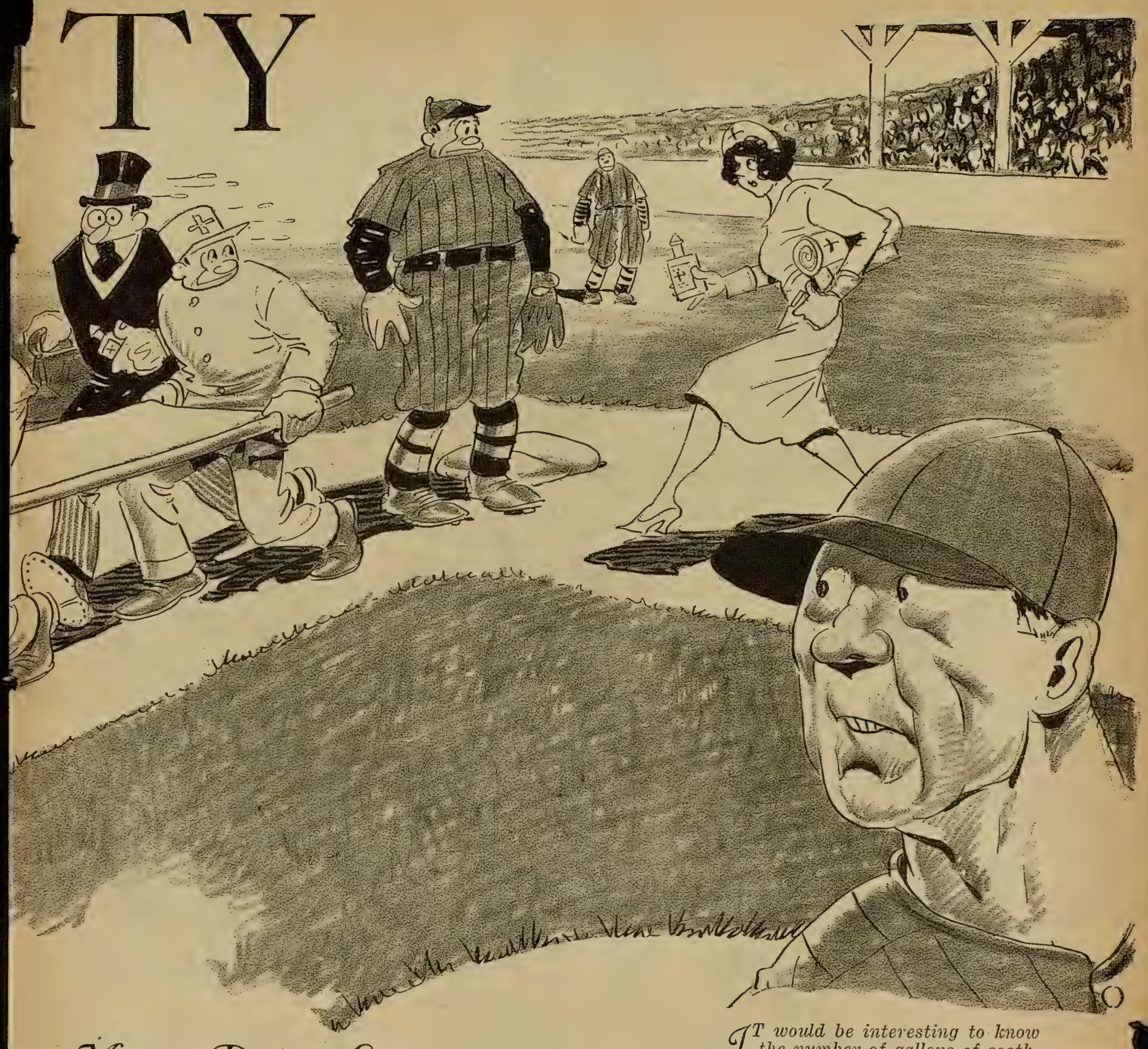
HEY

a newspaper
Harvard in 19
in the New Yo
France as a w
several books,
magazines

And so it is easy to understand that the Ruthian legs constitute the most valuable physical property now existent in the show world. As the legs of Ruth go, so go the Yankees and so goes the line of ticket purchasers.

It is quite true that it would be possible to carry the great man to the plate in a Chinese litter. And if he could be propped up there he might still drive out hits of a prodigious distance.

ITY



IT would be interesting to know the number of gallons of soothing lotions with which Ruth has been rubbed down.

of Million-Dollar Legs

By

OOD BROUN

n since his graduation from and now conducting a column World-Telegram. He went to correspondent, is the author of d is a regular contributor to n books and the theater.

Unfortunately the baseball player has defensive chores as well as offensive responsibilities.

Ruth at his spriest is no mean outfielder. In spite of his bulk, he covers a considerable amount of territory, and he is one of the most deadly peggers the game has known. But in recent years something of the old natural speed has departed. He manages to perform his task by sharpening his judgment of flight and direction. Like the pioneer mathematicians, Babe Ruth has discovered that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. He never runs around in circles while pursuing a fly, but moves with fair celerity and inspired wisdom to the precise point where a catch is possible.

Yet even under this efficient system some method of locomoion is necessary. The legs of the home-run king have always en his Achilles sector.

From youth up to what is called old age in baseball Ruth has n an architectural misfit. Weighing as much as 240 or 250 pounds at times, he teeters upon supports which might grace a young girl in a ballet. No sculptor will ever send him down to posterity in celebration of the potential beauties of the human form divine. Mostly he is back and shoulders.

In addition to spindly legs he is equipped with arms far too short for his proportions. Baseball's hero, to put it frankly, is entirely out of drawing.

A few seasons ago John Heydler, the president of the National League, suggested a new rule which would permit a pinch hitter to take the pitcher's turn at bat without removing the twirler from the game. To me it seemed an excellent suggestion. Under any such dispensation Babe Ruth might still adorn the game even up to fifty or beyond it.

Contrary to human experience in other fields, it is the eye of the professional baseball player which lasts the longest. Ruth might well solve the most puzzling deliveries spun up to him by the youngsters even at a time when he could barely hobble.

It is his good fortune that in many cases there is no call upon his speed once he has taken his swing. When the ball

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE RUTH IS MIGHTY
Continued from page thirty-nine

goes out of the playing field into some adjacent avenue, the batter may take as much time as he pleases in circling the bases.

Since this is so, I do not see why a buggy or a car might not be introduced in order to permit Ruth to attend to the formality of touching every base with as little physical strain as possible.

Great men in parliaments and business houses are said to die first at the top. But this rule is precisely reversed in the case of athletes, who feel the preliminary twinges of advancing years in ankles and in arches.

The Babe himself has come of age in recent seasons and learned a deal of wisdom. He is aware of the necessities attending his curious physique and goes to great pains and trouble to prolong the life of his legs. They are his first care in the spring and his last duty in the autumn. It would be interesting for some statistician to figure out the precise number of gallons of soothing lotions with which Ruth has been rubbed down since he became financially conscious.

Acme-P. & A. photo

The Yankee Stadium at the opening game with the Red Sox, and Mayor Walker (in circle) about to throw the first ball. Above: Babe Ruth.

Acme-P. & A. photo

The Bambino laid low as the result of injuries suffered in a recent game at Boston. The "nurse" is Mrs. Ruth.

Of course it was not always thus. When Ruth turned up, a gawky left-handed pitcher out of the minor leagues, his disposition was like that of the traditional southpaw. I do not quite understand why it is that left-handers are by inheritance an irresponsible lot. Upon that theme undoubtedly a learned essay could be written.

Sporting writers are fond of citing scriptural sanction for the slurs which they visit upon all southpaws. And it is true that in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Judges it is written:

"The inhabitants of Gabaa were 700 most valiant men, fighting with the left hand as well as with the right, and slinging stones so sure they could hit even a hair, and not miss."

It may be noted that the biblical writer tries to soften the blow by identifying the inhabitants of Gabaa as ambidextrous. But since these seven hundred were singled out and seemingly confined to their own community, it is not unfair to assume that they were in reality the original ancestors of all the vast modern tribe of the left-handed.

A certain degeneration has set in during our own day, for these fighting heretics are praised for their control—"They could hit even a hair." The southpaw of today is not as good as that. His speed and his curve have made him famous. But hardly the ability to lay the ball across the corner of the plate.

IT is not fantastic to assume that there was suspicion against the man who performed feats of valor with his left hand. The disposition of parents and teachers to smack the southpaw on the knuckles undoubtedly has deep roots within the folkways. In primitive times it was awkward to recruit a legion of spearmen if one were going to depart from the rules. It spoiled the phalanx and the regular order of the barricade of shields. Moreover, it was reasonable that a man should use his right hand for a thrust and guard his heart with his armor of defense.

Acme-P. & A. photo

Keeping the underpinning fit in a practice game of handball.

Still, it must be admitted that these early left-handers were bold and effective fighters. Since they could not protect their hearts with any shield, they must have been men of an aggressive turn. They anticipated the modern football slogan that a good attack is the best defense.

RUTH'S fame in baseball might be much slighter than it is if he had fallen under early authority to make him conform to custom in regard to the use of the hands. Fortunately, he seems to have been a wayward child and at an early age he was committed to the care of a Catholic institution in Baltimore. Here he was allowed to go his left-handed way without interference. It may be that the good brothers of the school were baseball-minded and knew an incipient star pitcher when they saw one.

There are recognized sports in which left-handers fail to excel. Golf has never known a player of the absolutely first rank who was a southpaw. Lawn tennis, on the contrary, has been illumined by numerous fine left-handers.

In baseball, however, there is a distinct advantage in not being orthodox. The batter who hits left-handed has a head start in his race to first. Not only is he nearer his goal, but his swing pulls him into his stride; while the right-hander must straighten himself out after he has hit the ball.

In the case of Ruth not many hits have been gained by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Take Off Fat a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Fades Away

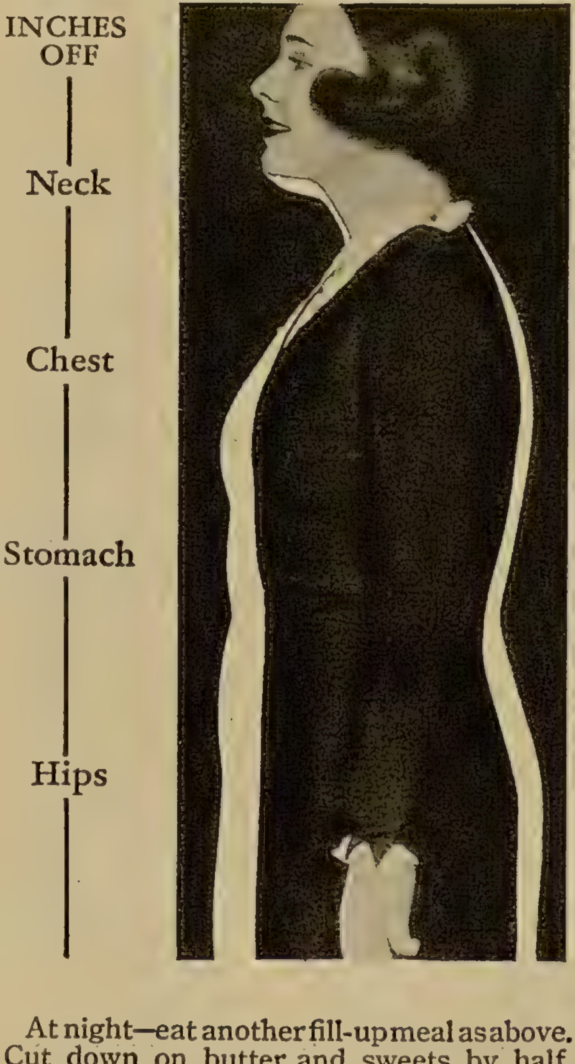
Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.



At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have in years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

THE RUTH IS MIGHTY
Continued from page forty-one

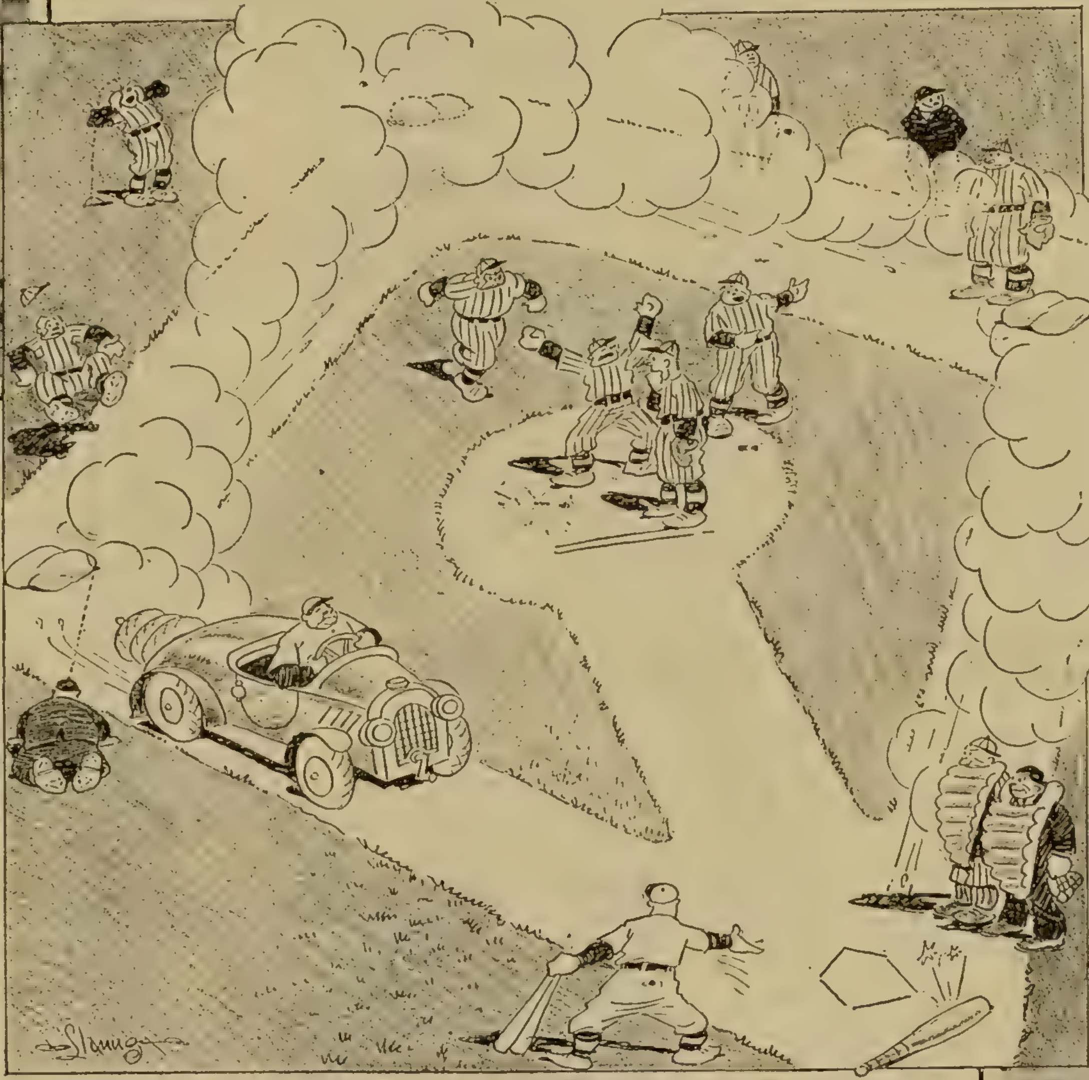
any process of prodigious sprinting, but his home-run records have been vastly helped by the fact that, generally speaking, right-field fences are nearer than those in left. Why this should be I cannot say. I only know that diamond architecture follows the trend. And as a pitching phenomenon Ruth's choice of hands worked to his advantage.

Acme-P. & A. photo

Ready to ride one over the fence in batting practice.

Just what the precise proportion of left-handers may be in general life I do not know. I think it is a fair guess to assume that they do not number more than one in twenty. On the other hand, any well balanced pitching staff will show almost fifty per cent of left-handed hurlers. People of this faction throw a curved ball naturally. They do not need to employ the tricks and stratagems of the orthodox in order to hurl a hook across the plate. Quite naturally, it seems, the ball takes on some of the erratic quality of the man who throws it, and proceeds to its allotted destination in a devious way. That is one of the reasons why teams do not like to have shortstops, second-basemen, third-basemen, or catchers of the left-handed persuasion. They fire a ball which is hard to gauge and heavy to handle.

Ruth got his first break when he was allowed to go along with his predispositions and no interference. It would be an excellent thing if his astounding success were taken to heart by mothers, nursemaids, and instructors in kindergartens. In recent years several medical men of note have urged all parents and guardians not to step in and fight the natural inclination of the southpaw.



Picture by Pedro Llanuza

A suggestion for saving the Ruthian legs.

MY technical knowledge of psychology or physiology is not great, but I have gathered the impression that the left-hander is governed by the right-hand side of the brain and vice versa. In turning a child around he uses that part of his cerebral equipment which was not designed to be employed by him. It may be that the southpaw moves through life a reckless and an erratic person. But under the stress of conversion he may be no better than a moron.

No such charge can be leveled in the direction of Babe Ruth. It is probably true that he has never read any book through from cover to cover unless it were a baseball guide. He could not tell you much about the mean rainfall in Minnesota or the composition of political parties in France. His judgment in regard to painting and music is undoubtedly of a most rudimentary kind. But he can sock the old ball.

Nor does this complete the list of his accomplishments. He was and might still be one of the shrewdest pitchers who ever stepped upon the rubber. In addition to being a home-run hitter, he is one of the smartest baseball players the game has known. And this is no small compliment, for his quick thinking must rest upon an intuitive psychological knowledge.

ONCE it was my good fortune to sit behind Ruth while he was serving at a World Series in a reportorial capacity. Undoubtedly his writings would be less than Stevensonian even if he did not intrust the actual composition to some newspaper man intent upon keeping the ghostly version blunt and simple. But as I sat just abaft the left shoulder of the great man, I heard him predict practically every ball the rival pitcher was about to throw. And more than that, he could foretell with a working degree of accuracy the precise point to which the hitter was likely to drive his shot in case he managed to connect.

And when it comes to those sudden—almost previsioned—hunches of the base for which a runner will try, Ruth can outthink his adversary nine times out of ten.

In other words, here is an excellent head even though very little outside of baseball has ever gone into it.

As an athlete Ruth is not limited solely to the national game. In spite of his left-handedness he shoots down to the low 70s in golf, and if given a chance to play regularly might well qualify as one of the foremost amateurs in this country.

I might digress to point out the curious provisions which govern the Simon Pures under American regulations. If Ruth were a salesman for golf balls or golf clubs, he would straightway be declared a professional. But though he participates in baseball for hire, he remains an unblemished amateur as far as golf is concerned.

In his case there is a certain rough justice in this arrangement, for

Acme-P. & A. photo

A workout in a rubber jacket to induce perspiration.

Ruth has maintained in baseball, in spite of huge stipends, something of the amateur spirit. Sporting writers are fond of saying that he so loves the game that he frets and fumes through the off season, and that he would gladly prance about a diamond even if there were no money in it. This is carrying things pretty far. No man can have endured the grind as long as Ruth without becoming a little bored with baseball.

And yet it is true that when a game begins he plays with a fierceness and a fury not to be explained on the ground that he is a high-salaried star. In fact, he takes upon occasion desperate chances which are quite contrary to his financial interest.

Only recently he was on his way toward the plate at full speed, like a runaway steam roller, when Berry, the catcher of the Boston Red Sox, undertook to block him off. This challenge was enough to make Ruth forget his advancing years and the delicacy of his $500,000 legs. He threw himself against the opposing player like a Notre Dame half back taking out somebody in a secondary defense. And Ruth did take Berry, and himself as well. For that leap against the offending shin guards cost him ten days in bed with a severe muscle bruise.

Everything that Ruth does is dramatic, even beyond the obvious theatricality of his home runs and his strike-outs. He collapses in the manner of a motion-picture hero. In the instance of which I have spoken Ruth scrambled to his feet apparently none the worse for the encounter. But a few minutes later, while pursuing a ball hit in his direction, he crumpled in sight of thousands and had to be carried off the field.

HIS injury was a first-page sensation. And from his bedside of pain came regular bulletins as if some emperor lay ill of a fever. I remember I encountered a prominent public man who went to the train to meet a friend. And he was wrothy because porters and officials shoved him this side and that. Babe Ruth was coming home in a wheel chair, and the entire station hopped and blinked with flashlight photographs.

To me this seemed no more than inevitable. For better or worse, Ruth is among the most prominent of all living Americans. It is useless to make the point that his contribution to civilization is less than that of some learned professor. I have never been moved by the outcry that his salary and perquisites make the Babe a better paid individual than the President of the United States. After all, we have had a good many Presidents, big leaguers and bushers. But only one Babe Ruth.

TO be sure, Mr. Ruth is no longer the simple southpaw of his early days. He has become a business man with a manager, a newspaper syndicate, and all sorts of advertising side lines. Within the year he made a series of phonograph disks on the subject of thrift for an insurance company. The Babe admitted that this was one of his hardest assignments.

"That 'annuity' is a tough word to pronounce," he told me.

But by now the Babe has acquired a manner and an ease which once were his only at the plate or on the pitching mound. He can deliver an after-dinner address without nervousness. And by now he probably is able to autograph baseballs while semiconscious. Joe Cook, the comedian, boasts that in the museum of his home he has on display a great rarity—an official American League baseball not autographed by Babe Ruth.

It was not always thus. During his early years in the league the home-run king graced the rôle of playboy. His escapades were as spectacular as his long hits. In those days he had no thought of the morrow.

Nevertheless he has lasted and seen the athletes come and go. The club to which he belongs has changed utterly from general to drummer boy. It begins to appear as if possibly the rules which apply to others have no pertinence in the case of Ruth. And in truth he is immortal as far as the game goes.

Undoubtedly the day will come when the ancient legs may no longer carry him from the dugout to the plate. But as long as baseball survives the fame of Ruth is assured. No man now living thinks that we will ever look down from grand-stand heights and see his like again.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Give a Dog a Bad Name

We were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who had a small son named Henry. He is a smart little fellow, and to make conversation I asked, "Henry, what is your father's name?"

"David," he replied, grinning.

"Oh, is he the David that hit Goliath?" I questioned.

"I guess he is," replied Henry; "he said he used to get in lots of fights."—Comer E. Riggs, 1908 E. Mulberry St., Evansville, Ind.

Poor Fish

My little niece was possessed of a very strong imagination. She liked to rock herself and sing songs as she rocked. One day she sang:

"Louise took a hatchet and hatched her head off."

This seemed to sort of startle her and there was silence for a moment. Then, in a voice of awe, she said:

"Oh, gee! I'll bet she's havin' a good time floppin'."—Mrs. John Teninty, Box 814, Thermopolis, Wyo.

Joan Fair Sedwick of S. Sixth Street, Monmouth, Illinois.

Motherless at four weeks . .

But her wise grandmother found the food that made her strong and well

LITTLE JOAN FAIR SEDWICK — playing happily with her cat — knows nothing of the anxious time she has come through. Those dark days when, with only four weeks' start in life, she was left without a mother.

But Joan's Grandmother turned to Eagle Brand. And, as has happened in so many, many other cases, Eagle Brand came through triumphantly. Joan was walking at eight months and had six sound little teeth. Her grandmother writes . . . "*we have never been up a night with her.*"

Over and over again families faced with the problem . . . "What will take the place of mother's milk?" find the answer in Eagle Brand. This food is so easy to digest that it is really comparable to mother's milk in this respect.

• • •

WHAT ABOUT *YOUR* BABY?—If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for new, complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," which contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods.

Every letter and picture published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful parent or other relative.

FREE! Baby booklet!

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. 12-J, Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new and complete edition of *"Baby's Welfare."* My baby is ________ months old.

*Name*________

*Address*________

*City*________ *State*________

Please print name and address plainly

Reported Missing

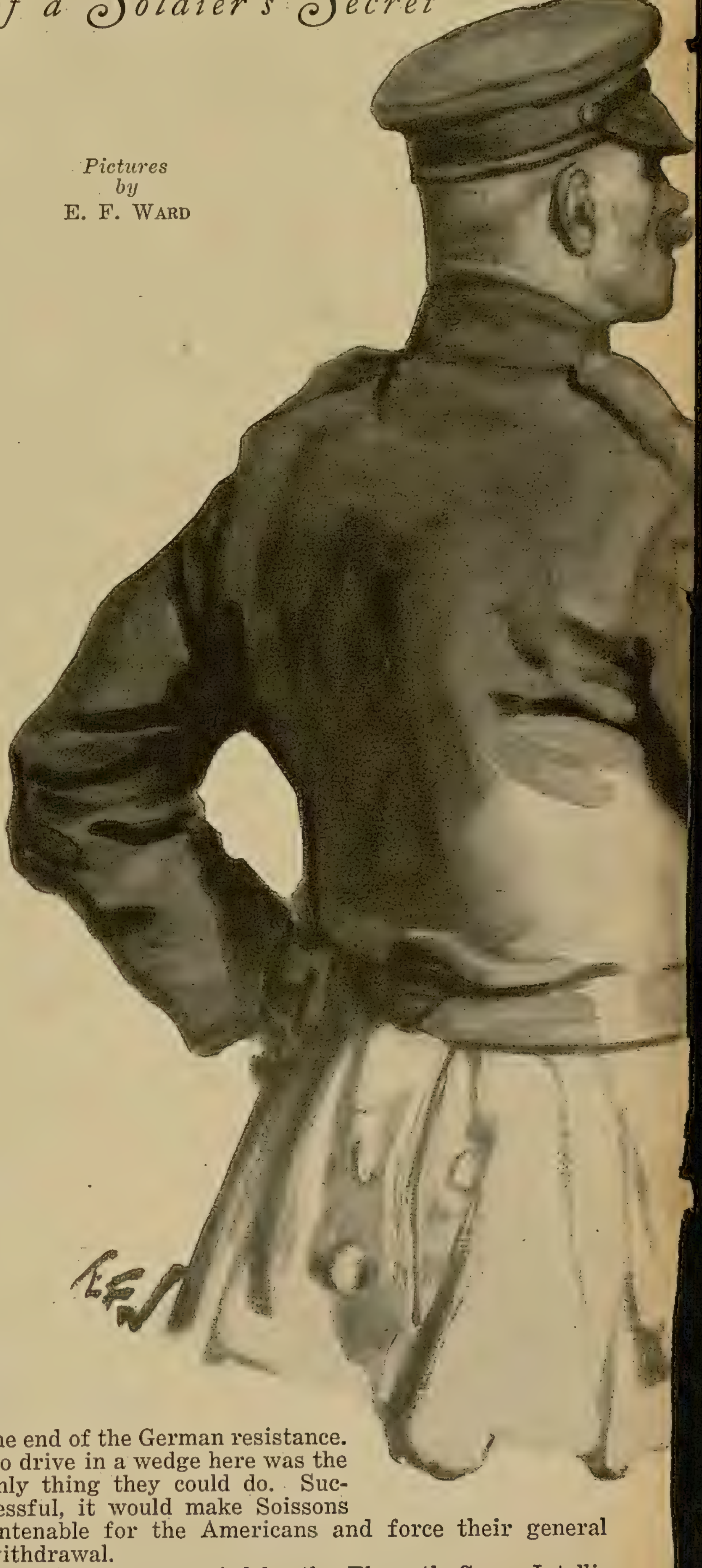
The Story of a Soldier's Secret

By

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

who was born in Wales, put in two years surveying in the Canadian northwest, and then served overseas in the Canadian artillery. Following the war he spent seven years in New York City writing fiction, then tried a spell of Hollywood, from which, he says, he is slowly recuperating.

Pictures by E. F. WARD



(Reading time: 23 minutes 33 seconds.)

VOLUME 17A in the archives of the German War Records is, like its thousand fellows, a pretty fair-sized tome. Let's take it down and open it at random. Page 141. "BOE. BOEHMER, D., private, 116th Reg., 17th Army Corps," etc. . . . "Killed in action." (We are translating. The writing, of course, is in German.) "BOEHMER, E. BOEHMER, F.—killed in action—died of wounds—killed in action. . . ."

Let's study this one for a moment: "BOEHMER, L., second lieutenant, 64th Batt., 7th Bavarian Guards, 11th Army Corps. Born Munich, 1892. Emigrated U. S. A., 1908. First American citizenship papers, November, 1913. Married Edith Harris, Brooklyn, N. Y., June, 1914. Returned Germany, July, 1914. Joined clerical staff 11th Army Intelligence, Berlin, August, 1914."

From which it might be adjudged that Mr. L. Boehmer had not been very serious in his intention to become an American citizen.

But to continue: "Promotion, holding temporary commission, May, 1915, and transferred to Intelligence Headquarters at Coblenz. Commission confirmed, June, 1915. Promoted with acting rank of captain, September, 1916."

Now, note this!

"On his request was transferred with rank of lieutenant to 64th Batt., 7th Bavarian Guards, 11th Army Corps, in front line, April, 1918."

Rather singular, that! The Bavarian Guards were included in the German divisions which confronted the Americans south of Soissons; and April, 1918, corresponded with the time when the Yanks were about ready to start business. Boehmer could speak English fluently. He was familiar with the American vernacular, methods, and characteristics: a knowledge gained at first hand and also through study. For two years he had been a professor at Columbia University.

Then, concluding his war record, comes this final line:

"Reported missing, September, 1918. Officially recorded missing, December, 1918."

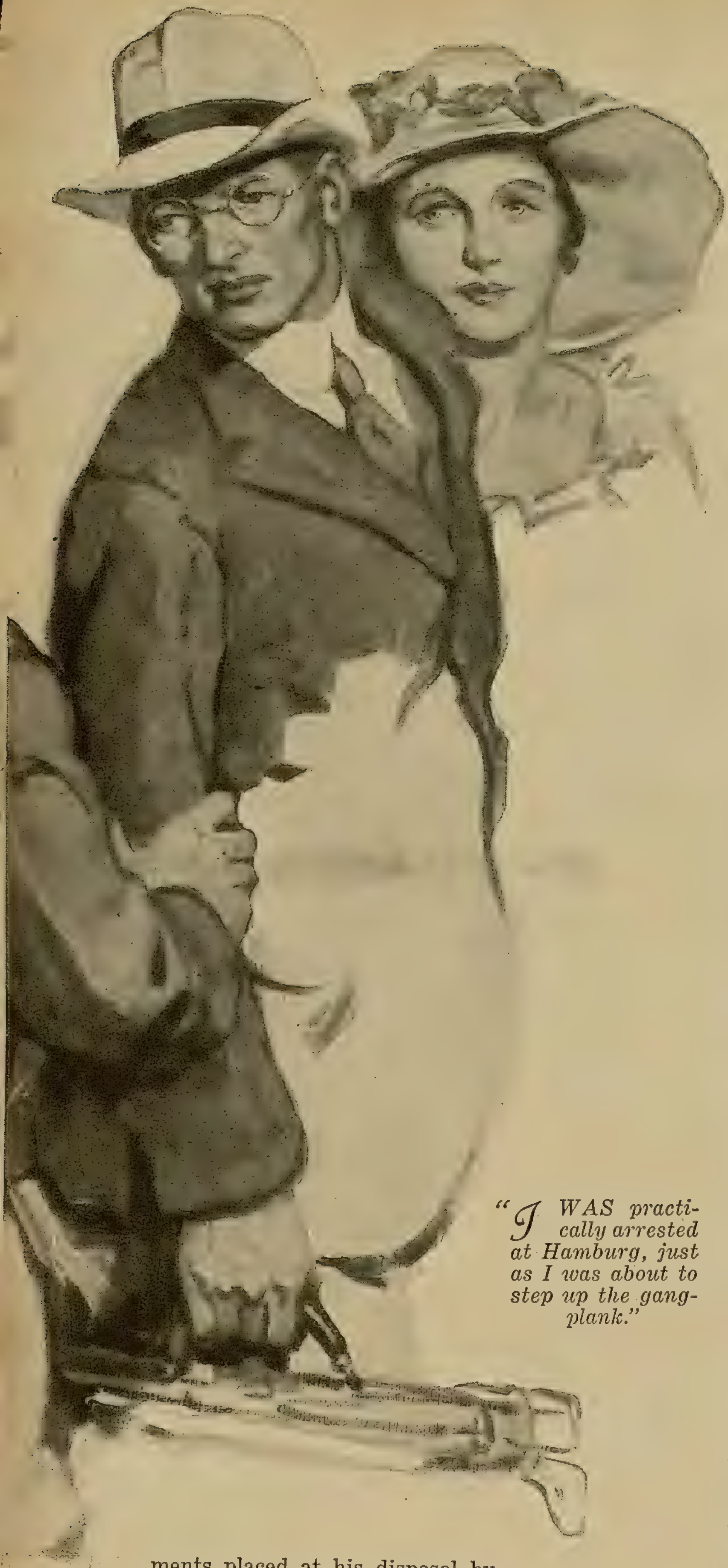
Caput!

. . . . .

The gray, low-hanging clouds of a September afternoon boded rain. The gloom seemed stamped on every German face. Soissons had fallen before a savage and determined assault of the Americans, and absolute disaster threatened the whole German line. Back some three miles and somewhat to the left of Soissons were concentrated two Bavarian divisions, hurriedly brought down from the north. An immediate counterattack on a large scale was imperative to save the situation. Everything now depended on this counterattack. It had been planned with desperate and meticulous attention to every detail. Nothing must be left undone to make it a success.

Failure meant further retirement and, most probably, the end of the German resistance. To drive in a wedge here was the only thing they could do. Successful, it would make Soissons untenable for the Americans and force their general withdrawal.

In a dugout occupied by the Eleventh Corps Intelligence a young man of twenty-six or so was studying a series of maps, aërial photographs, and prisoners' state-



"I WAS practically arrested at Hamburg, just as I was about to step up the gangplank."

ments placed at his disposal by Colonel von Wunderlich, chief of Intelligence Headquarters in Coblenz. It was not the first time he had studied them. He had been at the job for three days and nights.

Maps, photographs, and statements, all had to do with the American line and supports, and the satisfaction the young man gained from studying them invariably occasioned a little smile. Tall, pale, his hollow, fretful eyes bespectacled, lacking the scowl, the militaristic asperity typical of the German officer in the field, it was yet a little difficult to understand just why Leutnant Boehmer smiled.

For, really, it was no smiling matter. He had volunteered to pay a social visit to the enemy position under cover of night and in the guise of an American officer. It was quite possible that the Americans might not like the idea.

For the proposed counterattack to achieve its purpose, accurate gunnery was of first importance. In fact, it was extremely necessary that every American battery, trench mortar, machine-gun emplacement, ammunition and food dump should be smashed to atoms in this final welter of German explosive before their gallant soldiers went forward.

The staff engaged for the job had therefore made a most exhaustive study of all these features in the line opposite. Hundreds of photographs, taken from different angles, had been brought in by German airmen. Crossroads were measured to an inch. From the photographs and the various shadows on them the American position was hurriedly constructed in miniature, so that the officers leading the attack should be thoroughly familiar with every detail of their objective.

In the meanwhile a battalion of *Sturmtruppen* had gone over in a raid and brought back some American prisoners. These men were put through a strenuous examination as to their strength in the line, ammunition supply, and reserve force.

And in order to verify everything, Leutnant Boehmer had offered to crawl over and examine the American position on the ground.

SINCE the outbreak of war he had been attached to the Eleventh Army Intelligence in Berlin and, later, in Coblenz. With the entry of the United States of America into the fray he had been transferred to a battalion in the line; though why he was so foolish as to do a thing like that, leaving a cushy job in order to present his chest to Yankee rifles, nobody seemed to know.

Anyway, he had fought at Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry, on both occasions displaying great gallantry, earning citations in dispatches, and in the latter engagement suffering a slight wound. Here, again, he could have taken advantage of the situation—a shell splinter through the calf of his leg—and spent the rest of his war career in a base hospital. For there were only two more months of fighting to run.

But, to Leutnant Boehmer's everlasting credit, he set an example to his men and fellow officers by remaining in the field, hobbling around until the wound commenced to heal up again. Very commendable!

Now all was ready for his great venture. He was smiling because he knew the trenchworks of the American line so intimately that he felt he could find his way about them in the dark. His English, of course, was faultless; no trace of a German accent. The uniform of a captured American artillery officer had been altered to fit him; the division, brigade, and battery insignia carefully chosen.

With him at present was General von Lichner, a very brilliant artillery officer in charge of the several brigades of gun batteries primed and ready for the barrage. For some hours they had been discussing the artillery concentration, the signals, and various other matters relative to the attack.

Leutnant Boehmer, although it was not put up to him in so many words, was not expected to come back. For this reason he was armed with a rocket pistol by means of which, in the event of his capture, he could signal a message back to his comrades.

All this had been properly attended to. Its complications had been reduced to the simplest terms. That concluded, General von Lichner began talking of more personal things:

"Then your return to Germany in 1914 was in the nature of a honeymoon?"

"Yes."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

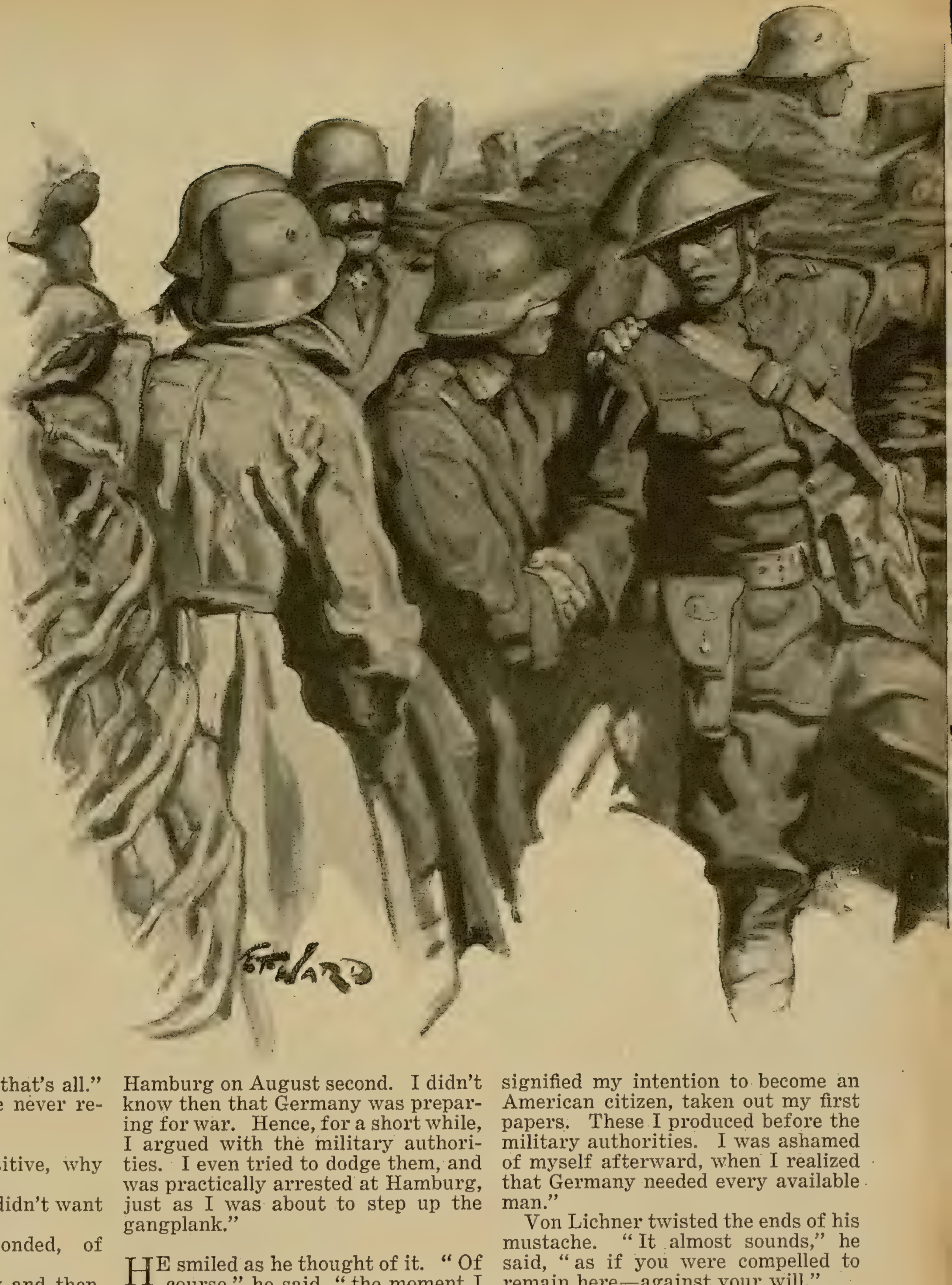
REPORTED MISSING
Continued from page 45

"How long had you been married when you joined Army Intelligence?"

"Exactly six weeks."

Von Lichner seemed to be shocked. He started to put his sympathy into words, but Leutnant Boehmer merely shrugged.

"We hardly had time to get to know each other," he said. "It was better so. If we had been married six years instead of six weeks the separation might have been hard. As it was—well, a boy-and-girl affair. A momentary infatuation. I was twenty-two; she only nineteen."



THE general studied him with kindly eyes.

"So?" he said. "Love at that age is a rather vital thing. You are talking too much like the soldier, Herr Leutnant. I imagine that the parting between you and your young wife was a very emotional affair."

Leutnant Boehmer gave no indication of it.

"There was," he said, "no actual parting. We were unable to say good-by." His voice was flat and toneless. "We had taken passage on an Italian boat sailing from Hamburg to New York, and"—his pale-blue eyes were melancholy—"she sailed without me, that's all."

"My deep regrets. She never rejoined you?"

"No."

"If I'm not too inquisitive, why was that?"

"Well, for one thing, I didn't want her to join me."

"I see. You corresponded, of course?"

"I sent her money now and then. She replied frequently. My wife was disappointed in me. Disappointed because I preferred to serve the country of my birth rather than remain aloof in the country of my intended adoption."

"But you did try, I understand, to return with her to America?"

"Yes. I had, as you know, a position at Columbia University. I had just married and was in no mood to relinquish my position for a further period of service in the German army.

"That," he went on, "was in the last few days of July, 1914. My wife and I were due, I believe, to sail from Hamburg on August second. I didn't know then that Germany was preparing for war. Hence, for a short while, I argued with the military authorities. I even tried to dodge them, and was practically arrested at Hamburg, just as I was about to step up the gangplank."

HE smiled as he thought of it. "Of course," he said, "the moment I realized the gravity of the situation—I mean the proximity of war—I threw myself heart and soul into the service of the Fatherland, as every good German should do."

"Um! A sudden and rather drastic termination of your honeymoon."

"It so happened."

"Only nineteen." General von Lichner shook his head. "Poor young girl. Very sad indeed."

Again Leutnant Boehmer shrugged. "One's country before all," he said.

The general nodded. "You were, I suppose, subject to military call?"

"I'm not sure. I had, as you know, signified my intention to become an American citizen, taken out my first papers. These I produced before the military authorities. I was ashamed of myself afterward, when I realized that Germany needed every available man."

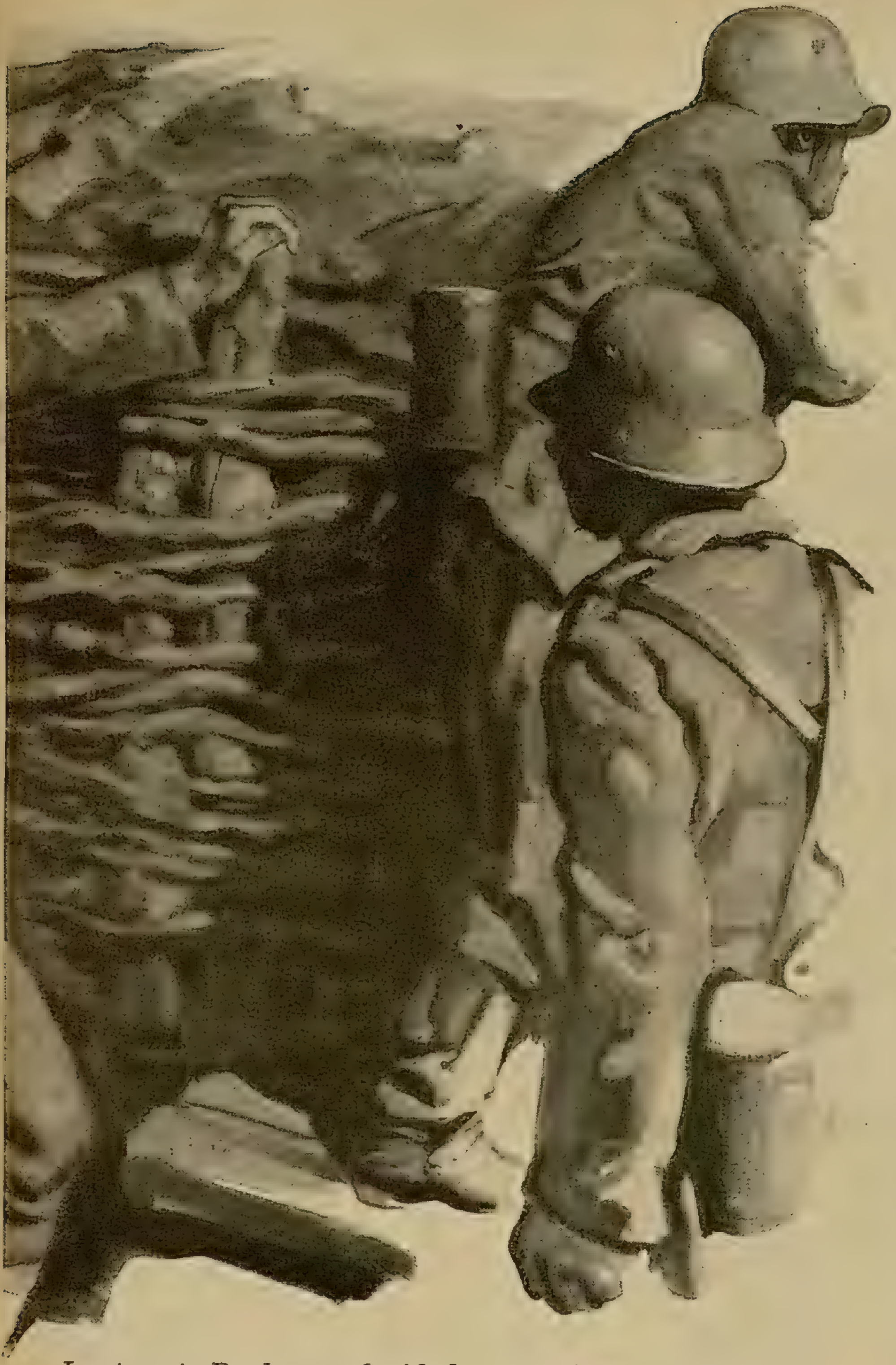
Von Lichner twisted the ends of his mustache. "It almost sounds," he said, "as if you were compelled to remain here—against your will."

"It does sound that way. Such, however, was not the case. I promptly offered my services the day war was declared."

"And very excellent services they have been," congratulated the general. "You have, I should think, a pretty fairly understandable grudge against us. Under the circumstances of your marriage, your intended American citizenship, we might well have refused to consider your services. It occurs to me that we have repaid your patriotism with militaristic severity."

"My duty was plain."

"Your duty, in 1914, might have



Leutnant Boehmer decided to risk it. He set out shortly before midnight. As per arrangement, a few bursts of machine-gun fire startled the comparative quiet.

been to remain neutral. America was not then involved in the war, and—I should be inclined to think—to all intents and purposes you were an American citizen."

"My intended American citizenship was purely for business reasons. My heart was with my own people. How could it be otherwise?"

"Your wife?" von Lichner reminded him.

"My heart," repeated Leutnant Boehmer listlessly, "was with my country."

THERE was a silence. To the north and south the night clouds reverberated a distant sound of guns. General von Lichner continued to study the pale, bespectacled young man dressed in the uniform of an American artillery officer. Somehow the uniform did not seem incongruous on him.

"And your country," said the general, "repaid you rather cruelly. I am," he added, "referring to the unfortunate death of your wife!"

For some moments Leutnant Boehmer did not reply. Then he said:

"I have never looked at it in quite that way. What animosity I might feel in connection with her death—and I must again remind you that we hardly knew each other—is directed not against our submarine campaign, but against the United States of America.

"Had the United States of America remained strictly neutral—as they so often protested—had they remained entirely unbiased in keeping with that protestation, the Lusitania would not have been sunk and Edith would have been perfectly safe to cross on it.

"MY wife," he determined, "was a sacrifice to the perfidy of her country! Her death can be laid at the steps of Washington. The United States of America permitted her—and, with her, others equally unfortunate — to take passage on a boat they knew to be carrying munitions. She was unconsciously risking her life. The least the United States could have done was to warn her of it. They let her go—to her death!"

Outwardly calm, his inward feelings had kindled his pale-blue eyes. They gleamed vindictively.

"If anything," he proceeded, "is needed to justify my hostility toward the Americans, beyond the fact that they are our enemies, perhaps these views of mine explain it."

Again the silence of the dugout vibrated with waves of distant rumbling. From the roof a small pebble plopped down on the table, danced, and rolled off.

"What," asked von Lichner, "was the object of your wife's crossing in 1915?"

Leutnant Boehmer made a forlorn gesture with his hand. "She had some harebrained notion to join me in Germany."

"Then she had forgiven you?"

There was a note of surprise in General von Lichner's voice, and for a moment Leutnant Boehmer hesitated.

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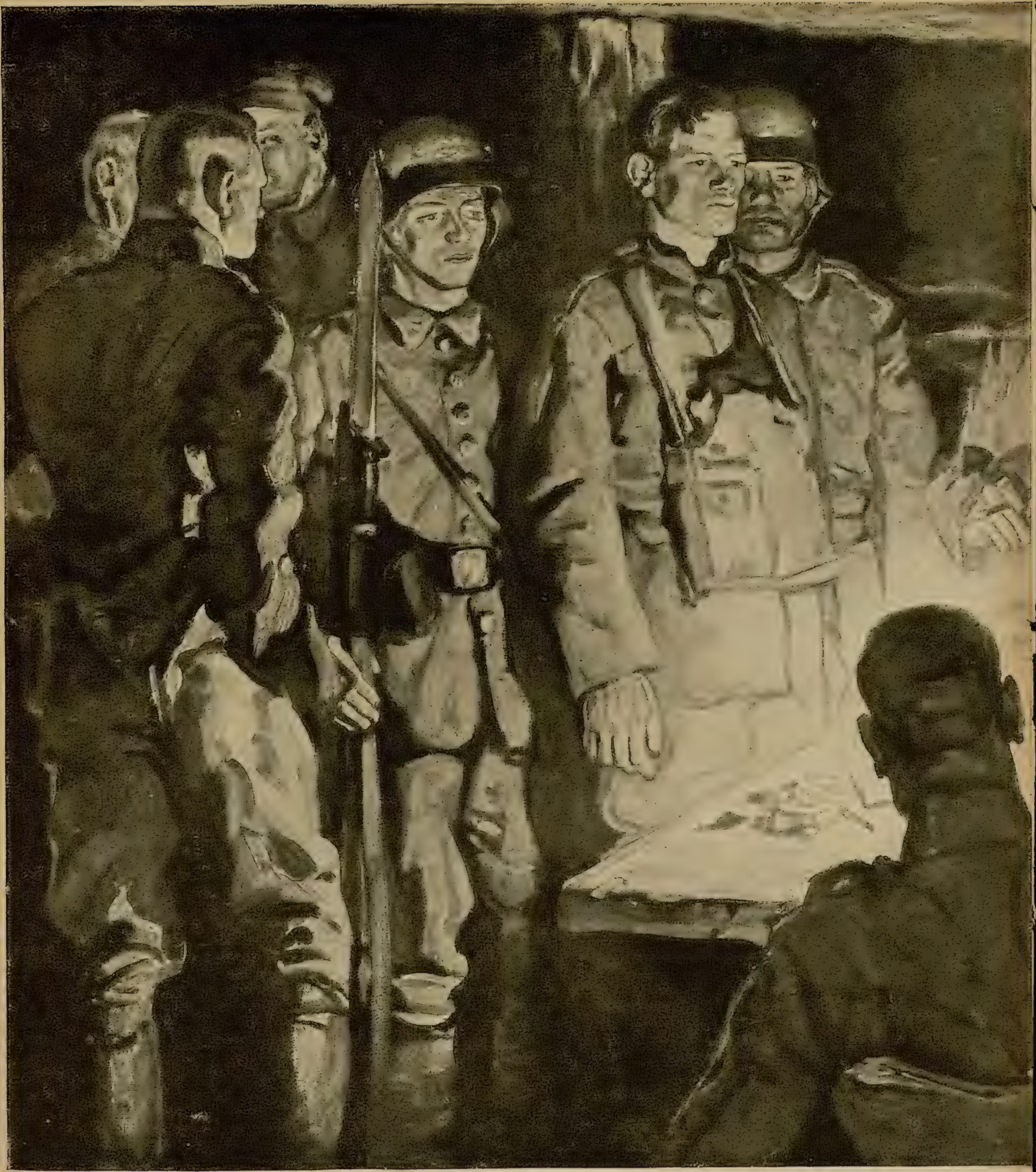


The one thing lacking was the American password. The prisoners had

REPORTED MISSING
Continued from page forty-seven

"She wished to be near me," he admitted quietly.

"Did you know she had taken passage on the Lusitania?"

"No."

"Then how—?"

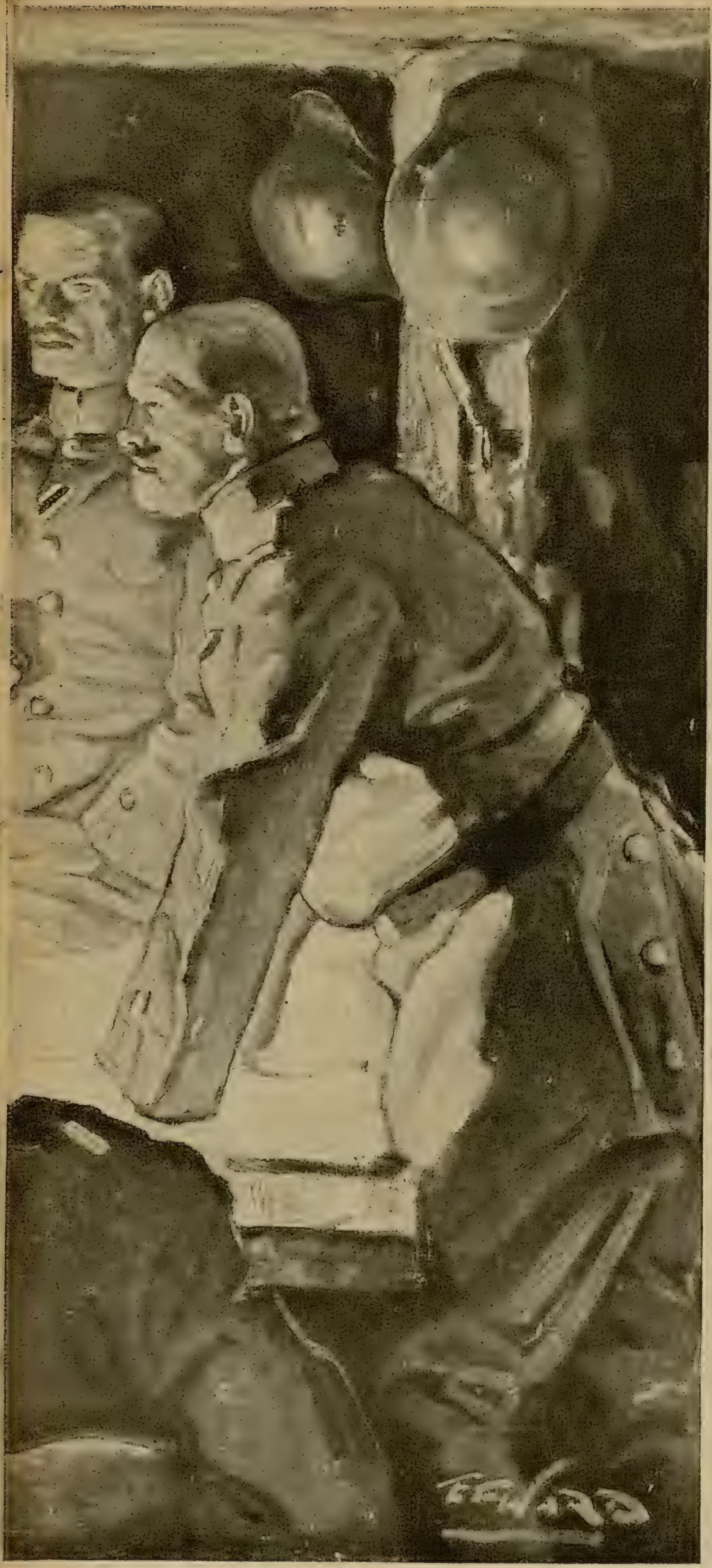
"She had written and told me of her plans to cross over to England. I had tried to dissuade her from doing so."

"When did you know?"

"The passenger list included her name. I never heard from her again."

The general rose and laid his hand on the young German's shoulder. "I'm sorry," he said. Straightening, he extended his hand. "Herr Leutnant, I congratulate you. Any other man might feel embittered. You have admirably succeeded in crushing any personal feelings you might have in the matter.

"I can only add that I hope you will be equally successful in the exploit for which you have so bravely volunteered. Good-by, and good luck to you."



been questioned relentlessly.

Leutnant Boehmer saluted him. It was formally returned, then the artillery general went up the dugout steps and out into the thickening, rainy night. Some few moments later the arrival of a group of German officers signified that all was in readiness.

The one thing lacking was the American password. Even Leutnant Boehmer himself admitted that the want of it was a bit of a stumblingblock.

The prisoners had been questioned relentlessly. All that could be got out of them was the statement that on the last day they had been in the line the password was Château-Thierry. It was changed every twenty-four hours.

The one final hope had been in the listen-set reports. They had just been handed in at corps headquarters. All they revealed in the matter of usefulness were two overheard remarks in which the name of Captain Fairfax occurred. This in the American line directly opposite.

ON receipt of this information, Leutnant Boehmer decided to risk it. He set out shortly before midnight. As per arrangement, a few bursts of machine-gun fire startled the comparative quiet and a German challenge boomed through the drizzling rain in the hope the Americans might hear it:

"*Wer da?*"

Crawling from shell hole to shell hole, under and through wire, slithering like a lizard over gas-infested slime, lying face downward in the mud whenever an American star shell lit up the black and fetid ground, Leutnant Boehmer crept nearer and nearer the enemy line. Two more star shells went up, and a machine gun began coughing from the left.

Bullets were splashing up the mud around his tense body. He slithered into a small shell hole, and as he did so a sting in his right shoulder nearly took his arm off. He could feel the warm blood running down his arm and dripping from his finger tips.

He didn't move. For what seemed hours he remained motionless, the pain from his shoulder numbing his

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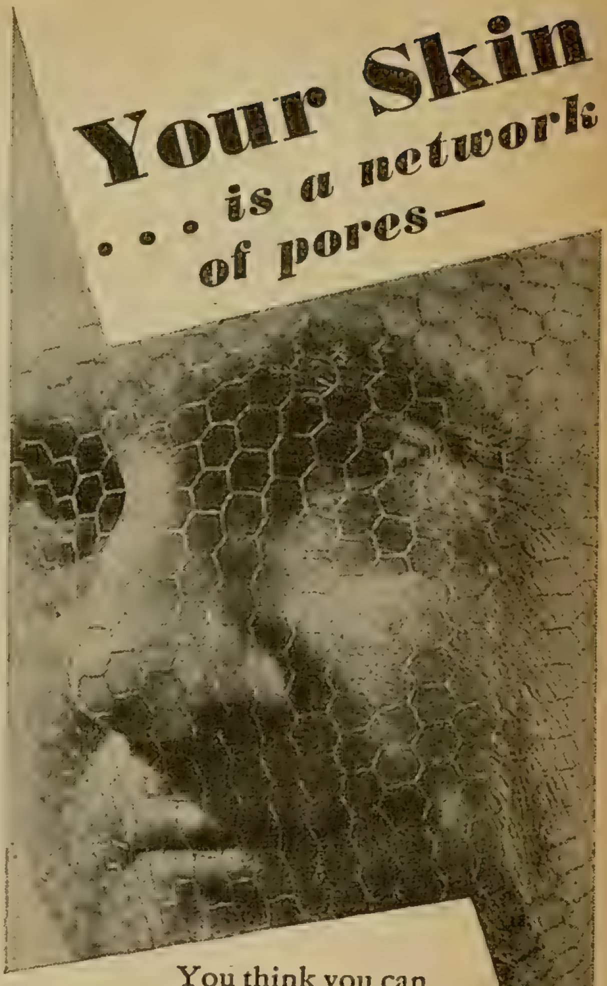

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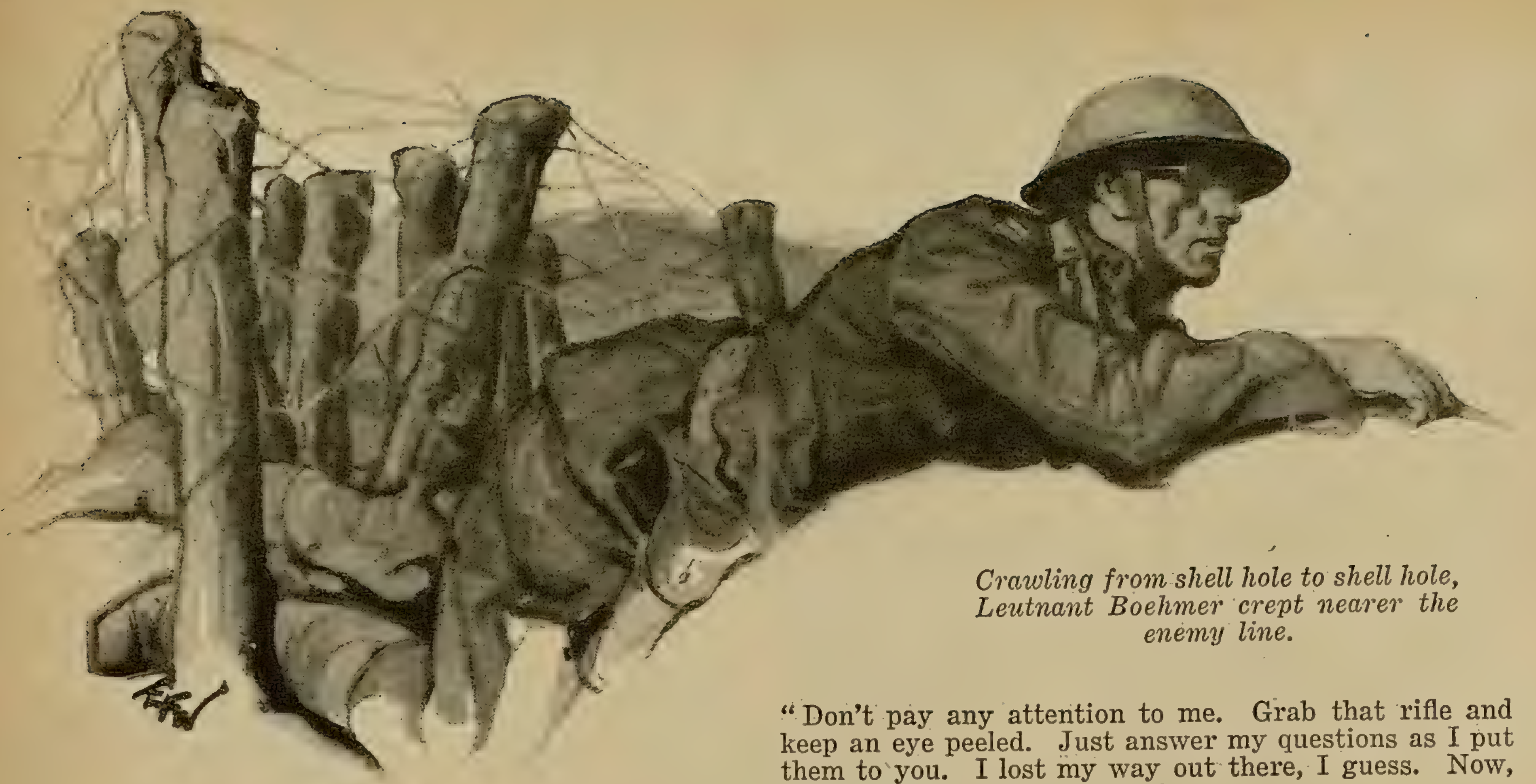

Crawling from shell hole to shell hole, Leutnant Boehmer crept nearer the enemy line.

REPORTED MISSING
Continued from page forty-nine

whole body. Finally, the scare having died down, he very slowly got at his field dressing and awkwardly, painfully, managed to put a pad over his wound, pulling his tunic tight to keep it in place. Then, his head throbbing, he squirmed onward, a few inches at a time, until, following a swift movement, he was challenged by an unseen sentry not five feet in front of him:

"Who goes there? Make it snappy or I'll—" The sentry himself was scared stiff. It was palpable in his voice.

In that moment Leutnant Boehmer's heart stopped beating. He had to reply to that challenge, had to reply at once. And it had to be something that would prevent a bullet crashing into his skull.

One brief moment, with four years' effort, hope, and waiting all hanging in the balance. He tried to moisten his dry mouth.

"For the love of Pete!" he managed. "I've just been shot by the Germans. What's the big idea, buddy? Hasn't an American officer any friends in this war?"

He could see the sentry's white face.

"Who are you?" the man demanded.

"Captain Davis, One Hundred and Seventeenth Field Battery, Twenty-seventh Division. Here, help me down into that sap, will you? I've got a lame shoulder."

THE white face peered forward; and behind it was a tense arm and a cocked rifle.

"Listen," said Boehmer calmly. "Where's Captain Fairfax? I've got some very important information for him."

Then, and then only, did he sense that the sentry had relaxed.

"Captain Fairfax? Why, I guess there's a Captain Fairfax in B Company— " The sentry seemed uncertain about what he should do.

"Lend me a hand, will you, buddy? I've been pretty badly hit."

"S-sure."

Reluctantly the man propped his rifle against the parapet and helped the officer down.

"Fine," said Leutnant Boehmer; then groaned. "Thank God that's over." He slumped back against the wall of the sap. In the dark the sentry was wiping the blood off his own hand, wiping it on his blouse.

"Jees!" he said, "your arm's covered with blood. How'd it happen?"

"German sniper. Now listen," he said more sharply. "Don't pay any attention to me. Grab that rifle and keep an eye peeled. Just answer my questions as I put them to you. I lost my way out there, I guess. Now, where does this sap lead to?"

"Front-line trench."

"Which way do I turn for the battalion quarters?"

"Left, till you come to a kind of communication trench, then along that a little ways and bend to the right. The battalion dugout is about fifty feet from the bend."

"O. K. What's your name, soldier?"

"O'Reilly, sir."

"O'Reilly, eh? What part of the States?" Here Leutnant Boehmer, as he attempted to rise, moaned with pain.

"Watertown, New York, sir."

"Watertown, eh? An upstate boy. A hill billy?"

"I ain't no hill billy," the sentry answered.

INSTANTLY Leutnant Boehmer sensed that he had said the wrong thing there. Quickly he attempted to right it.

"A hick, then," he amended. "A hick, because you failed to challenge me correctly. How do you know who I am? I might be a German spy masquerading as an American officer, for all you know."

"That's O. K. I took a good look at you before I—"

"Why didn't you ask me for the password?"

The man had nothing to say.

"The trouble is," continued Leutnant Boehmer, "we trust hicks like you in an important forward position, tell you just what to do, and then you go to sleep on the job. I shouldn't be surprised if you've forgotten the password."

"I ain't forgot it." The boy swung round on him, bayonet poised. "And right now, captain, I'm going to ask *you* what it is!"

Again, for a crucial moment, all Leutnant Boehmer's plans, a four years' patience, hung on his answer. Very quietly he laughed.

"No, O'Reilly," he said, "you can't bluff me out that way. I'm going to report you to Captain Fairfax. Report you for forgetting the password."

The bayonet was lowered.

"I ain't forgot it."

"Then you should have demanded it from me in the first place."

"I seed you was an American officer all right."

"That's no excuse. You should have challenged me for the password. There can be only one reason why you didn't do so, and that is because you—"

"Boston," said the sentry.

For a while Leutnant Boehmer considered the word. It might be a trap. In the dark he intuitively judged that the boy wasn't smart enough to attempt a trick like that.

He committed himself into accepting it.

"Right," he said. "But I'm forced to report you, all the same."

"Go right ahead," said the boy. "Cut me out of a leave I got due tomorrow morning. Me and a couple of buddies had it all planned to visit Paris."

"Paris, eh?" Leutnant Boehmer shook his head. Tomorrow morning at five the boy would find himself in the midst of an inferno of high explosive slightly more dangerous to his welfare than anything Paris had to offer.

"Tomorrow will be too late for you, anyway," he said. "Good night, O'Reilly."

The sentry didn't reply.

Boehmer went down the sap and turned left in the front-line trench, lurching heavily against the wall.

"Halt!" came a voice. "Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the password."

"Boston."

"O. K., kid. Oh! Beg pardon, sir. I didn't know you was an officer."

"That's all right."

Leutnant Boehmer chuckled. A few more moments and he would be in contact with American Intelligence, his active participation in the war definitely over. He plowed on, ankle-deep in the mud of the ink-black trench. He had no thought of making a secret round of the American position.

He didn't care a whoop where they had their machine-gun emplacements, their batteries, their ammunition supply. He only hoped they would give a good account of themselves at five o'clock in the morning.

If the Imperial Staff of the Eleventh German Army could have known just why Leutnant Boehmer was chuckling, they would have stiffened with consternation and surprise.

Then, as soon as they had recovered their senses, they would have frantically telephoned their battery commanders and ordered them to open up and pour hell into the enemy on the instant, regardless of plans for tomorrow's big attack; with a fervent prayer—in good round German oaths—that one of their shells might conveniently blow Leutnant Boehmer's head off.

REACHING the battalion dugout, Boehmer at once addressed himself to the senior officer. What he had to say was startling.

"Get through to G. H. Q. immediately. Your position here must be reënforced without delay. The positions of all your batteries and machine-gun emplacements are marked to a fraction of an inch. At five o'clock the Germans are going to launch a terrific attack in full strength."

They were stupefied and incredulous, but when Leutnant Boehmer was able to prove his statements the wires began to hum.

"My name," he went on, "is Lothar Boehmer. For the last four years I've been attached to German Intelligence in Berlin and Coblenz. I was halfway to becoming an American citizen before the war started, but they kept me in Berlin and I couldn't get away."

His pale, strained face was terribly in earnest. In the excitement nobody seemed to notice that he was wounded.

He swayed and would have fallen except for the aid of friendly hands.

"All this time I've waited to get even with them. I wanted to bring over some information that would be valuable to you. I think," he said faintly, "you'll agree with me that I've done so."

In the next ten minutes the whole American front was in feverish and secret activity, troops being rushed up, positions of batteries and machine guns changed. It was planned to forestall the attack with a heavy barrage.

ON his stretcher, preparatory to being taken to a hospital, Leutnant Boehmer opened his glazed eyes.

"You have a sentry up at one of your listening posts. His name is O'Reilly. He gave me your password for the asking. He ought to be disciplined."

The commanding officer looked at him. "I know the boy," he said gravely. "It just so happens that I've cited him for bravery. I'm sorry you feel bound to report him."

"Yes," breathed Boehmer. "He ought to have shot me. With the result," he added, "that tomorrow morning at five you'd have lost thousands of your men. Therefore, if you think well of his negligence, you might let him leave for Paris before things begin to hum."

. . . . .

That, really, is all about Leutnant Boehmer. But in one of the departments in Washington there is a man who bears an astonishing likeness to him. He wears no war decoration of any kind. This is perhaps advisable; as also is an assumed name. For, although the war is over and old hatreds are forgotten, there may yet be certain individuals in these United States ready and willing to make things very unpleasant for him, once his identity was truly established.

He is older, of course. A quiet, unassuming man, his hair a sandy gray, his pale-blue eyes still adorned by glasses.

He leads a lonely life, living in a small room in which the one conspicuous and somewhat incongruous object is the photograph of a young girl.

Across the bottom of it is written: "To Lothar, my husband, with all my love. Edith."

On the back you may find the following: "My dear wife. Killed, May, 1915. Avenged, September, 1918."

THE END

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HUDSON, N. Y.—"And if youthful training does not properly point out the road to a splendid career one simply stumbles along, learning by difficult and sometimes costly experiences the lessons that should have been thoroughly absorbed in earlier years."

The above excerpt from your editorial entitled "Serious Educational Defects" proves conclusively that "the truth will out."

We are, each and every one of us, fully cognizant of these deplorable and disconcerting defects in our present educational system, and yet we take not a single step to provide a remedy for them. Hence we are fooling no one but ourselves. One may continue to fool himself for a time, but it eventually becomes disastrous to his welfare. Try it and see!

Our education means little or nothing to us until we actually apply it to Life itself, and those of our students who *still* believe that their education is all-encompassing in its preparation for the future are going to be sorely disappointed and disillusioned when they start out upon their respective careers! —*John C. Dinehart.*

The Truth's Out!

ANGOLA, IND.—You have destroyed a beautiful illusion.

From your editorials I had gathered that in countries like England people did *not* get haywire on likker.

Now you have spoiled it all by printing "Transatlantic," by Michael Arlen. —*Harland W. Clark.*

In Which General Fechet Is Roundly Taken to Task

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Regarding Major General Fechet's article, "The Greatest Flyer of Them All," I wish to say that I most emphatically disagree with the general's conception of the greatest pilot of them all. In fact, the general has described no more than the ordinary pilot.

In one line, the general stated that no flyer can excel in every class of flying. This is not so, for anyone who has a thorough knowledge of avigation, together with absolute command of his airplane—which can be procured in only one way, and that is by mastering that art which the general condemned in his article, namely, aërobatics—will also excel in every class of flying.

The pilot versed in aërobatics can put his airplane in any position and do so with ease. Does it not follow that this pilot would also be the one to choose for aërial photography work, as he would be capable of putting the airplane exactly where the cameraman wanted it? Would he not excel in aërial gunnery in which the pilot usually directs the airplane at the target as well as the machine gun. And in aërial warfare is it not the pilot best versed in aërobatics who generally comes out the victor?

What about test flying? Can an airplane be really tested without being put through every possible maneuver? What about crop dusting, which is necessarily done at a dangerously low altitude? In case of motor trouble is it not the aërobatical flyer who will with certainty choose the best available landing spot and make the safest possible landing on it?

And, lastly, will not the aërobatical pilot who has also a good knowledge of avigation make the best cross-country pilot?—*Bert H.*

But on the Other Hand:

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations on the mighty fine article by General James E. Fechet. It was well worth reading and undoubtedly presents a much mooted question in a most practical way.—*Frank A. Tichenor, Publisher, Aero Digest.*

New Contest

TAMPA, FLA.—I wish to take issue with your Vox Popper of May 23, a Mr. Chambers, who claims the shortest short story he submits is a world beater.

Here is mine, covering the same distance in eight letters instead of thirteen:

Bled—
Dead!

If pressed, might be able to cut this down a little.—*Lyle O. Pierce.*

Mr. Fentress Writes One

MEMPHIS, TENN.—That "Whither Wages?" by Harper Leech, was certainly the bunk!

It was sufficiently unsound from an economic point of view to have been written by Hoover himself.

Now I'll write one:

A very large proportion of our population had been earning less than fifty per cent of a normal wage long before the depression commenced. I refer to the agriculturists: their unfortunate position is due largely to our tariff policy, and it was the loss of their buying power more than anything else that finally upset the balance of the whole business machine.

We need lower industrial wages so that we may have lower prices; and above all we need lower tariffs so that agriculture may produce and export in a competitive way with other nations.

Then our farmers will be able to buy a thing or two occasionally, along with the industrial workers.

And Wall Street must content itself with a mere six per cent or so on truly unwatered securities of wisely provided and soundly managed industrial plants. Lower tariffs, wages, and prices, and less stockjobbing—that is the way out of the depression! Why let Hoover and Harper Leech prolong it for us?—*Jerome Fentress.*

It's Hard to Believe Your Face Is So Harmless

COLLINSVILLE, ALA.—I can stand a lot of horsefeathers on various subjects, but I'm getting pretty tired of this hoax you're trying to put over on poor innocent readers of Liberty about Alexandra Kropotkin, the Woman of a Thousand Faces!

Every issue, for a long time now, has displayed a picture of somebody or other on the "To the Ladies!" page, all supposed to be Alexandra Kropotkin. That last one, take. Don't you suppose I recognize my cousin Osric, of Pisgah, Tenn.? And that face in the May 2 number—my Aunt Gertrude, as I live! That's Kay Francis in the April 11 issue. And the March 21 picture—Ruth Chatterton.

You can't kid me.

I was planning to pay Liberty a visit some time soon, but not now. You might pounce on me, handcuff me, jostle me into the Liberty camera niche, snapshoot me quick, print my harmless little face in the next issue on page thirty-something . . . and call it Alexandra Kropotkin!—*Mary E. C.*

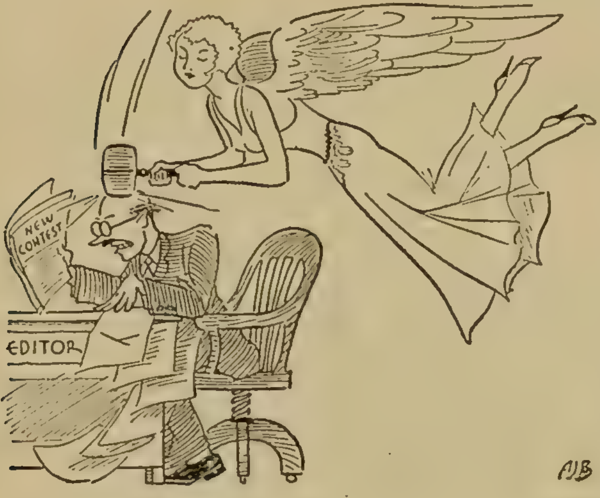
Pop

We Can See the Picture

OIL CITY, PA.—" It's just like this" (I says to myself): " He must have spring fever, and goodness knows he's not to blame."

Meanin' you, of course! What cramps me now is this:

1. I sends in a perfectly gorgeous anagram (which is rejected).
2. I did *not* get the $100 (real or imaginary).
3. I suspects it's all a joke on the poor public (which is probably true).
4. And, last of all, methinks our editor is offering us, once more—nothing for something.



Ho hum! If I had wings like an angel I'd fly to the editor's chair and bang him one on the dome—yea, verily, at the precise moment he is stirring up another batch of odious contests. (Can you see the picture?)

Oh, well—I'm an optimist—he cannot live forever—eh?—*Eleanora B. Dayton.*

A Bouquet for Miss St. Johns

BALTIMORE, MD.—Adela Rogers St. Johns is to be highly congratulated on the splendid way in which she depicts the life and the mysterious characteristics of one of our greatest actors: Lon Chaney.

Before I had begun this touching series, I had taken Lon for his surface value; but now I see a different person: A genius; an unsung hero. Let us hope that many more of the readers of these articles will realize the beauty and the efficacious significance that may be obtained from them.

Congratulations, Adela!—*Larry Hickman.*

Can'tcha Let a Hero Be a Hero?

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—I sat in my fairly comfortable chair last evening and read a story of an unusual adventure written by Mr. Edward Doherty. I must say that I really enjoyed the whole thing up to the point where our hero is catapulted from the deck of the liner and climbs to a thousand feet, where he puts the ship in a power dive and heads straight for the pirate submarine.

Our hero then stands up in his cockpit and pulls the rip cord of a parachute, leaving the ship to deal a stinging blow of death to the submarine upon the surface of a very rough sea.

In the first place, it would be utterly impossible to even hope that the airplane was going to stay in that power dive without someone at the controls, and the chances are one in a million that even if he could get a ship that would stay in that death-dealing dive, that his marksmanship would hardly coördinate with a rough sea and a submarine bobbing up and down like a cork.

In the second place, I don't know who ever put the idea in Mr. Doherty's head that a pilot can stand up in his cockpit and pull a rip cord on a chute while the ship is in normal flying position, to say nothing of a power dive. I have seen that thing tried by good friends and also acquaintances, and one—*one*—result is always present—a fouled parachute in the tail surfaces of the ship—and immediately following comes the old grim Reaper in person.

I speak from experience, having seen with my own eyes some of our best pilots pull a rip cord ring too soon.

Believe it or not, that is one sure way to keep from growing old.—*William C. Gage.*

Wouldn't You?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here's an idea. Why not turn out an issue of Liberty with only blank pages—no reading matter of any kind?

I'll bet that some of your Vox Poppers would still crab their blankety blankety heads off.—*G. Hull.*

Stew à la Munyan

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please, please tell Arthur Munyan to use discretion in writing his next story.

I happen to be a peculiar female who eats only when hungry and drinks—well, when I can get it.

As I was a trifle late in reading my Liberty (it was after seven P. M.) and not yet having eaten my dinner, it was with a very empty tummy that I proceeded to read " Beef Stew."

The more I read the hungrier I grew, until, having completed the story, it was with the greatest difficulty I made my way to my ice box.

Now I always have felt I kept a supply of most everything, but, to my great disappointment, I could find neither onions, leeks, or peppers. So here I sit hungry and in despair because I have not all the essentials for beef stew à la Munyan.

Maybe I do have a wonderful imagination but I can just smell that stew—and even though I am very hungry no other food will do.—*A. L.*

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Holy mackerel! Why are guys like Arthur T. Munyan allowed to live? I read, with much distaste, his " Beef Stew." His hero, Mister Pete, is one of the biggest sissies I've ever had the displeasure of reading about. This Pete might make some dumb girl a good husband—provided she's dumb enough.—*(Miss) Frazel Lilley III.*

Ya, Ya, Now You Are Even

SUMMERLAND, CALIF.—Please publish this letter that I now write to you. Me, I can not write well the English but it I can read.

I read every week Liberty. For two or three Liberty now I read " To the Ladies! " by Alexandra Kropotkin.

What for you spoil Liberty by letting she write to it? She say she is relate to the Czar of all the Russias.

I, like she, am one of those unfortunate people who the revolution have made life so sad for. But I do not make other people sad by writing to Liberty like she.

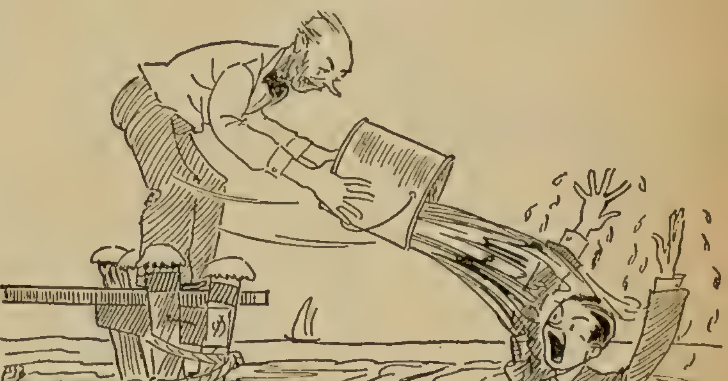
I for a living wash floors. She for a living write to Liberty.

Now I write to Liberty, I know you will put my letter in Vox Pop because I too am sophisticated, a linquest, and a Russian.

Ya, ya, but I suppose one must live.—*Maurice Hoshten.*

It's Just Their Idea of Being a Help

LANCASTER, PA.—Liberty is the only magazine that has two cross word puzzles. You are cheating yourselves when you only charge five cents for your weekly. It is worth ten cents.



You should change the name of your magazine to Victory, because it has won the approval of the American people.

Those knockers in your Vox Pop are so mean they would throw water in a drowning person's face.—*A Liberty Reader.*

Smoothness!
Strength!
Writing Ease!
Ti-con-der-oga
America's favorite
five cent pencil
is the answer,

PENCIL SALES DEPT. 10-J
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CORNS *lift off this way*

Pain stops instantly

Just a tiny drop of SAFE Freezone stops pain instantly. And soon corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. Buy a bottle. All druggists.

EARACHE!

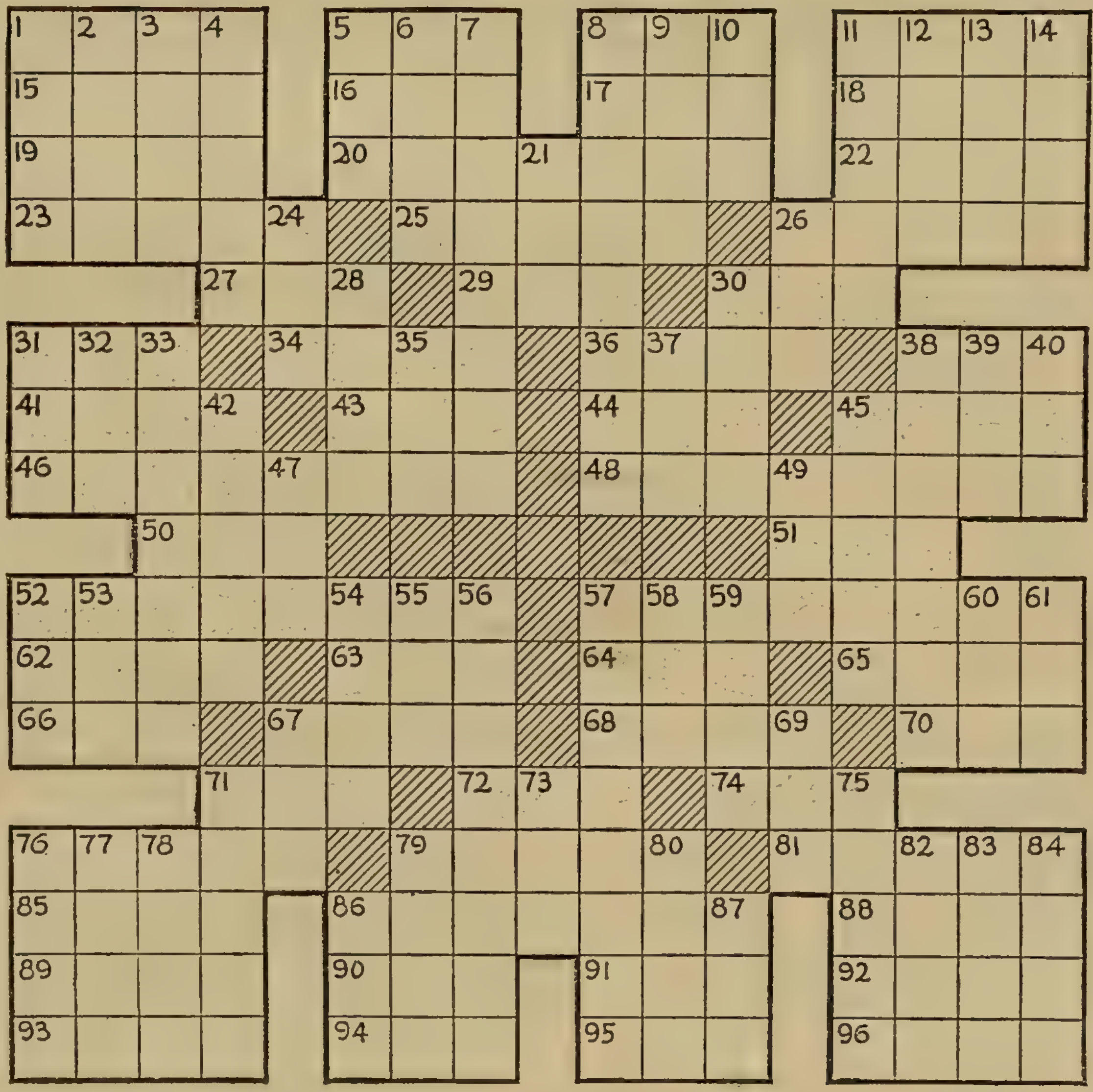
Stop earache with Earakine. Applied in outer ear it—

(1) Stops the pain quickly.
(2) Relieves congestion—helps running ears.
(3) Softens wax. (Hardened wax is a frequent cause of temporary deafness.)

Earakine is a safe, reliable and effective remedy. Used by many physicians in their practice. Sold at all drug stores or by mail—50¢. C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

USE EARAKINE

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

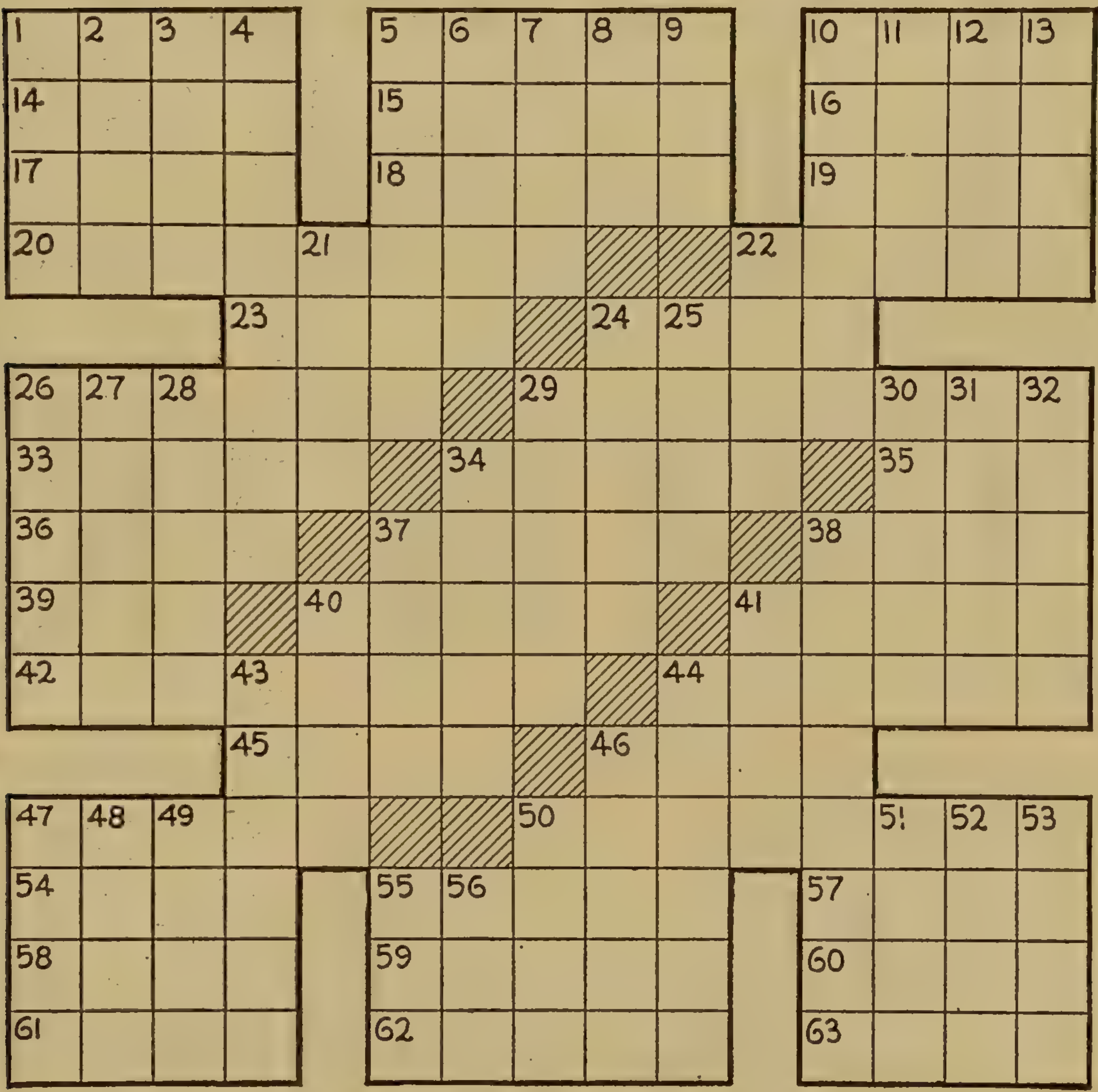
1 Throw
5 Footlike part
8 Moisture
11 Letter of the Greek alphabet
15 Prefix: opposed to
16 Form of to be
17 Compass point
18 Arabian military commander
19 Separate particular in an enumeration
20 A king of Israel
22 To provide with an inner covering
23 Post at the foot of a stairway
25 Becomes withered
26 Part of a sword (plural)
27 Turf
29 A container
30 A digit
31 Male swan
34 A fuel
36 Snare
38 Garden implement
41 Simians
43 A sheep
44 Lamprey
45 Sodium carbonate
46 Prevented
48 A month
50 Bond
51 Prate; chatter
52 Spendthrifts
57 Petals of a flower collectively (pl.)
62 At this point
63 By way of
64 Period
65 River in Siberia
66 Printer's measures
67 Made crooked
68 Repair
70 Period of time
71 Japanese measure of area
72 American Indian
74 Plaything
76 Wanderer
79 Magnificent
81 A belief
85 A former czar of Russia
86 Sloped
88 Combining form meaning air
89 Allows
90 Corrode
91 A note in the scale of Guido
92 Grit
93 Gaelic
94 American author
95 Lair
96 A plant

VERTICAL

1 A son of Adam
2 Stake in poker
3 Boil
4 Ascertains the duration of
5 Dance step
6 Greek equivalent of the Roman Cupid
7 Chose
8 Insane
9 A son of Seth
10 A cyst
11 Misrepresent
12 Man's name
13 Color lightly
14 Measures of area
21 Anglo-Saxon money of account
24 Cut off
26 Jump over
28 A ruminant
30 A mineral
31 Vulgar fellow
32 Open
33 Improves
35 Reverential fear
37 Sandpiper
38 Walked lame
39 Poem
40 Attention
42 River in France
45 Diminutive
47 A color
49 Self
52 Pronoun
53 Write
54 Level
55 Japanese money of account
56 Soak
57 Firmly united
58 Unrefined metal
59 Act irrationally
60 Collection of facts
61 Speak
67 Exclude
69 Small mark
71 Taut
73 Color shade
75 Leavening agent
76 Stir up
77 In excess
78 Large tubs
79 Pleased; happy
80 To mark for omission (printing)
82 Close by
83 An eagle
84 A rude sled for hauling logs
86 Billow
87 Man's nickname

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 A kind of two-wheeled vehicle
5 To bend, as spring steel to test it
10 Hard central portion in fruits
14 Imitator
15 Crest of a mountain range
16 That property of a substance which affects the sense of smell
17 One twentieth of a grain
18 Gustation
19 Political radicals
20 Writer of an analytical or interpretative literary composition
22 A commencement or start
23 High pointed hill (plural)
24 Possessing a rational mind
26 To put out, as a batsman in baseball
29 Cap worn by some priests (plural)
33 To range or form in a file
34 Takes a bait
35 Constellation called the Altar
36 A circle
37 Loads
38 Long, narrow shoal extending from a shore
39 Compass point
40 Fops
41 Elevate
42 Made restitution of
44 Placed or held in equilibrium
45 Part of a stove
46 Exterior covering of some seeds
47 A thin crimped material
50 A kind of nut candy (plural)
54 A fruit
55 A mark used by proof readers
57 Part of a church
58 Hebrew measure of capacity
59 Single
60 A broad smile showing the teeth
61 Places of low resort
62 A king of Phrygia
63 Preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 Arrived in time, sequence, or order
2 Genus which includes honeybees
3 Steeps or soaks, as flax or hemp
4 Ministering to, as in illness
5 Trenchant wit; sarcasm
6 Gross; crude
7 Silence in music or in one of its parts
8 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
9 Word of command used by teamsters
10 Wind instrument
11 Poems
12 Went horseback
13 Formerly
21 In old time
22 Cardinal number (plural)
24 Local position (plural)
25 Greek god of war
26 More unusual
27 Feminine personal name
28 Prongs
29 Remain firm under hardship
30 Tapestry
31 Ascend
32 Satisfied to repletion
34 State in Germany
37 Entice
38 Act of beginning a water voyage (plural)
40 A bird of the pigeon kind
41 Make turbid
43 Inebriates
44 Talks much and to little purpose
46 A region in an amphitheater
47 A mass or lump of earth
48 Congealed dew or vapor
49 Word of solemn ratification
50 Goad or incite, as to activity
51 City in Japan
52 Wickedness
53 Dispatched
55 A rotating piece in machinery
56 The adopted son of Mohammed

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

FOREVER FREE from UGLY HAIRS

They can never grow again!

At last you may know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the regrowth of ugly hair.

The Koremlu Cream Method is the *guaranteed* way to safely, easily and surely remove all superfluous hair *permanently*—from face, legs, arms, and underarms.

Koremlu Cream so neutralizes the natural "feeding" of the hair and so weakens the hold of the hair follicle that hair growth is safely and surely destroyed. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is backed by a signed guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—*the complete and permanent removal of superfluous hair*—or money back.

Koremlu Cream is for sale at leading department stores. Ask for booklet containing full details of the Koremlu Cream Methods and testimonials of what it has done for others. Or send coupon direct to us.

KOREMLU

for *permanent* hair removal

KOREMLU, Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.

Name

Address 6-20-B

Fresh Cool Breezes~ but No Drafts

This attractive ornamental fan, with the soft glow of its side lights, adds to the charm of any interior setting. Being on a standard, the Luminaire can be placed anywhere and the fan is always at the right height.

LUMINAIRE

The Fan Beautiful

Dangerous drafts are impossible because the Luminaire is equipped with the patented Victor BREEZE-SPREADER which distributes the breeze over a wide area. Three speed control—no radio interference from motor. Ideal for homes, clubs, hotels, reception parlors and offices. Ask for the Luminaire at your electric store or write for nearest dealer's name today!

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NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves.* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Learn about my method to overcome Nerve Exhaustion. **Send 25 cents for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-86, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. C.

HERE'S IMPORTANT MONEY FOR YOU!

This Week Liberty Again Offers

$500 IN CASH

FOR ENDING A

LIMERICK

PRIZE WINNERS

MAY 16 ISSUE

HERE are the folks who share in the prize money for completing the Limerick in Liberty of May 16. In case you don't recall, the Limerick read as follows:

The taxicab chauffeur bowed low
And apologized twice in a row
To the greengrocery vendor
Who dented his fender

....

Last lines submitted by the prize winners were:

$250 FIRST PRIZE

If you can BEET that, LETTUCE know.
James F. O'Brien Liberty, N. Y.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

Did this REALLY happen? Hell, no!
Janet E. Miller Minneapolis, Minn.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

It was Greek to the Greek, the whole show.
H. E. Potter Peoria, Ill.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

In the land where baloney trees grow.
Arthur S. Warshak New York, N. Y.

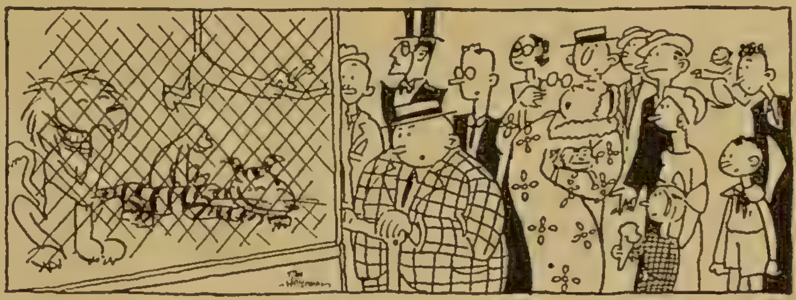
$25 FIFTH PRIZE

The vendor was bigger, you know.
Gilbert Cureton Cliff, N. M.

HONORABLE MENTION

James K. Hazlehurst, Savannah, Ga.; Florence P. Weller, Chicago; Everett D. Smith, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Linn B. Ferrell, Salem, West Va.; Mark L. Felber, Akron.

Here's the Limerick. It's up to you!



The animals caged in the zoo
Seem quaint and amusing to you.
But once in a while
They, too, get a smile

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight June 20. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty for July 25.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

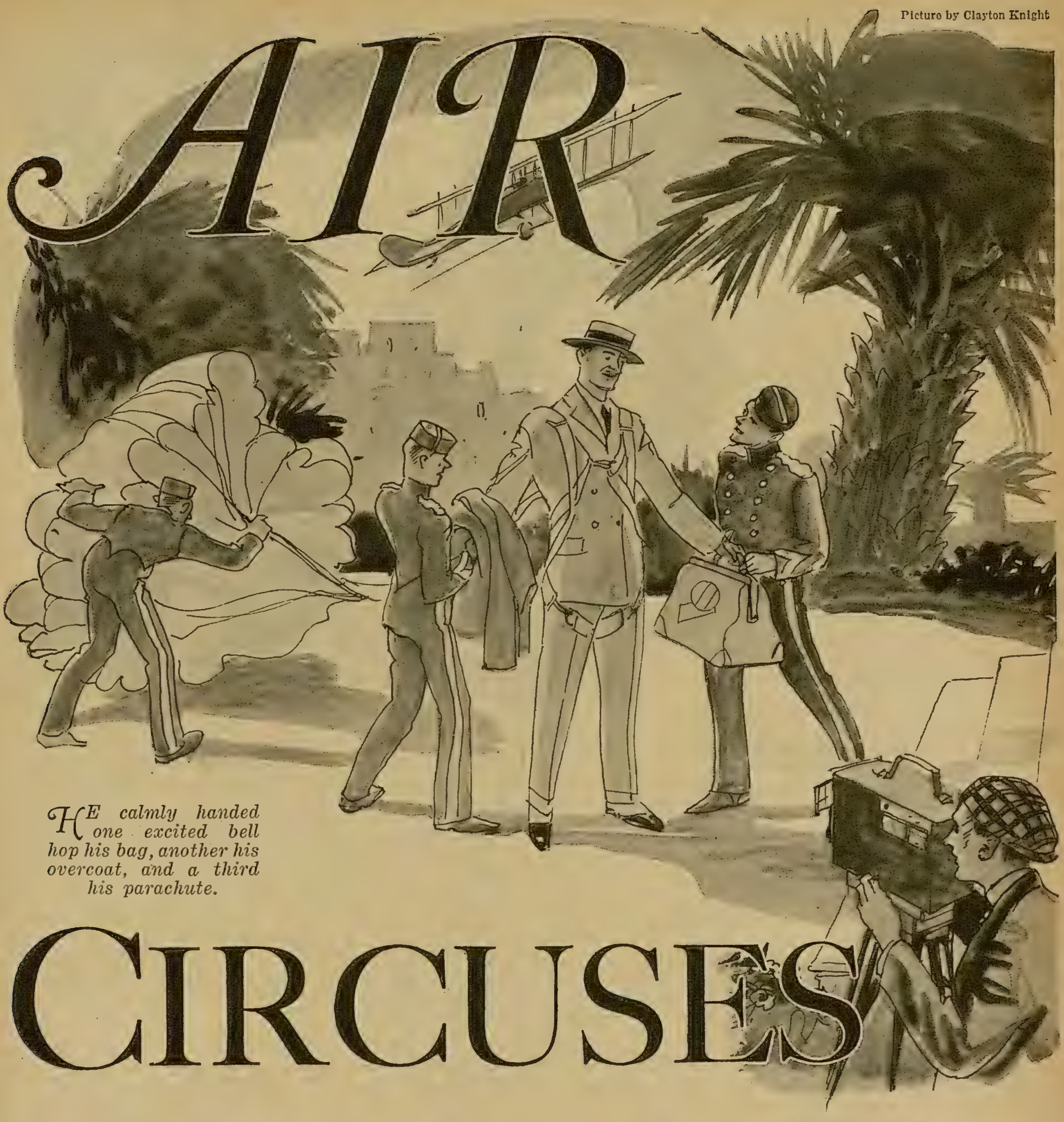
You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

MORE PRIZE WINNERS AND ANOTHER $500 LIMERICK CHANCE NEXT WEEK!

Picture by Clayton Knight

AIR CIRCUSES



HE calmly handed one excited bell hop his bag, another his overcoat, and a third his parachute.

An "Air Devil's" Reminiscences of Spills for Picture Thrills

As Told to Robert A. Donaldson

By

FRANK CLARKE

(Reading time: 19 min. 5 sec.)

ONE day during our stunt-flying career on the old Venice Field in California a news-reel man came out and asked if Al Johnson and I would work out a stunt for them. There had been much talk in the papers about hotels of the future needing adjacent air fields to accommodate business men arriving by plane. He wanted us to arrange some kind of pictorial gag.

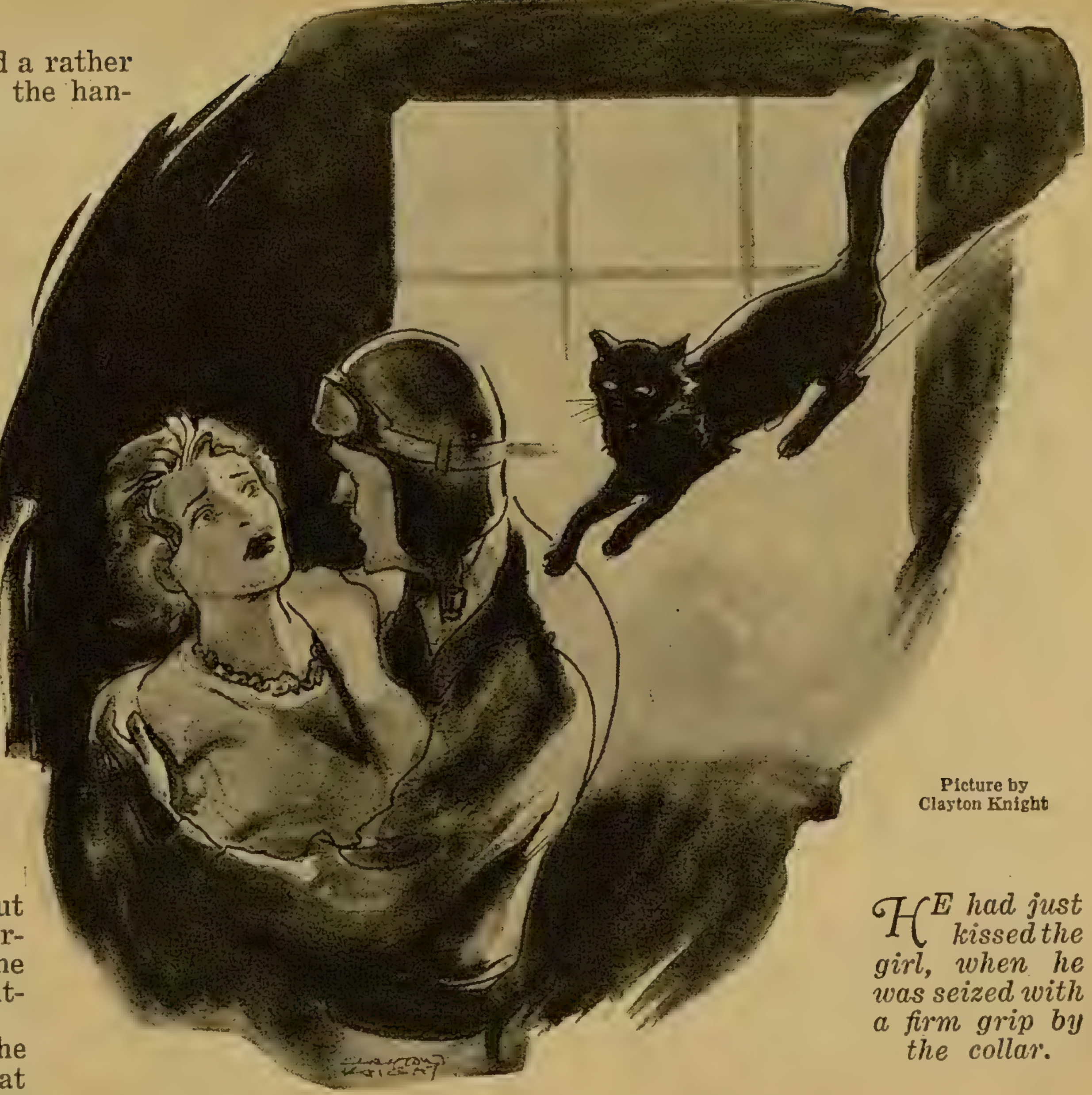
We figured that an air field was unnecessary, provided the hotel had a place where parachute jumpers could land.

Al dressed up in his best suit, packed his grip, and strapped on his parachute, putting his overcoat over his arm. He got out on the wing of my plane and we flew over the grounds of a hotel in the heart of Los Angeles.

I dropped low, about 100 feet, and Al did a pull-off from the wing of my plane while the news-reel man photographed it. He floated down at the front entrance of the hotel, calmly handed one excited bell hop his bag, another his overcoat, and a third his parachute, and went in and registered.

He was treated with all the deference to which an important guest is entitled. It all went fine until the next day, when he was presented with a bill for thirty-six dollars for his room! He then began to wish for a helicopter to lift him out as easily as he had dropped down. He didn't have thirty-six dollars and had to phone us to bring it down and get him out of hock.

AIR CIRCUSES
Continued from page fifty-seven



Picture by
Clayton Knight

He had just kissed the girl, when he was seized with a firm grip by the collar.

Al was a strange character. He led a rather lonely life, and used to stay around the hangars a good deal, often sleeping there. He had a cat that was his constant companion when he was on the ground. When he would go out of town he would ask one of the boys to look out for the cat. It got to be rather a nuisance, but all of the boys liked Al. Nobody knew just where this cat slept or stayed, except that it would turn up at very frequent intervals to be fed.

One time I made a flight over to Arizona to do some stunt work. I was gone two days, and put on an exhibition that included everything. When I got back I found that Al was frantically hunting the field for his cat.

A FEW minutes later I heard a frightened meow, which came from my plane. We investigated and found the cat way back in the tail. The secret of where she slept was solved. Her home had been my plane, and I had unwittingly flown off to Arizona with her and put her through more stunts than the average human will ever experience. She had been there for two days, too frightened to move.

Incidentally, this cat gave one of the aviators at the field the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime. This chap had been going with a girl who was separated from her husband and had just filed suit for divorce. One night he had taken her on a flight and when they came back had gone into a small room in the hangar to get a drink. There was no light in the room. He had just kissed the girl, when he was seized with a firm grip by the collar. His hands shot up in the air and he said:

"Don't shoot, mister! What do you want?" He was certain that it was the woman's husband, gathering a little divorce evidence.

Suddenly the grip was released, and there against the window was outlined Al's cat, its back arched, purring playfully. It had jumped down on him from a shelf.

Shortly after this Al missed his cat, and hunted for it for weeks. He never did find out what happened to it, but the pilot in question had a very innocent look for days.

The man who gets irritated at having someone fool with his car or monkey with things after he has been told not to is nothing compared to the pilot whose passengers won't behave.

I was flying in a picture one time in which Ivan Unger was doing some stunt work. After the day's work I took him and Pewee Holmes, a cow-puncher, and started for Los Angeles in my plane. Ivan was young and full of devilment and wanted to crawl out on the wing of my Jenny. I didn't want him to do so for some particular reason, but, giving me the laugh, he crawled out of the cockpit anyway and went out to the end of the wing, where he began clowning around.

Although he was an expert stunt man, I decided I'd give him a ride he'd remember and incidentally teach him a lesson. So I started the most vicious series of gyrations I could think of, and shook him up and down until he was finally scared and hanging on to every wire in sight. He was perfectly willing to come back then, but I wouldn't give him a chance. Every time he'd make a move to start I'd nearly shake him off. As a final maneuver I turned the old Jenny on its back and let him hang there.

Meanwhile Pewee Holmes hadn't buckled his belt, and fell out on to the center section, where he hung on. Fi-

and when I did so Pewee fell back into the cockpit on his head.

All three of us had planned to go back from the field in my car, but after we landed Pewee remarked that if I drove an automobile as I did an airplane, he believed he'd rather go home by street car, and none of our protests could move him to get in with us.

After flying in pictures and doubling for actors in stunts for years, I finally was featured as an actor in a thrill picture myself. It was a Pathé serial called Eagle of the Night. It was one of those wild melodramas where every installment starts with a bang and ends with a smash.

I WAS asked to write in all of the air stunts. It took a lot of work to figure out enough new air thrills to fill the picture. These serials are the particular delight of the small boy. He collectively forms the most critical audience in the world. If you hand him an old stunt he will say:

"Boloney! I saw that done in The Corsair of the Air months ago!"

He has a long memory and is hard to fool. Of course, in creating new thrills you often simply dress up old ones in a different guise. But Eagle of the Night did contain some new ones, even at that late date—it was made in 1927. And although it was hokum melodrama, and I do not claim to be the best actor in the world, I was pleased when I heard that it made a lot of money.

I put over one new stunt for this picture: I landed an airplane for the first time on top of a moving passenger train.

We had leased a spur track and a train out in the San Fernando Valley.

When everything was ready I flew down over the train, which was moving about fifty miles an hour, and landed the wheels on top of a passenger coach.

I held it there while about thirty feet of film was shot. Then I gave it the gun and took off. It was very difficult to hold the plane down because of the disturbance of ai

As a matter of fact, in the picture I was supposed to land on the train with the plane, climb down into the coach, have a terrible struggle with the villain, and at last obtain "the papers," returning to the roof just in time to take off before we reached a tunnel. Just how the plane stayed up there all this time by itself was not explained in the picture.

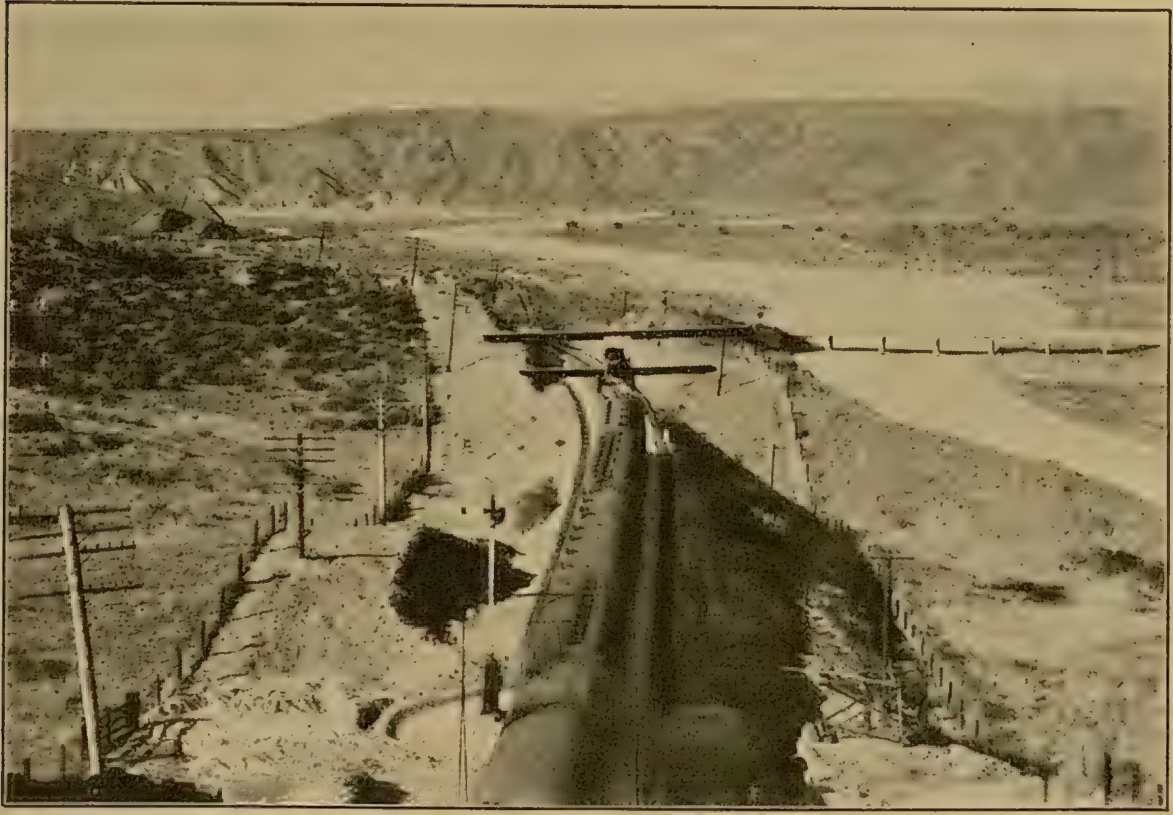
In another scene of this picture I pursued a plane on horseback, as it was taking off, and held on to the wing with my hand for a considerable distance. I also leaped on to the tail of the ship as it was taking off, and then crawled forward and had a wild fight with the villain in the cockpit.

This picture, I believe, was really about the last of the old-time airplane-thrill serials. They are dead today, and I do not believe they will be revived. Their stuff was all spectacular, but had no practical value, and the kids of today are getting too air-minded.

It was shortly after completing this picture that I started work on Hell's Angels. The story of its conception is a romance in itself.

HOWARD HUGHES, producer and director of the picture, was twenty years old, and many times a millionaire through royalties on oil inventions perfected by his father, when he decided to come to Hollywood and see what could be done about making motion pictures. He had done a little flying and was a rabid enthusiast.

He entered the picture game over the protests of his uncle, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who told him he would lose his shirt. According to all the rules of the game, this should have been true. "Angels" for film ventures are an old story in Hollywood. They usually were meat for unscrupulous film sharpshooters and eventually left town sadder but wiser, having dropped the roll in making a few pictures that would never be shown anywhere.



Frank Clarke taking off after landing on a moving train.

However, his uncle's opinion of his ability annoyed young Mr. Hughes exceedingly. When he determined to go ahead he got hold of John Considine, Jr., production chief of United Artists, and formed a partnership with him to produce one picture. When Hollywood heard the plot of his first story it laughed heartily. The story didn't have any of the conventional "production" or "box-office" values. It was called Two Arabian Knights, and the two heroes were William Boyd and Louis Wolheim. There was, strictly speaking, no heroine. It was the story of a couple of doughboys who were captured and made their escape through a series of fantastic circumstances.

WHILE it was being filmed Hughes spent his entire time behind the cameras. He is something of a mechanical genius and it wasn't long before he knew the technical work of directing inside out. Because of his curiosity it took about twice as long as ordinarily to film the picture and cost about twice as much—something in the neighborhood of $400,000, I believe.

When it was done, Hollywood, as well as Uncle Rupert, sat back and waited for the picture to flop and young Mr. Hughes to disappear from filmland. But, contrary to all predictions, when the picture was shown it was an enormous money-maker.

Hughes then conceived the idea of an air epic. He found his story in Hell's Angels, a tale of the British Royal Flying Corps during the war. He began to formulate plans for its filming—plans which more or less staggered Hollywood, even though it had seen in the making such enormously costly pictures as The Ten Commandments, Ben-Hur, Old Ironsides, Wings, King of Kings, and Von Stroheim's extravagant ventures.

He started filming the preliminary sequences at the studio, and after a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[AIR CIRCUSES
Continued from page fifty-nine]

few weeks had a disagreement with the director, who quit. Hughes then stepped in and announced that he would direct the picture himself.

Meanwhile he purchased the play, The Racket, and filmed it, starring Thomas Meighan, with Lewis Milestone directing. It was voted one of the ten best pictures of the year and was a big money-maker. He also produced another Meighan picture—The Mating Call.

Hughes originally prepared to film the air sequences of Hell's Angels, which occupy half of the picture, at an air field near Inglewood. He built a mess hall and barracks in preparation for his fleet of planes, etc. Later, however, he decided that cloud conditions would be better in the San Fernando Valley, so he leased what had been an alfalfa field there and turned it into an air field, completely equipped with hangars, a mechanical department, and lights for night flying. He called it Caddo Field, after the corporate name of the company.

He then began to assemble a fleet of planes of wartime vintage. He insisted on the utmost possible accuracy in detail. This was no easy task, for by 1927 a good part of those old wartime planes had disappeared. A large part of those to be found were in such condition that they were beyond hope of repair.

Howard Hughes, producer and director of Hell's Angels.

One of the first planes he bought was a Sikorsky bomber, five or six years old. It had a wing spread of eighty-four feet, and when flown out from the east by Roscoe Turner it was the largest plane that had ever been seen on the Pacific coast. This was the nearest replica available of a Gotha bomber of the type used in the war.

THE story of Hell's Angels revolved around two brothers in the flying corps, and Ben Lyon and James Hall were engaged for the rôles.

It was at about this time that I joined the company and became chief pilot on the picture. Frank Tomick was engaged to fly the No. 1 camera ship throughout the production.

Hughes himself had learned to fly, and bought a Waco job with a Wright Whirlwind motor for his own use.

The wartime planes were bought wherever we could find them. Among others we had a number of S. E. 5s, powered with Hispano motors. There were also several Fokker D 7s that had been used in the war. Their Mercedes motors had been replaced with Hall Scott L 6s. Then there were some Thomas Morse ships with Le Rhône rotary motors; some Avros, the British training plane, and a number of Canucks, which were used for crash scenes. The Canucks were the Curtiss Canadian training planes, resembling our Jennys, except for different rigging and double ailerons.

Various other ships were rented as the need arose.

The gang of pilots who were assembled made me think of the old days. Among them were Frank Tomick, Jack Rand, Leo Nommis, and Maurice (Loop the Loop) Murphy.

In taking the job as chief pilot, I had insisted on the employment of Roy Wilson, who is one of the greatest in the business. The first air work consisted largely of take-offs and landings, the scenes depicting a British training ground.

Later, as we began to get into the air scenes, a good many planes and pilots were added. In all, I guess we used more than 125 planes in the picture, including those that were cracked up, and employed even more pilots. There were many changes in personnel, as a lot of them didn't stick with us because of the antiquated craft we were using.

IN speaking of Leo Nommis, I should mention the fact that he was not only a stunt man in the air, but also in automobiles. He was once a race driver, and specialized in smashing up automobiles and turning them over for spectacular scenes in pictures.

Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall flew in the old bomber throughout the picture. Ben became a real airplane enthusiast and a regular pilot. Both he and Bebe Daniels, his wife, are crazy about aviation.

It was while Ben was learning to fly that a very amusing incident happened. The flyers on the Ford reliability tour had arrived in Los Angeles and were to be entertained at the open-air dining room of the Los Angeles Breakfast Club at 8 A. M.

Somebody had thought up the idea of having Roscoe Turner and Ben Lyon fly low overhead during the ceremony and throw a flock of flowers down.

They were going to use Roy Wilson's plane, which was at Caddo Field. When they arrived that morning at the field they were late, and Turner was in such a hurry that he didn't stop to listen to Wilson explain his trick gas system.

They flew down over the Breakfast Club and were doing their stuff when the motor suddenly cut. There was plenty of gas in the plane, but Turner had opened the wrong tank. The ship had to land in the bed of the Los Angeles River and turned over. By some miracle the river at that time had about eight inches of water in it.

Ben and Turner crawled out, a rather woebegone sight, while the reliability flyers stood on the bank and cheered, saying they had expected to be entertained, but not quite so royally as by having Ben Lyon put on a crash for them!

Few people, even pilots themselves, have any conception of the magnitude of the task of maintaining a military squadron. Many people have seen army fields, but everything there goes off so smoothly and with so little apparent effort that it all looks simple.

Yet the old saying that for every man at the front there must be ten behind the lines holds true in aviation, with the added factor that every man on the ground must be an expert.

For the filming of Hell's Angels not only did Howard Hughes, the boy producer, have to establish a flying field complete in every detail and gather his planes and pilots, but he also had to gather a complete ground crew.

At Caddo Field there were approximately 130 men on the ground, servicing and checking the planes, keeping the motors in tune, and doing machine-shop work. The task was doubly difficult because most of our crates were old and of obsolete design and in constant need of repair. Most needed parts had to be made on the spot, as they were either difficult to obtain or out of stock altogether. Harry Reynolds had charge of the ground work.

HUGHES gathered for the filming of this picture the largest fleet of fighting aircraft ever brought together save by governments. He actually owned a larger number of fighting planes than most small nations do today.

In the final scenes of the picture we had forty wartime planes engaged in battle in the air at one time! In addition there were a number of camera ships. I was directing.

Added to the extensive layout at Caddo Field, a German air field farther out in the valley was also acquired and equipped.

When we started the actual air sequences, Al Johnson was engaged to perform several of the dangerous crack-ups. He did the first one in December, 1927. The scene called for a steep dive to the ground, the ship turning over on its back when it hit.

It was a tough stunt, and many of the flyers didn't believe it could be done without death or serious injury to the pilot. But they didn't know Al. He used an old Canuck ship and took no special precautions in preparing for the crash.

He performed it beautifully, nosing the crate over right in front of the cameras. He stepped out without a scratch, with his usual luck.

The next day several of us went over to the Glendale Municipal Airport. We were going to fly a number of old ships from there to a field near Inglewood. It was not for camera work and was the sort of flight any novice might make.

Al Johnson performs a crack-up for a motion-picture thrill.

Al was to take over an old built-up Avro. He was the first to take off. Hardly had he left the ground when his motor started to miss, and then cut out on him.

He attempted to clear the high-tension wires adjoining the field, but his marvelous sense of judging distance, which made him one of the greatest stunt men in the world, failed him.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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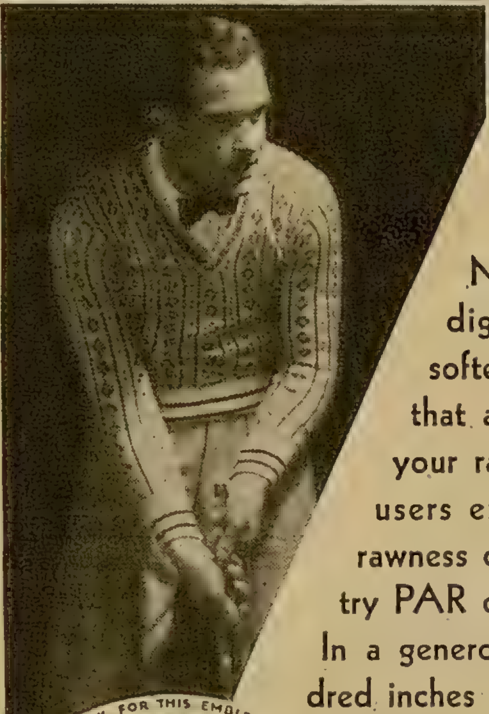
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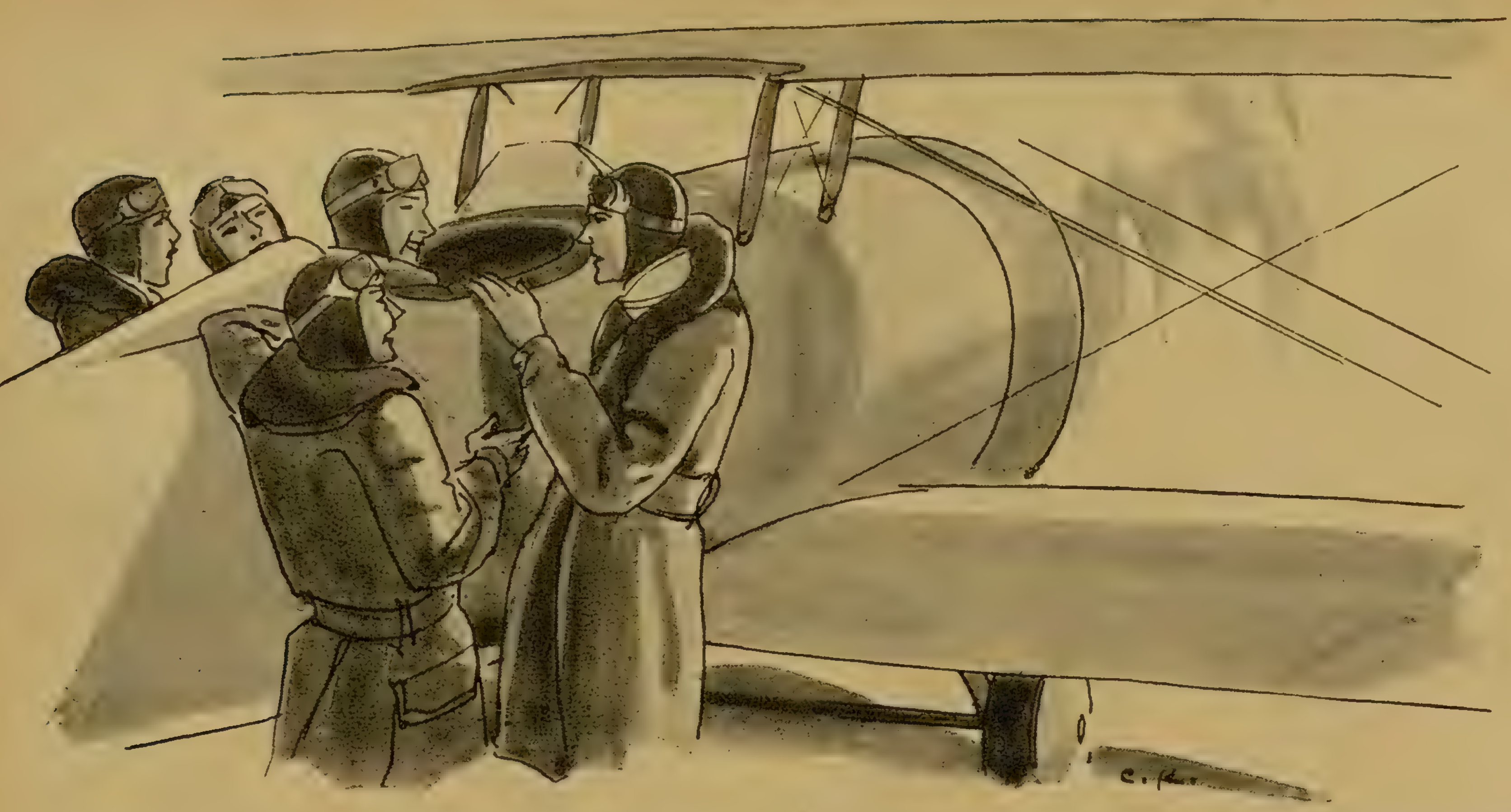


Picture by Clayton Knight

The boys crowded around, giving Hughes all sorts of advice on how to handle the plane.

AIR CIRCUSES
Continued from page sixty-one

He misjudged the wires and crashed into them. His plane immediately burst into flames.

Al himself was thrown clear and lit fifty feet away. As we ran across the field we hoped his usual luck had stayed with him and saved him from injury.

We found him writhing in horrible agony. Although he had broken no bones, he had breathed the flames which enveloped the plane. His lungs were scorched.

We carried him to the road. Between gasps he said:

"This is the end. Save me the suffering. Put me out of the way now."

There was nothing we could do for him. We rushed him to the hospital, where he lingered a day or so, never losing consciousness, and then died.

With him passed a master of a game that is vanishing. But if, up beyond the Pearly Gates, they have been looking for a long time for someone to change from cloud to cloud with one hand, and without using a rope ladder, they at last have him in Al.

Our hearts were heavy, but we had to carry on.

Everyone in our squadron was a flying enthusiast, including Ben Lyon and Howard Hughes. It didn't really seem like a motion-picture troupe at all.

ONE afternoon Ben decided he would fly from the field back to town with one of the boys.

Hughes got the idea that Ben and Jimmy Hall were already taking enough risks riding each day in the creaky old German bomber.

"Now, look here, Ben," he said, "I don't want you to do any unnecessary flying. Cut it out!"

"I'll tell you, Howard," said Ben, laughing, "I'll make you a proposition. I'll stop flying if you will. If I get killed you can hire another actor and retake my scenes, but if you get killed, we all stop getting paid."

"Nonsense!" snorted Hughes. "It's different with me. In fact, I think I'll fly one of those old war crates just to see how it goes."

Hughes had just recently obtained his pilot's license, and purchased his new Waco with a Whirlwind motor; but he had never tried to fly one of the old jobs.

Immediately all the pilots tried to dissuade him. But he was stubbornness personified. He ordered an old Thomas Morse with a Le Rhône rotary motor wheeled out of the hangar. The boys crowded around, giving him all sorts of advice on how to handle it.

I didn't butt in, as I figured he already had enough advice to last him for months.

IT seemed, however, that they had forgotton to tell him the most important thing about the ship, which was not to try to make a right-hand turn with it too soon after taking off.

A rotary motor has a strong gyroscopic pull to the right. It almost ducks the plane in that direction, while added pressure is needed to turn to the left.

Hughes got in, warmed her up, taxied across the field, and took off. He went up a couple of hundred feet and started to bank to the right to circle the grounds.

The old crate ducked sharply, went into a spin, and hit the ground.

As we ran across toward the crack-up we certainly thought we were seeing the end of our meal ticket. We found the young millionaire cut and bruised some, but not seriously injured, although he was ordered to bed for several days.

A couple of days after the accident Freddie Fleck, the tall, lean, and voluble assistant director of Hell's Angels, went to see Hughes at his home.

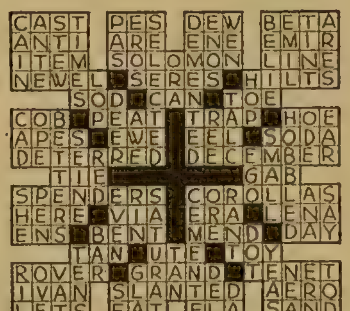
Now the principal business of an assistant director is to be able to explain anything, at any time, entirely satisfactorily. Hughes called Fleck to his bedside.

"Now, Freddie," he drawled confidentially, "tell me what really happened?"

"Why, nothing, boss, nothing at all," replied Freddie with the air of pooh-poohing the whole thing. "You simply took off, and a minute and a half later you were flat on the seat of your trousers on the ground."

It was the best explanation of the affair that could have been given. From that time on Hughes was a lot easier to handle. He had a lot more sympathy for the boys and an understanding of their problems in handling the old jobs.

Some further reminiscences by Mr. Clarke will appear in early issue of Liberty.



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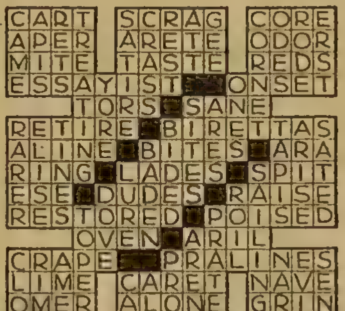
Answer to the puzzle on page 54



CART SCRAG CORE
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ALINE BITES ARA
RING LADES SPIT
ESE DUDES RAISE
RESTORED POISED
OVEN ARIL
CRAPE PRALINES
LIME CARET NAVE
OMER ALONE GRIN
DENS MIDAS SALT

Answer to the puzzle on page 55

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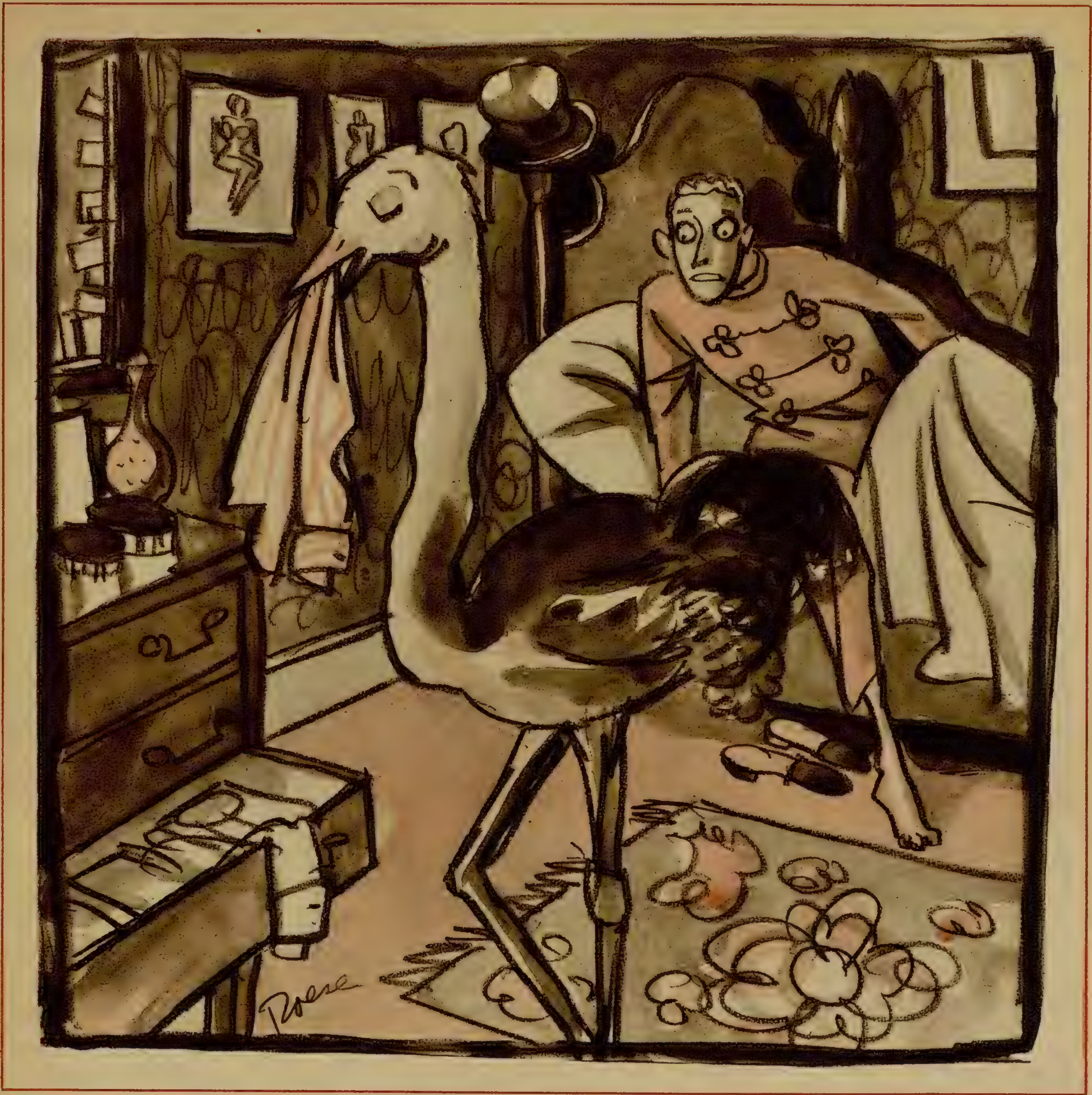


It ate most of his shirts out of his bureau drawer and made it impossible for him to sleep.

Yarns of An Insurance Man

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 5 min. 50 secs.)

I WAS talking with an old friend of mine, an insurance man, the other day (oh, well, maybe it wasn't quite the other day—just before America entered the war, it was) and trying to convince him that it would be bad business for his company to write me one of those twenty-payment-life policies (with time-and-a-half for overtime), when he suddenly turned to me and said: "Old man, did I ever tell you some of the strange accidents that insurance men run up against?"

I told him that he *had*, and tried to change the subject. But he was in a mood to be entertaining, whether he entertained or not, so I drew his chair up to the fire (hoping he would fall in) and he began: "You would hardly be lieve some of the unusual accidents which an insurance company is called upon to settle for," he said, jogging me slightly to awaken me, for I had traveled all day on horseback and was dog-tired.

"Whazzat?" I asked, starting up.

"I say you would hardly believe some of the unusual accidents that an insurance company is called upon to settle for," he repeated. "But, whether you will hardly believe them or not, I have a good mind to tell you. It will do you no harm to know how the other half lives."

"Did it ever occur to you that I *am* the other half?" I countered, falling asleep.

He ignored my sally. (By the way, I wonder what's become of Sally.) "I remember once being called out in the dead of night to go and investigate a case where a client claimed to have thrown his collar bone out by trying to pull a Pullman blanket up around his shoulders during a cold night on the ride from Bagdad, California, to Los Angeles. He was—"

"But I thought that it was never cold in California," I said in my inimitable way.

"That is why we were suspicious. Our California man said that this would be impossible unless the man had caught a cold somewhere in the East and brought it with him to California. 'An ordinary chill, incident to an attack of grippe contracted in the East' was the way his report read. But the fact remained that the man *had* thrown his shoulder out and was in a hospital.

"So I hopped aboard a west-bound covered wagon, and, after various exciting adventures with the Indians in the Santa Fe station at Albuquerque (from which I emerged with a dozen bows and arrows and three Indian blankets at the unbelievable price of $150), I arrived at the hospital where our man was presenting his claim."

"And did the queen's archers win the tournament, daddy?" I asked, awakening from my doze.

"THERE was yet another case," he continued, "which involved the claim of a man who was run over by a glacier. He was a botanist, traveling in Switzerland, and had found a very rare species of edelweiss growing in a cranny near the Mer de Glace. It was impossible to pull it up by the roots, so he lay down on his stomach, with his back to the glacier, to examine its structure. As he lay there he got to daydreaming of what would have happened if he had married that girl and stayed in Utica when he was young, and from there got to reminiscing about the different sorts of candy he used to buy when a kid, the licorice sticks, hore-hound, wine cups, nigger babies, and all the rest, and, although his ribs got a little lame from lying on them, he got so wrapped up in his reveries that he didn't notice the glacier creeping up on him. He felt something crowding him slightly, but thought nothing of it at the time, attributing it to nervousness on his part. It was in this way that the river of ice finally ran over him and jammed one hip quite badly, to say nothing of giving him chilblains and quite a fright."

"I should think that an affair like that would come under the head of occupational disease," I said, nodding my head sagely. "Wouldn't his employers be responsible?"

"He had no employers. He was a botanist in for himself," said my friend. (I call him my friend, although I would gladly have been rid of him.)

"I understood you to say that he was a man trying to pull his blanket up around his shoulders on a Pullman," I said, in some (but not much) surprise.

"That, my friend, is another story which I will tell you sometime. Right now I want to cap the climax of my last yarn with the rather comical one about a certain Elwood M. Rovish, age 42, who asked reimbursement for damages suffered from ostrich-bane."

"Ostrich-bane?" I could hardly keep myself from asking—but I did.

"MR. ROVISH had been attending a class dinner and had started home about four A. M. on a steam roller which happened to be standing for the night in a near-by roadway. At nine o'clock the next morning he was awakened by a ring at his doorbell, and, on opening the door, he was confronted by a man who said:

"'Here is your ostrich.'

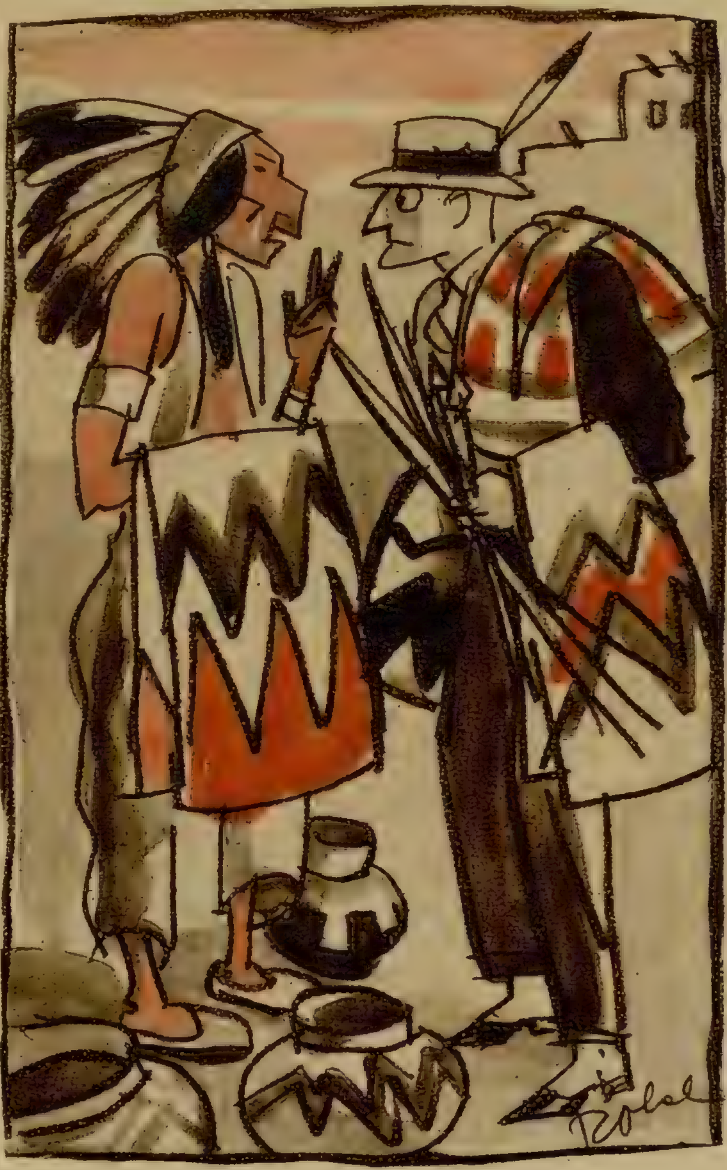
"Mr. Rovish said, as nicely as he could for the aspirin which was in his mouth, that he thought there must be some mistake, as he owned no ostrich, being a bachelor and living alone in a two-room apartment.

"'Oh yes you do so own an ostrich,' replied the man. 'You bought him last night.'

"Well, to turn an anecdote into a long story, it transpired that Mr. Rovish on his way home had alighted from his steam roller at an ostrich farm, climbed over the fence, and mounted one of the fancier animals for a brisk ride about the place. The bird had put up quite a fight, with the result that the bird had been quite badly damaged as to plumage and pride. The owner had rushed out and insisted that, since Mr. Rovish seemed so fond of the ostrich, it would be well if he paid for it, and a sale was effected then and there, with the man agreeing to deliver the animal at Mr. Rovish's the next day. And here he was."

"I am fascinated," I said.

"As the man would, under no conditions, take the damaged bird back, Mr. Rovish was obliged to take it up into his two-room apartment, where, in the course of a week or so, it ate most of his shirts out of his bureau drawer and in general distressed his new owner and made it impossible for him to sleep. He then applied to his local agent for reimbursement on the grounds of 'ostrich-bane,' against which, unfortunately for us, he had been foresighted enough to insure himself. But I thought that it was a rather amusing story, and that you would be glad to hear it."



After exciting adventures with the Indians I emerged with a dozen bows and arrows and three blankets.

"*You* thought," I said. "Well, it wasn't. But before you go (and you *are* going, aren't you, old chap?) there is one thing I would like to insure myself against."

"And what is that?" said the agent, all smiles and policy forms.

"Against insurance agents!" I fairly screamed. "And against just such losses of time as I have just suffered."

And I'll be darned if he didn't write me out the policy.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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“GARDEN spinach!” a man bellowed from the side of his wagon, which looked like a miniature truck farm. “Nize fresh garden spinach! Spinach! Spin—”

“Oh, spin another yarn,” Gwendolyn Smithers groaned in a froggy voice. “I bet everybody on this street is sick of hearing about spinach.” She nodded her head, making believe that everybody had agreed with her.

“Spinach! Carrots! Beets! Caaaaaawleeeeeflower!”

“Gee,” Gwen yelled to the heads which appeared at windows, “he makes a terrible racket. If I made that much noise I'd be arrested an' taken in the lock-up wagon an' sent off to Devil's Island.”

Shocked housewives drew in their heads. The man held a lettuce leaf in front of the horse's nose and walked briskly around the corner where Gwen's bad language couldn't scare off any more customers.

This week's cover picture.

“Worms for sale! Nize fresh worms for sale!” Gwen called in her sweetest voice which she hoped would coax people to their windows again. “Worms for pies, puddings, or fishin'.”

“You're positively disgusting,” Mrs. Burr bristled at her bedroom window. “If my little Jerry said things like that I'd keep him down cellar.”

“You'd better keep him there anyway,” Mrs. Smithers yelled from her hall window. “He pitched mud at my clean tablecloth last wash day.” And she yanked in her head before she spoiled her remark by laughing.

“What with Mrs. Burr and Mrs. Smithers,” Mrs. Shanks shouted to her deaf aunt on her side porch, “I'd sell this house in a minute if I got a good offer.”

Gwen was delighted that she had caused so much excitement, but children had collected at the Crowell's new house and she never liked to miss anything. She ran up the street. “I'm comin'!” she yelled. “I'm comin'!”

Carpenters were hammering on the piazza. A man had a boiler balanced on his head. Another was carrying a pipe down the cellar steps. Somebody sat astride the roof and slapped cement around the chimney. Shingles were being tossed out of a window. And a plumber was busy soldering at a stove.

“What's he cooking?” little Ulysses asked. “Eggs?”

“Eggs?” Red Hancock laughed. “If you ate those eggs your stomach'd turn into a bullet. There're some shavings over there if you get too hungry.”

When Gwen arrived she picked the man by the chimney as the target for her first remark.

“Aren'tcha afraid you'll fall?” she asked, staring at him. “You'd better stay up there until next Christmas an' let Santa Claus help you down.”

“You'd better get going,” one of the carpenters laughed, “or the union will get after you.”

“Sure, I'll get going,” she giggled, picking up four long strips of wood. “I'll get going as soon as you make Redhead an' me a pair of stilts to walk on.”

The man was good-natured and he started right in. He found odds and ends for foot rests and the children got him so nervous that he hit his thumb twice.

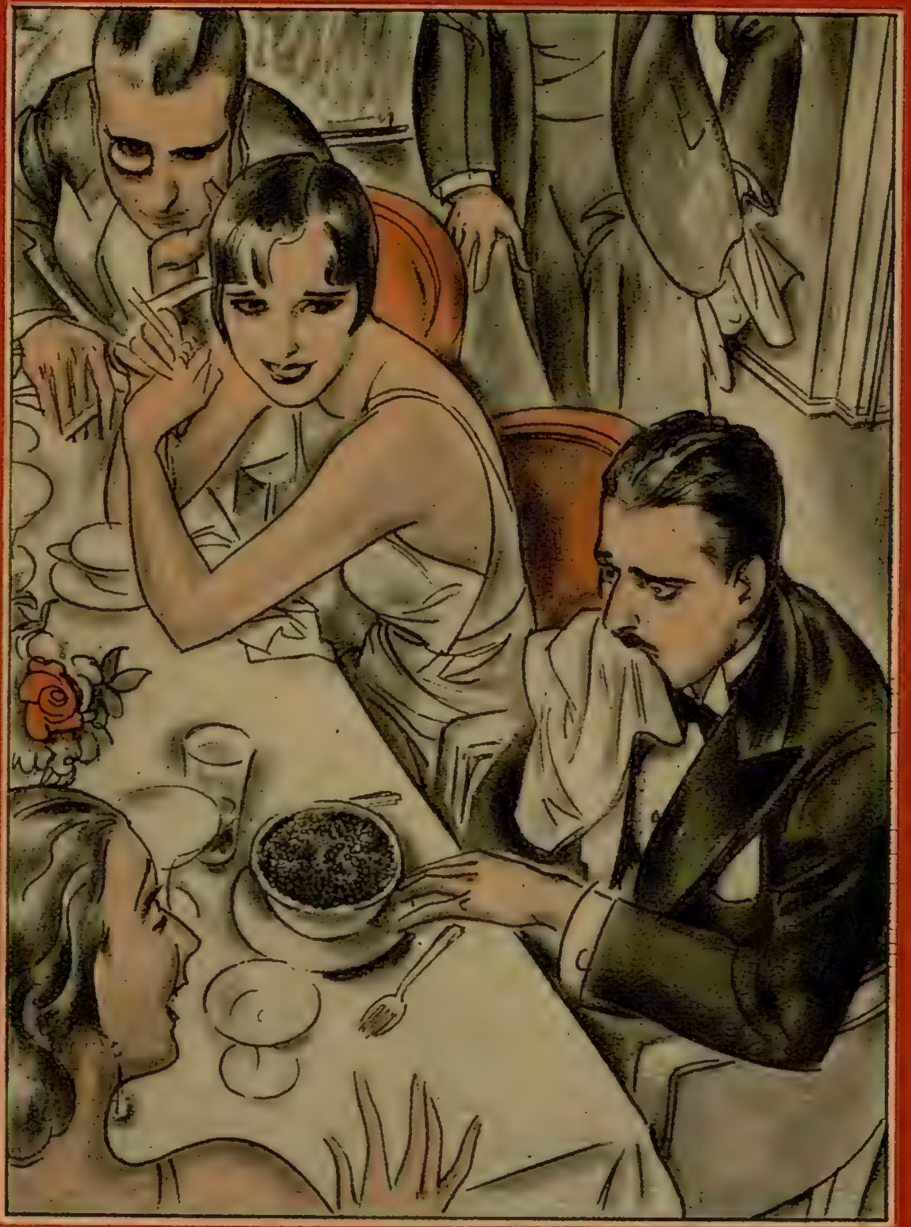
“Thank you very much,” Gwen said when he'd finished. “We'll be goin' along now.” And she started off with the agility of a crane.

“Yes, we'll be goin' along now,” Red said, swaying like a sapling. “We'll be—” But he didn't finish. He lost his balance and sprawled on the ground.

“Get on again,” Gwen giggled, trying not to fall. “We'll stroll downtown an' you can treat me to a soda.”

(Next week's cover adventure: Cherry Pie)

ShowGIRL in SOCIETY



FINALLY when we got to dessert he gave up and hollered for help.

A New
Dixie Dugan
Adventure

By J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by J. H. Striebel

(Reading time: 19 minutes 15 seconds.)

What It's All About: *The young Teddy Pages make a honeymoon trip to Europe after their marriage, which was a shock to high society. Teddy is one of the multi-millionaire Pages, and Dixie, his wife, a Dugan of Brooklyn, and a former film star. Patricia, Teddy's young sister who has Hollywood ambitions, approves of the union. Joan Pratt disapproves. She had hopes of capturing Teddy, which change to dreams of recapturing him. On the steamer Teddy indulges in much champagne and moonlight dancing with girls.*

Part Four—Dizzy Days

L'ATLANTIQUE
S. S. Ile de France *Mercredi*
Ship-to-Shore Air Mail Service
The Hydroplane
Will Be Catapulted Tomorrow Morning

Passengers wishing to mail letters for the plane are kindly requested to . . . .

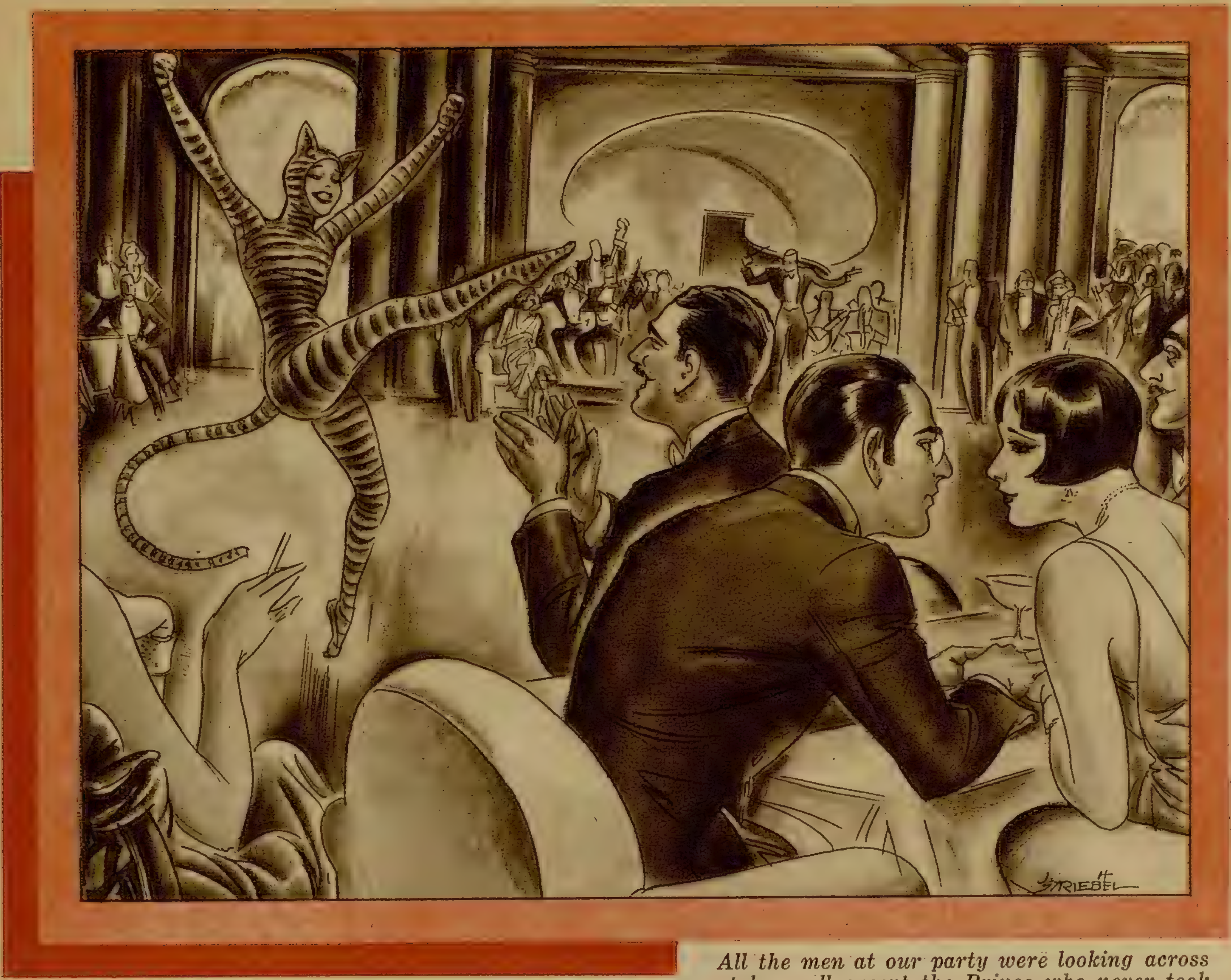
Railroad to London and Paris
Please get your railroad ticket at the Information Desk.

How Do You Rate?

1. Who wrote The City Mouse and the Country Mouse?
2. Where is the Roger Williams University for colored students?
3. What game of cards took its name from the fact that the players keep silent?
4. What is the title of an earl's wife?
5. Into how many parts is the ear divided?

Events of The Day
PING-PONG
Semifinals
At 2:45 P. M. in the Main Hall
Miss Bristed *vs.* Mr. Orlandi
Mr. Conill *vs.* Mr. Zagah

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



All the men at our party were looking across at her—all except the Prince who never took his eyes off me.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-seven

At 3:15 P. M.
Finals

At 3 P. M. in the Children's Room
GUIGNOL—PUNCH AND JUDY

At 3:30 P. M. on the Sun Deck
CLAY-PIGEON SHOOTING
Final

At 4 P. M. on the Sun Deck (Weather Permitting)
WRESTLING
BOXING
FENCING EXHIBITION
Dago and Sibran
Featherweight

FENCING EXHIBITION
Georges Velter and Jean Le Bozec
Amateurs

LELAGADEC and BLONDEL
Welterweight

WRESTLING
DAMAS, Ex-Champion of Paris—Amateur
and
BOURHIS, Champion of Brittany—Amateur

ROSPAPE (Middleweight), Champion of the French Navy in 1921—and
PAUMELLE (Middleweight), Ex-Challenger for the French Middleweight Title

At 5 P. M. in the Grand Salon
CINEMA—MOVING PICTURES
Adolphe Menjou
in
DARK or FAIR
BRUNE ou BLONDE

At 6 P. M. in the Shooting Gallery
RIFLE and PISTOL SHOOTING CONTEST
Finals

At 9 P. M. in the Salon de Thé

CONCERT

At 10:15 P. M. in the Grand Salon

CONCERT DE GALA

DON CUMMING
(Boy Champion Roper)

Joah Elton and Alexis Ruloff

The Sarah Belle and Evelyn
STERLING TWINS

Dixie Dugan
(Mrs. "Teddy" Page)

LE MÉGOT and MARCEL

DANCING

Please reserve your table from the Chief Steward

Miss Dixie Dugan
Suite Chantilly, Pont A
DEAR MISS DUGAN:

Rehearsal for the Gala will be held in the Salon Mixte at 5 o'clock. Could you please arrange to be there at your convenience with your music for the orchestra?

Respectfully,
VILLAR—CHIEF PURSER.

DEAR DIXIE DUGAN:

I have taken the liberty of arranging a special dinner in your honor tonight before you appear in the Gala to which we are all looking forward with great anticipation and would be most happy if you and your charming husband would give me the pleasure of your presence. PIO POCHITO.

DÎNER
offert par
PRINCE PIO POCHITO
à
MLLE. DIXIE DUGAN

MENU
Caviar d'Astrakan
Blinis de la Petite Russie

Tortue Claire au Xeres en Tasse

Délices de Sole Véronique

Suprême de Volaille Bergère

Asperges Sauce Chantilly

Coupe de Foie Gras Thaïs
Cœurs de Laitues Parisiennes

Omelette Surprise Néron

Mignardises

Corbeille de Fruits

— VINS —
Clos Gænsbrœnnel Grand Cru 1924
Château Rabaud-Sigales 1921
Moulin à Vent 1919
Pommery Nature 1921

. . . . .

NITA DARLING,

I've seen England! It's all green and just outside the window. Soon we'll be at Plymouth and the people who are getting off there are racing around the boat hunting baggage and saying goodbye to everybody, or at least everybody who isn't still in bed sleeping off the Gala and the parties which followed it last night some of which kept right on going until nine o'clock this morning when the mail plane was catapulted.

I tried to stay up for that too but I fell dead in my tracks about five A. M. and just managed to get to bed. Teddy hasn't been to bed yet so I suppose he stayed up to see the plane go and is roaming around the boat some place. I'll go out and run him down as soon as I finish this letter which I'm trying to get off with the mail at Plymouth.

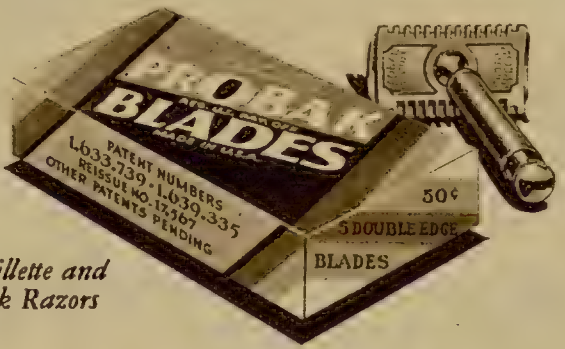
First the special dinner which the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PROBAK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
THE SHOCK-ABSORBING BLADE

FIRST CHOICE
of the locker-room jury

PROBAK won an overwhelming verdict of approval when first tried in locker rooms and Pullman cars little more than a year ago. Word flashed that this double-edge, double-service blade gave unequalled shaving comfort—and man-talk put it over. Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture—inventions of Henry J. Gaisman—make Probak outstanding. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel prevents edge distortion. Ribbons of steel are finished in one progressive operation—assuring utmost uniformity. Buy Probak on our guarantee. Get far better shaves or return the package to your dealer and get your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

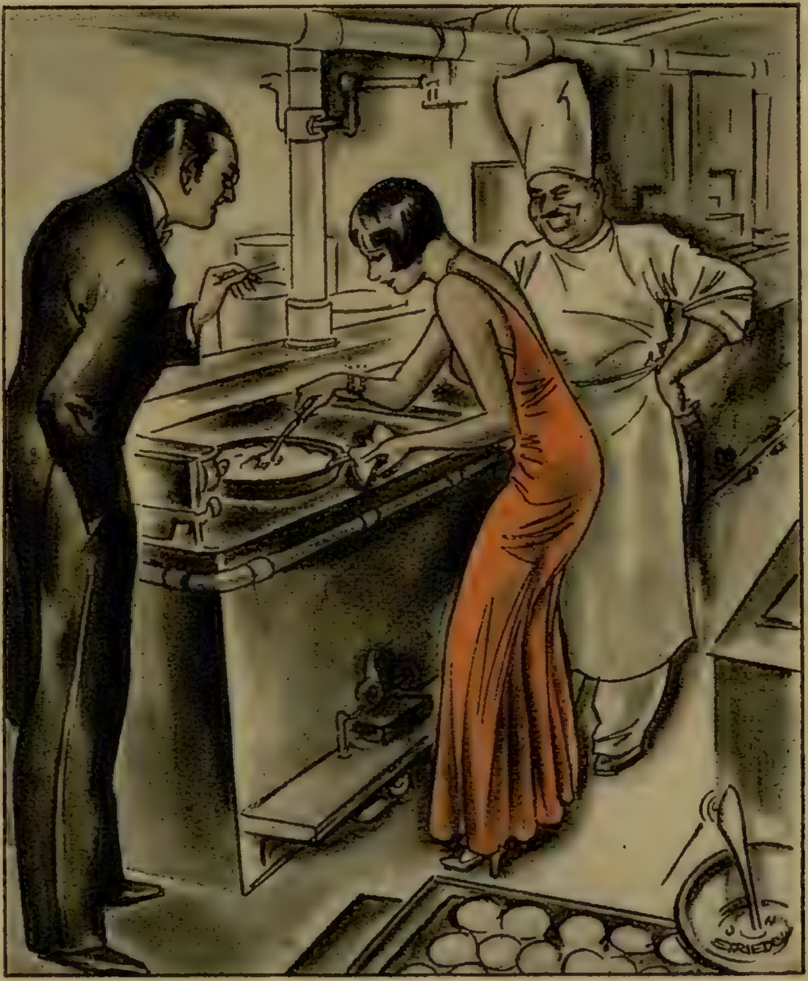


For Gillette and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES
MADE BY THE GAISMAN PROCESS

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-nine

Prince gave me last night—a young Italian, handsome as the devil and twice as hot—with a special menu printed with my name on it and a lot of dishes I can't pronounce and never saw before and a different wine with every course. Well it sure was a mean meal. We started off with a toast which they all drank to me standing, emptying the glasses with one swallow and then breaking them on the floor. I never saw that done before either, but the waiters seemed to be used to it.



He switched on one of the electric ranges and let me scramble a big dish of bacon and eggs.

After that we played a cute joke on Teddy. It seems for years he had been telling this bunch at Newport and Palm Beach and other places he met up with them that sometime in his life he would like to have one dinner in which he ate nothing but caviar and drank nothing but Château Yquem so we fixed it up with the waiters—stewards I mean—to bring him just that, so when we had soup he got a little pot of caviar and when we were served fish he got a bigger pot and when we got the entrée he got a still bigger one. But he was game and never peeped—just went on eating it but finally when we got to dessert and they brought him an earthen jar as big as a soup plate level full of caviar and opened the third bottle of Château Yquem he gave up and hollered for help.

Well it was a gay dinner and what with all the food and the wine and all of us kidding Teddy and the Prince whispering into my ear about how lovely I was and how happy he was to have me so close to him all evening I almost missed the Gala. But finally we got to the salon and the Prince had the best table reserved for our party and I rushed off to get into my costume.

Back stage there was a big scrap going on as usual and as usual it was the orchestra's fault, they were playing too fast or too slow or they didn't keep an even tempo. The twins were all around underfoot going ska ska and doing time steps as though they had never been on before and Le Mégot was cursing them and everybody else but especially her partner in French English Italian and possibly Greek. What her poor partner puts up with from her is nobody's business. I got a good sample of it during rehearsal in the afternoon. She treats him like the dirt under her feet and yet he's so crazy about her he takes it without a whimper.

VILLAR, the purser, told me quite a bit about them while they were rehearsing. It seems she was one of those little cocottes who sit around the tables at the Bal Tabarin in Paris. The girls there called her Le Mégot, which is about the same thing as a cigarette butt or a snipe. Marcel who was a professional dancer met her there and fell in love with her and took her out of it and taught her everything she knew and made her his dancing partner and soon they were one of the sensational teams in Europe dancing in the night clubs in Paris and London and Berlin and the smart places like Deauville and Cannes.

Well you'd think that would satisfy her and she'd be grateful and nice to him instead of that she was always picking up with other men and flaunting them at Marcel and spending all his money on them and still he was so crazy in love with her he couldn't break away or do anything about it. In a way you can see why, Nita, she certainly is one of the sexiest little devils I ever saw with a wild shock of hair, a slim lazy body, big black eyes and a red mouth that must drive men crazy. She certainly knocked them for a loop on the boat with her specialty, which was danced in a costume to resemble a wildcat—ears, tail, and all.

I got by pretty good if I do say so but when I got back to our table all the men at our party were looking across at her—all except the Prince who never took his eyes off me all evening, or his hands either for that matter. Well I didn't mind much toward the last, because for all the attention Teddy paid me I might as well have been on another boat, so I was glad to have someone to dance with and the Prince and I danced nearly every dance together after the Gala and then the party sort of scattered every which way and I don't remember things very clearly after that. Every once in a while Teddy would come back to me and then go off again and I'd see him with the twins or with the Mégot dame and then I wouldn't see him at all and all the time the Prince was hanging right on, handing me champagne and trying to get me to go places with him.

I KNOW about three o'clock in the morning we were all sitting around in the smoking room and it was as crowded as though it was 5 o'clock in the evening, everybody shouting and singing and phonographs going all over the place and the Princess said she was dying for bacon and eggs but the steward said the kitchen was closed so I said I thought that was silly there must be somebody down there and I was going down to see and I did and of course the Prince tagged right along and tried to kiss me going down the steep iron stairways and nearly broke his princely neck. But finally we got down into the kitchen and we wandered all around in our evening clothes until we found one good natured little *chef* with a white hat on his head making rows and rows of little doodads on toast for luncheon the next day.

Well I got to talking to him and found he used to know a girl in Brooklyn who he visited when he got off the boat so that made us great friends and he switched on one of the electric ranges and let me scramble a big dish of bacon and eggs which the Prince and I carried up into the smoking room very proudly and to loud cheers from everybody especially our party who ate until they had eggs in their ears. Meanwhile Teddy had disappeared entirely and the Prince had gotten me off in a corner and said he didn't see how a spirited girl like me could be happy with an American because Americans really didn't know how to make love and I said who told you that and he said oh everybody knows that. European men are the only ones who know how to make love.

And I said tell me all about it, begin at the beginning and he said oh you mustn't make fun of me like that. This is a grand passion. And I said you don't have to give it any fancy names I know what it is. It's dat ole davil sex. And he says I don't know what you mean but I love you madly and I says tell me more. Tell me how good you are. What do you know that the poor little American boys can't find out? And he says it's no good to tell you I'll show you and I says no tell me about it first. Give yourself a good press and show me your medals. Tell me about all the little girls you mowed down in America and then he said he wasn't going to talk to me any more that I had no heart—no soul that I was just a beautiful body but all ice inside but he was at my feet and I could walk on him.

Feature that, Nita, walking around on princes at four o'clock in the morning out on the top deck in the moonlight. Or maybe it was five. I guess it was because the sun was beginning to come up and there I was just a little girl from Brooklyn with a real live Prince kissing the palms of my hands and nibbling around my neck in a wistful way. So finally I said, Listen Prince or Pio or Pochito or whatever the girls call you, you may be god's gift to the famished females of Italy but to me you're just a good looking lad on the make. And he says I don't know what you mean on the make and I says oh you know what it means alright but you just don't know how to say it. I'm going to bed now. If you see my husband you can send him along after me.

And he says, your husband I hate your husband. If it wasn't for your husband maybe you could care for me, is it not? And I said, it is not. Now run along be a good boy and get some sleep you aren't nearly as peppy as you talk. Maybe you've been cheering up too many unhappy wives in New York, is it not? And he says you make fun always but always I will adore you. And I says you say that to every good looking girl don't you. And he says Certainly and smiled so cute I almost kissed him. Almost.

Oh here comes the boy for the letters. And here comes Teddy with that Mégot dancer and her partner. I remember now the purser said yesterday something about them going to dance at the Kit Kat Club in London so they must be getting off here at Plymouth. Good riddance—I don't like that woman—she gives me the creeps.

The boat has stopped—must close. Love and kisses. Will write from Paris. DIXIE

. . . . .

CABLEGRAM

NITA DUGAN LE HAVRE FRANCE
439 FLATBUSH AVENUE
BROOKLYN NEW YORK
LAFAYETTE I AM HERE DIXIE

. . . . .

ILE DE FRANCE BRINGS 1,300 SUMMER VISITORS TO FRANCE

THOUSAND GATHER TO WELCOME BIG LIST ON FRENCH FLAGSHIP

More than a thousand persons awaited the arrival of the special trains from the Ile de France at the Gare Saint-Lazare yesterday, and were, in turn, greeted by a flood of 1,300 friends who poured out of the trains from 10:44 to 11 A. M.

Prettiest and most dashing of all was Dixie Dugan, famous movie star, who tripped out on the arm of her new husband, Teddy Page, the internationally known society playboy.

Dixie expressed herself with being more than pleased with what she had already seen of France from the train windows and bubbled with excitement over the prospect of shopping in Paris for those countless fripperies which so delight the feminine heart.

PRAISES HOOVER

Michael Noonan, member of the City Council of Chicago who came over to study traffic problems in European cities, spoke with enthusiasm of the new tariff bill. "I have every confidence in the constructive engineering mind of President Hoover," he said, "and would also like to take this opportunity to state that the crime situation in Chicago is greatly exaggerated by her enemies . . ."

Other arrivals were:

Tytus Filipowicz, Polish ambassador to the United States, Senator Bronson M. Cutting of New Mexico, Prince Pio Pochito . . .

Hotel Ritz, Paris
15, Place Vendôme

DARLING NITA:

This is it. Dizzy that's me. Yesterday England, a week ago Brooklyn, this morning a suite in the Ritz with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Boys! Play Ball with free Equipment!

You don't have to envy the other fellow with the great fielder's mitt, the fine league ball or the dandy bat! Get all your baseball equipment free! Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are playing the National Game with sporting goods received free! So can you.

In addition you can have a regular weekly income. Think of having the extra pocket money when you want it. All you need do is some clean, easy work—right in your own neighborhood. In your spare time. No experience necessary. We'll show you how to make money the very first day.

Mail the coupon below! We'll send you full details along with our big catalog of Free Prizes, describing and illustrating more than 350 premiums from which you can choose. Send the coupon at once!

Mail Now!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division* 6-20-31
Macfadden Publications, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

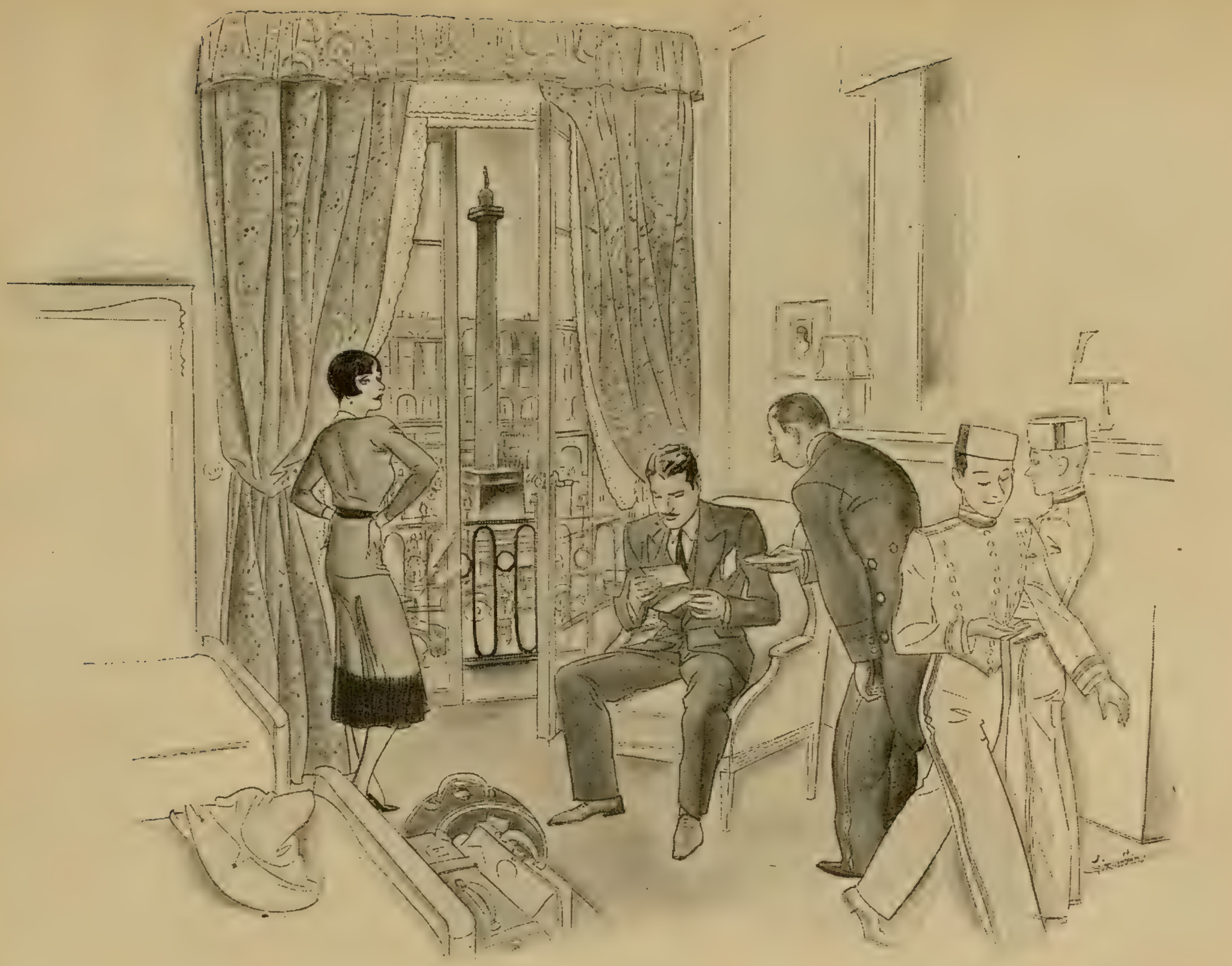
Name.................................. Age..............

Address..

City.................................. State............

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

....



Dizzy that's me. Yesterday England . . . this morning a suite in the Ritz.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page seventy-one

push buttons everywhere and flunkies bouncing in and out making strange noises. Outside a million taxi horns going quonk quonk like geese and baggage all over the halls and interviewers calling up and champagne cocktails for breakfast and lists of places for hats and dresses and pyjamas and perfume and the floor still weaving under me and a blur of strange signs and white roads and tall green trees and little villages with thatched roofs and dogs pulling carts along the road and women cutting wheat in the fields and Paris and miles of gray houses, iron balconies, red roofs, and green trees along the streets and sidewalk cafés and crazy taxis jumping around like water bugs.

So this is Paris! Stop it, I love it.

ALREADY the boat trip is a blur, a gay blur too, of jazz and caviar and champagne and moonlight and dinner parties, cocktail parties, supper parties, bacon and eggs at dawn, Teddy chasing girls, me chasing Teddy, a hot young prince chasing me, hours and hours of Park Avenue scandal, Southampton scandal, Newport scandal, Deauville scandal and the English at Le Touquet and the Americans in Paris and the Argentines in Biarritz and the grouse in Scotland and the Wagner festival in Bayreuth and the Passion Play in Oberammergau and the bull fights in San Sebastian and Olivier at the Ritz and Julien at Ciro's and Brick Top in the rue Pigalle and Joseph at the Duck Bar in Juan les Pins and Zographos the Greek syndicate gambler and Solly Joel and baccarat and coups and cocottes and Château Yquem and yachts and villas and diamonds and pearls and Grandes Semaines and plages and cures and seductions—does that give you an idea? I don't wonder any more that Teddy is so dizzy. A year of this and I'll be in the madhouse myself.

Tonight Teddy is taking me to the Ambassadeurs for dinner and after that we are going to some night clubs up in Montmartre and tomorrow he is taking me over to Mary Novitsky's for beach pyjamas and shoes and things so I will be as smart as any of them when I go to Deauville and Le Touquet and all the other places he has promised to take me.

He can be so sweet when he wants to be and already he seems to have forgotten everybody on the boat and is all wrapped up in showing me a wonderful time in Paris and everywhere.

SOMETIMES I don't think he loves me at all and then in a minute he seems to change completely. I don't understand him. In a way he seems just like a kid that you can see right through and then again he's so *blasé* and bored and fed up he gives you the idea that you are just another toy that he has picked up to play with and when he gets tired he is going to let you drop and walk away without even turning back to look if you fell on your feet or your face.

Well I guess you can't have everything when you're married. I shouldn't complain. Just think of how envious I would be if I were sitting in Brooklyn wishing I were here. Just the same I wish you were here anyway.

It's all so new here and so strange. And I'm so far away from everything and everybody.

Maybe I'm getting homesick. Isn't that silly? Plumb ridic, I calls it.

Oo la! la! (French for Whoops!)

DIXIE.

. . . . .

TELEGRAMME

LE MEGOT PARIS FRANCE
KIT KAT CLUB LONDON
CHARTERING PLANE AND FLYING OVER THIS AFTERNOON
A BIENTOT TEDDY

If Dixie thinks her Teddy has forgotten all the people on the boat—among them le Mégot—she has another think coming. You'll see it come next week.

Look for the work of these ILLUSTRATORS who will appear in Liberty's summer issues

TYPICAL of Liberty's determination to give its readers the best in art as well as fiction, these artists maintain the high standards already set by Liberty.

W. T. Benda
Frank Bensing
Maurice L. Bower
Addison Burbank
Kenneth Fuller Camp
C. R. Chickering
R. P. Coleman
James Montgomery Flagg
Arthur D. Fuller
John Fulton
Karl Godwin
J. A. Haelen
William Heaslip
R. F. James
Clayton Knight
Hubert Mathieu
Wallace Morgan
Clara Elsene Peck
Norman Price
Herbert F. Roese
Raymond Sisley
Dorothy Hope Smith
Harvé Stein
W. D. Stevens
Herbert M. Stoops
John H. Striebel
Owen Paul Sylos
Rico Tomaso
C. A. Voight
E. F. Ward

LOOK for their illustrations—they help you enjoy the stories and articles which make Liberty the most asked-for magazine ever published.

More Prize Winners in Liberty's

$25,000 Game of States

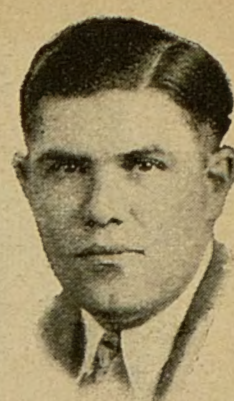
Here is the fourth group of awards. The final list, including the name of the winner of the fifth prize, will appear next week.

The

Fourth Prize

$250

has been awarded to



HARVARD C. SMITH

who is an instructor in Industrial Arts at Washington Junior High School in Kenosha, Wisconsin. He prepared for his profession at the Stout Institute of Menomonie, from which he received the degree of B. Sc., and by graduate work at the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Smith says that since boyhood his hobby has been photography and that lately he has become interested in gliding, being president of the Kenosha Glider Club. He is married, and lives at 5222 Thirty-fifth Avenue, in Kenosha.

Winners of $25 Prizes

Julius V. Africano, M.D., Union City, N. J.; **Mrs. John Paul Bathelt,** Holyoke, Mass.; **Mrs. R. E. Berryman,** St. Paul, Minn.; **Helen Bowman,** Kansas City, Mo.; **Mildred Buell,** Milwaukee, Wis.; **Harry Butler,** Detroit, Mich.; **J. H. Cooper,** Virginia, Minn.; **Joseph C. Dawson,** Philadelphia, Pa.; **Grant W. Falk,** Monessen, Pa.; **Carl S. Forsberg, Jr.,** Virginia Beach, Va.; **Alma Goodwin,** Washington, D. C.; **S. P. Graham,** Milwaukee, Wis.; **Genevieve K. Griffin,** Los Angeles, Calif.; **F. H. Immer,** Pentwater, Mich.; **William A. Jones,** Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Clifford A. Kroening,** Milwaukee, Wis.; **Mrs. Herbert L. Lambert,** Harrisburg, Pa.; **Edwin D. McGwire,** Westfield, N. J.; **Mary L. Marean,** Chevy Chase, D. C.; **Mrs. Les H. Miles,** Kansas City, Mo.; **Howard B. Nurse,** Randolph Field, Texas; **Fred E. Peacock,** Hallowell, Me.; **Arthur B. Pigeonne,** Galveston, Texas; **Raymond Earl Rowe,** Grand Rapids, Mich.; **Charles M. Spruce,** Camden, Me.; **Frederic W. Swift,** Cambridge, Mass.; **Elvin L. Walter,** Detroit, Mich.; **John S. Wide,** New Bedford, Mass.; **T. Wisneski,** Nutley, N. J.; **Marguerite E. Zellmer,** Oshkosh, Wis.

Winners of $10 Prizes

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Rudolph Hovey, Joseph A. Kane, I. Loughney, Leo Nolan, Homer V. Picquett, Mrs. Evangeline J. Scott, Walter L. Sprague.

Springfield—Robert F. Donovan, Norman W. Fletcher, John Johnson, Dewey Kolveck, W. H. MacIntyre.

Worcester—L. Stuart Glass, Rudolf O. Ljungquist, Carl J. Stringer, Howard R. Wooster.

Lynn—Edward J. Athey, Alfred A. Cully, Lilian Wright Stevens.

New Bedford—Lucy A. Holmes, Ernest W. Kerwin, Mrs. Helen Zabriskie Pease.

Lawrence—H. B. Taylor.

Rest of State—Mrs. Henrietta M. Appel, Holyoke; James Bedford, Jr., Everett; Harry P. Brennan, Lowell; Patrick Francis Brennan, Northampton; Gus Buttaro, Newton Center; Florence B. Carlson, Groton; Harold P. Cowen, Dorchester; Frank E. Crippen, Pittsfield; Emery W. Davis, Rockport; Lawson Doane, Stoneham; Lucy G. Dronzek, Mattapan; Trueman H. Easton, Westfield; Chester Ellis, Dennisport; Mrs. Edith C. Emerson, Braintree; Albert N. Fletcher, Medford; Mrs. Della Foster, Medford; Mrs. J. Fullerton, North Adams; G. F. Giles, Medford; J. Leslie Green, Fall River; Mrs. George F. Hopkins, Lowell; Estelle G. Hutchinson, New Lenox; Arlene Jones, Cambridge; Lydia E. Judd, Plymouth; Harry L. Katz, Roxbury; Philippe J. Maille, Lowell; Mary H. Murley, Melrose; Mrs. Theresa O'Connell, Salem; K. M. Ranney, Medford; Mrs. Helen Rupprecht, Belmont; Arthur L. Shaw, Melrose; R. J. Smith, Wollaston; Mrs. George Bartlett Snell, Haverhill; Pauline A. Soelle, Dorchester; Daniel F. Sullivan, Salem; Leslie Swanson, Quincy; Manola J. Tansey, Milton; Arthur L. Tuohy, Arlington; Robert Udell, Chelsea; Frank C. Waldron, Somerville; Charles Whitman, Jr., Pittsfield; Everett D. Whitney, Wakefield.

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Martha Virginia Bucklew, Carl M. Christensen, Jr., Richard T. Cooney, Alice K. Culverwell, M. F. Dodson, Doris Doran, Helen Vickery Edwards, August A. Herta, Helen Hinchberger, Frank H. Hopkins, Al. A. Hupp, Allan H. Kraft, H. Landsman, Damian S. Libatique, Charles J. Limbaugh, Richard Lorenz, Joseph Polonski, Dorothy Powell, Mrs. Ethel H. Ramsey, Donald C. Raymo, Mrs. Lillian M. Ryder, William A. Stephens, Paul E. Wagner, F. Wells Wilder, David A. Wilkinson, Joseph M. Williams, Jerry Yates, Herschel Zackheim.

Grand Rapids—Robert E. Kahl, Rosemary Steury.

Flint—Harold E. Hunter.

Lansing—Nellie Brower, Mrs. Viola S. Turo.

Jackson—John C. Tennstrom.

Rest of State—K. M. Ackroyd, Ferndale; Mrs. J. C. Barron, Marysville; Nellie Bartholomew, Clio; Fred Black, Kalamazoo; E. E. Bunce, Camden; E. A. Deconynck, Birmingham; Walton E. Fisher, Hancock; Edna Helmbold, Holland; Florence B. Hulett, Highland Park; E. R. Johnson, Holland; Bernard Kenyon, Pontiac; Stephanie B. Kroll, Ann Arbor; Edward C. Meyer, Mt. Clemens; Mrs. Henry E. Mueller, Bay City; Harry O'Connell, Muskegon; Mrs. Edward E. Pintler, Jr., Escanaba; Wallace Power, Kalamazoo; Eleanor M. Smith, Kalamazoo; Caroline L. Sutter, Grosse Pointe Park; Charles W. Thompson, Ironwood; Inez B. Webber, Kalamazoo; Geo. H. Williams, Bay City.

NEW JERSEY

Newark—W. E. Holznagel, Wellington Ott, Fred R. Schroeder, F. W. Scott.

Trenton—Mrs. Saida A. Bangham, Florence Y. Chamberlin, Helen A. West.

Jersey City—Marie Drew Fay, T. J. McPartland, Jr.

Camden—George Schaefer.

Passaic—Walter Serafin.

Rest of State—Clarence Ekedahl, Dover; Eaton K. Goldthwaite, Linwood; Irving Grove, Hamilton Square; Arthur H. Haak, Oaklyn; Martin Louis Hanf, Collingswood; Magdaline Hanko, East Orange; Florence Hart, Somers Point; Elizabeth Henries, East Orange; Walter R. Higgins, Riverside; Harold C. Hirt, Cliffside Park; Clarence B. Hunter, Mount Holly; Paula W. Kendall, Burlington; William R. Kershner, Rutherford; Bernice Stella Lutwin, Elizabeth; Herbert R. Mason, Ridgefield Park; Louise Parshley, Little Falls; Gladice Pumphrey, Stelton; Dorothy E. Ritter, Bogota; A. S. Scull, Merchantville; John Shaheen, Metuchen; Benjamin I. Speer, Jr., Hammonton; John R. Steen, Ventnor City; Geo. M. Weigel, New Brunswick; J. K. West, East Orange; William J. Zukowsky, Linden.

PORTO RICO

San Juan—Jesse D. Cope.

CANAL ZONE

Cristobal—W. H. Esslinger, Robert Walters MacSparran.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. S. Dunlap, Robert M. Flake, Lena Fowler, Mrs. Pauline Hartman, James B. Lovejoy, Alma C. Niemeyer, Mrs. Frank Patterson, Thomas B. Reid, Mrs. Roselle Ruckle, Agnes May Weschler.

MAINE

Portland—John E. Robinson.

Rest of State—Mrs. Gladys P. Anderson, Cumberland Center; D. W. Brown, Kenduskeag; George B. Jacobs, Madison; Ethelyn C. MacDaid, Woodfords; Muriel E. Warren, South Berwick; Nina B. Schulz, North Haven.

WEST VIRGINIA

Wheeling—Betty McCulley, Addison L. Sharpe.

Huntington—Bert W. Poynter, Chester T. Rabert.

Rest of State—Elmer O. Fisher, Dunbar; R. S. Fleet, Fairmont; L. G. Landerkin, Martinsburg; James W. LaVelle, Baxter; Gertrude N. Webb, Fairmont.

WYOMING

Casper—Mrs. Carl Schmidt, Harold C. Stroeher, Hazel Withens.

Rest of State—Margaret Mills, Manderson; Harry Phillips, Sheridan; T. E. Straley, Greybull.

There are many more winners to be announced. Watch for next week's list.

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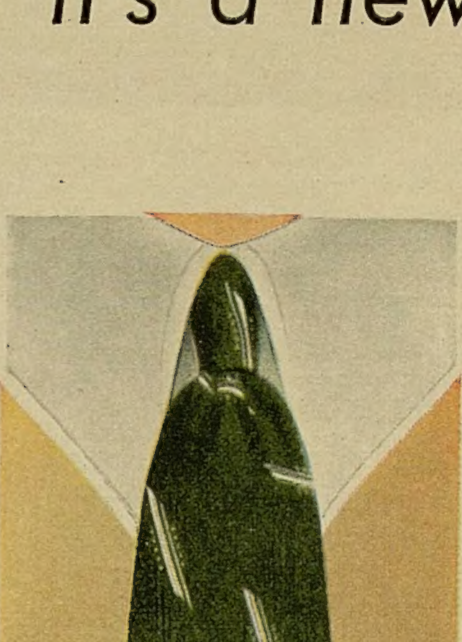

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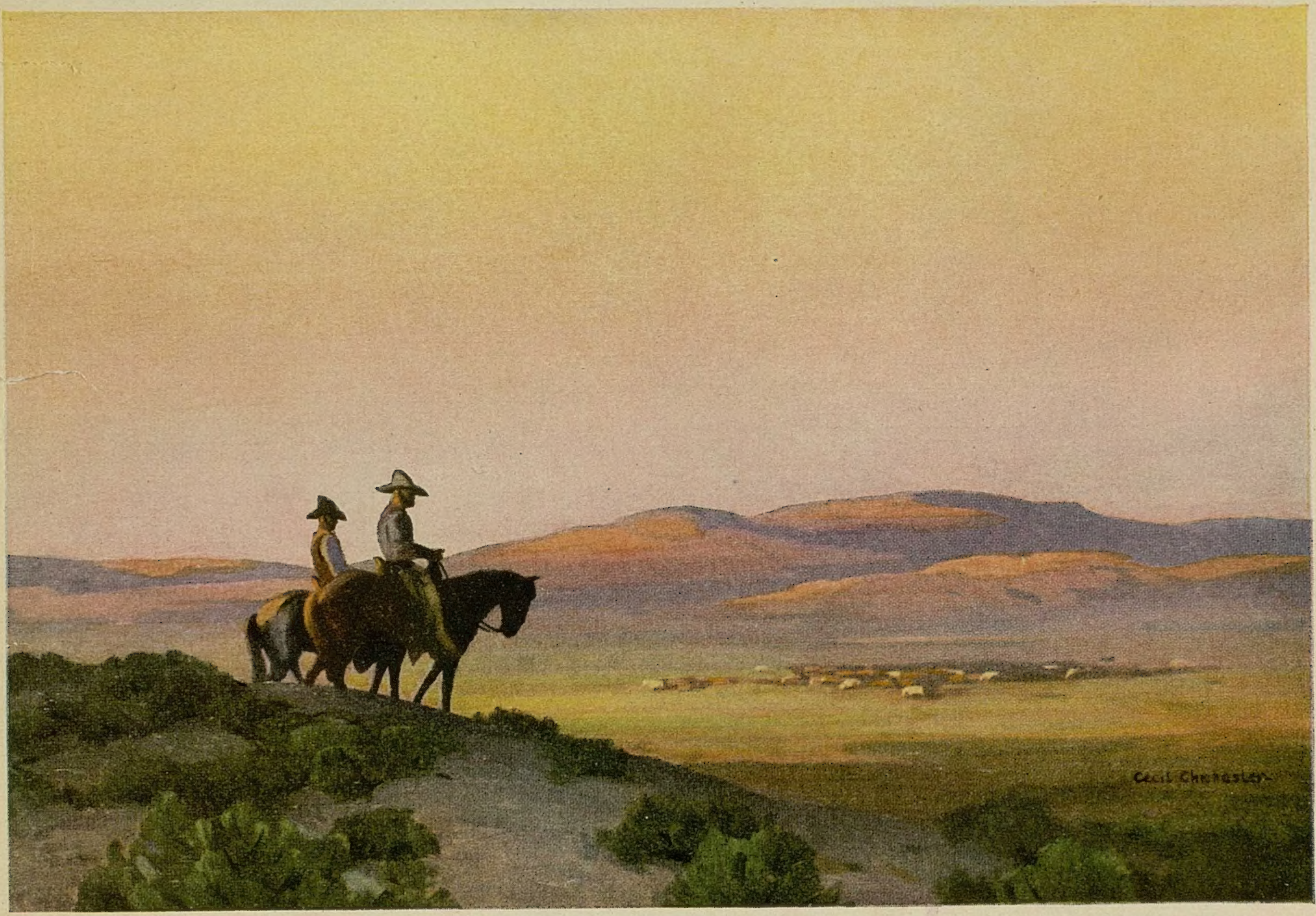

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